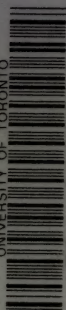


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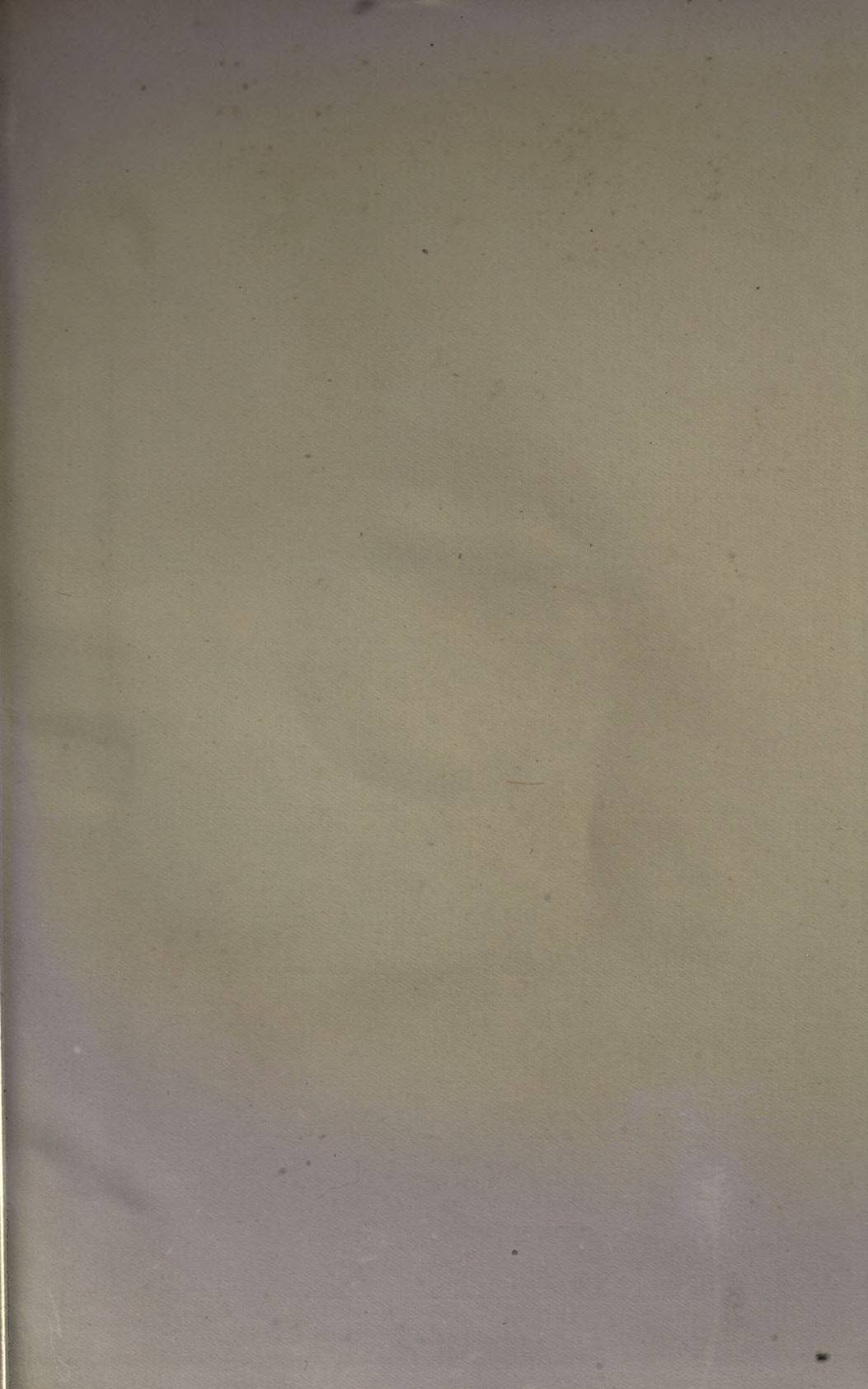


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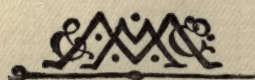




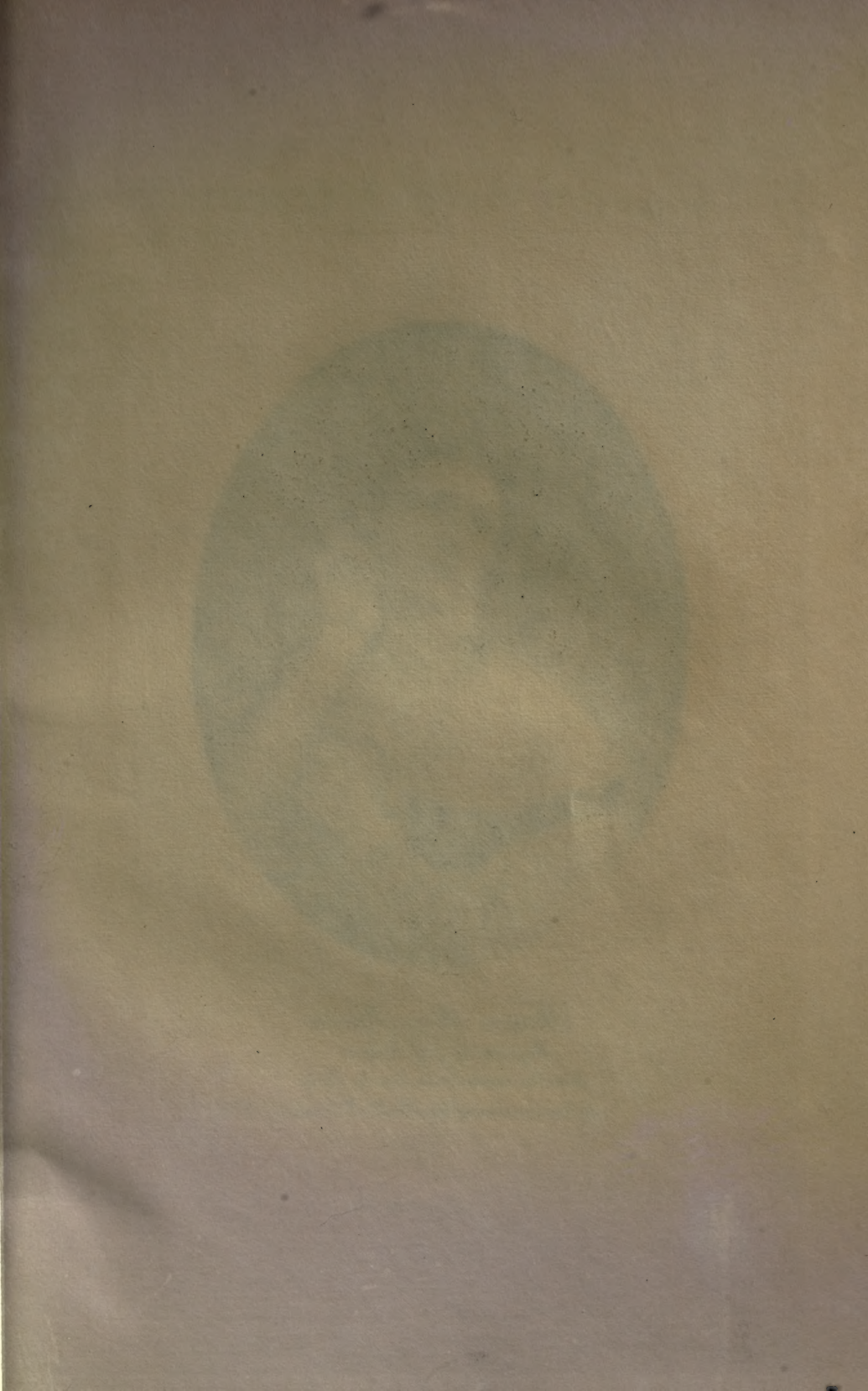




LETTERS AND LITERARY REMAINS  
OF  
EDWARD FITZGERALD









*Frances Anne Kemble*  
Engraved by J. G. Hodart  
from the original painting by Sully  
in the possession of the Hon.<sup>ble</sup> Mr. Leigh



Letters & Literary Remains  
of  
Edward FitzGerald

IN SEVEN VOLUMES

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LETTERS  
OF  
EDWARD FITZGERALD

*To Mrs. Cowell.*

WOODBRIDGE, Dec. 3 [1871].

MY DEAR LADY,

Christmas is coming : Cambridge term must be drawing to a close, and one of you will be at leisure to send me a few lines about you both. I fancy you will neither of you be coming Ipswich way these holydays ; if you do, you must come over and see me here for a day. I have had Donne and his Daughter Valentia for guests, and, after that, Mowbray and his Wife. I lodged and boarded them at the Inn : but they came over to sit in my rooms and chat. An Artist and his Wife have been occupying my house for some six weeks ; very pleasant people, with whom I used to spend many a cheerful hour. But they are gone. Then I have had some new Building to amuse me ; and to blunder

about. As before, I can't read ; my Eyes having got worse, I think. So the Boy comes up at night to read me the Tichborne Trial, which he can read because it amuses him a little, as it does me. What does Cowell say of it ? For, amid all his Sanskrit, I know that a glance at the Paper will give him a better insight into the case than all my painful attention does for me. I am in a state of Bewilderment, which is not disagreeable.

Carlyle dictated (by his Niece, I believe) a very kind letter in reply to my yearly Offering. He harps again (after so many years) on the Stone which he thinks ought to be put up in Naseby Field : and even says he would bear half the expense. This he need not do. I should be very willing to do all that if I could muster resolution to have the thing done at all (which would involve a Journey into Northamptonshire), and if the present owners of the Field would allow the thing to be done—which requires some other investigation.

I hear that Tennyson has been starring it with Jowett in Oxford : and has written a last Idyll in some Review.<sup>1</sup> What do Cowell and you say of that too ?

<sup>1</sup> The Last Tournament, in the Contemporary for December 1871.



*To W. F. Pollock.*

WOODBIDGE, *Decr.* 9 [1871].

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

I have to thank you for a Macmillan (directed in your hand, surely ?) with a pretty poem in it by your son Walter. Mowbray Donne told me that your two Sons (I think) had been writing somewhere about the French Players who have turned all your heads—and no wonder.

I have had a very kind letter from Mrs. Alfred in reply to my half-yearly Enquiries. She speaks in it of having been very much pleased with the visit which you and Lady Pollock paid them at Haslemere. She says also that Alfred is sorely tempted to go to—Ceylon ! with some friend<sup>1</sup> who is going out there ; but she does not think that it will end by his going there to fulfil the Dream he has so long had of the Tropics. I have run my bad Eyes over a notice of the Last Tournament in the Pall Mall Budget—enough to satisfy what Curiosity I had. He himself had better have dropt his own Lance some while ago, as I think. But pray don't tell Spedding I say so ; for I would not utterly lose the little care he has for me now. Yet he would give me £1000 if I wanted it. . . .

A Pawnbroker at Ipswich, of more Sense, Generosity, and Public Spirit than any of the

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Cameron.

Gentry there, has long wanted some Memorial of Wolsey in the Place. He asked Woolner (who comes down here Picture-dealing) about it : but Woolner would of course be of too high a figure for my Broker. So he set a native Artist to work, who has modelled the Clay Bust of which I enclose you a Photo. Not bad, is it? Complimentary to Wolsey, I reckon : but do you see a likeness in the upper part of the Face to one of our Friends? That is why I sent it : not wanting a Subscription, which is to be left to Ipswich and its Neighbourhood. There used to be a very beautiful Market-Cross in Ipswich : very much as if done from a design of Inigo Jones, I think : but I know not if the History of [the] place bears me out in this. It was taken down some seventy years ago to be replaced by a very much poorer concern : and the poorer concern is swept away now to leave space before a sort of Hotel de Ville lately built, and handsome enough. *Was* you ever in Ipswich?

The Tichborne Trial ! I gloat over it every night from 8 to 10, my Boy reading it to me with tolerable fluency. His mistakes amuse me sometimes by showing how errors creep into Print under the Compositor's hands. Yesterday the 'face-smiles' of letters were handed in. We have the honour of contributing one witness from a neighbouring Village to confirm the Claimant's *identity*, as the Boy reads it : but he tells me that his Father knows of another



who *could* swear to the contrary. I have taken no steps to produce that Witness, however.

How the Devil is it that I have run on so long and so saucily to-night, with all this Snow and Cold ! And the Prince of Wales perhaps dead. . . .

This is too bad—an end must be put to this. Goodbye.

Keep the Photo if you care to show it to any one—for the honour of Ipswich Statuaries and Brokers.

*To T. Carlyle.*

WOODBIDGE, Dec. 20, [1871].

DEAR CARLYLE,

Do not be alarmed at another Letter from me this year. It will need no answer : and is only written to tell you that I have not wholly neglected the wish you expressed in your last about the Naseby stone. I was reading, some months ago, your letters about our Naseby Exploits in 1842 : as also one which you wrote in 1855 (I think) about that Stone, giving me an Inscription for it. And it was not wholly my fault that your wishes were not then fulfilled, though perhaps I was wanting in due energy about the matter. Thus, however, it was ; that when you wrote in 1855, we had just sold Naseby to the Trustees of Lord Clifden : and, as there was some hitch in the Business (Lord Carlisle

being one of the Trustees), I was told I had better not put in my oar. So the matter dropt. Since then Lord Clifden is dead : and I do not know if the Estate belongs to his Family. But, on receiving your last Letter, I wrote to the Lawyer who had managed for Lord Clifden to know about it : but up to this hour I have had no answer. This much I have done. If I get the Lawyer's and Agent's consent, I should be very glad indeed to have the stone cut, and lettered, as you wished. But whether I should pluck up spirit to go myself and set it up on the proper spot, I am not so sure ; and I cannot be sure that any one else could do it for me. Those who were with me when I dug up the bones are dead, or gone ; and I suppose the Plough has long ago obliterated the traces of sepulture, in these days of improved Agriculture ; and perhaps even the Tradition is lost from the Memory of the Generation that has sprung up since I, and the old Parson, and the Scotch Tenant, turned up the ground. You will think me very base to hesitate about such a little feat as a Journey into Northamptonshire for this purpose. But you know that one does not generally grow more active in Travel as one gets older : and I have been a bad Traveller all my life. So I will promise nothing that I am not sure of doing. Only, if you continue to desire this strongly, when next Summer comes, I will resolve upon it if I can.



These Naseby letters of yours<sup>1</sup>—they are all yours I have preserved, because (as in the case of Tennyson and Thackeray) I would not leave anything of private personal history behind me, lest it should fall into some unscrupulous hand. Even these Naseby letters—would you wish them returned to you? Only in case you should desire this, trouble yourself to answer me now.

*To W. F. Pollock.*

WOODBIDGE, Dec. 24, [1871].

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

. . . The Pirate is, I know, not one of Scott's best: the Women, Minna, Brenda, Norna, are poor theatrical figures. But Magnus and Jack Bunce and Claud Halcro (though the latter rather wearisome) are substantial enough: how wholesomely they swear! and no one ever thinks of blaming Scott for it. There is a passage where the Company at Burgh Westra are summoned by Magnus to go down to the Shore to see the Boats go off to the Deep Sea fishing, and 'they followed his stately step to the Shore as the Herd of Deer follows the leading Stag, with all manner of respectful Observance.' This, coming in at the close of the preceding unaffected Narrative is to me like Homer, whom Scott really resembles in the simplicity and ease of his Story. This is

<sup>1</sup> Now in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

far more poetical in my Eyes than all the Effort of —, —, etc. And which of them has written such a Lyric as 'Farewell to Northmaven'? I finished the Book with Sadness; thinking I might never read it again. . . .

P.S. Can't you send me your Paper about the Novelists? As to which is the best of all I can't say: that Richardson (with all his twaddle) is better than Fielding, I am quite certain. There is nothing at all comparable to Lovelace in all Fielding, whose Characters are common and vulgar types; of Squires, Ostlers, Lady's maids, etc., very easily drawn. I am equally sure that Miss Austen cannot be third, any more than first or second: I think you were rather drawn away by a fashion when you put her there: and really old Spedding seems to me to have been the Stag whom so many followed in that fashion. She is capital as far as she goes: but she never goes out of the Parlour; if but Magnus Troil, or Jack Bunce, or even one of Fielding's Brutes, would but dash in upon the Gentility and swear a round Oath or two! I must think the 'Woman in White,' with her Count Fosco, far beyond all that. Cowell constantly reads Miss Austen at night after his Sanskrit Philology is done: it composes him, like Gruel: or like Paisiello's Music, which Napoleon liked above all other, because he said it didn't interrupt his Thoughts.



WOODBRIDGE, Dec. 29 [1871].

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

If you come here, come some very fine weather, when we look at our best inland, and you may take charge of my Boat on the River. I doubt I did my Eyes damage this Summer by steering in the Sun, and peering out for the Beacons that mark the Channel ; but your Eyes are proof against this, and I shall resign the command to you, as you wrote that you liked it at Clovelly. . . .

I had thought Beauty was the main object of the Arts : but these people, not having Genius, I suppose, to create any new forms of that, have recourse to the Ugly, and find their Worshippers in plenty. In Poetry, Music, and Painting, it seems to me the same. And people think all this finer than Mozart, Raffaele, and Tennyson—as he *was*—but he never ceases to be noble and pure. There was a fine passage quoted from his Last Idyll : about a Wave spending itself away on a long sandy Shore : that was Lincolnshire, I know.

Carlyle has written to remind me of putting up a Stone on the spot in Naseby field where I dug up the Dead for him thirty years ago. I will gladly have the Stone cut, and the Inscription he made for it engraved : but will I go again to Northamptonshire to see it set up ? And perhaps the people there have forgotten all about the

place, now that a whole Generation has passed away, and improved Farming has passed the Plough over the Ground. But we shall see.

WOODBIDGE, *Jan. 11* [1872].

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

We were talking, on paper, a little while ago about Sir Walter Scott. There is, I think, a very good review of him in the last *Athenæum*; pray give it a look at your Club.

Laurence had written to me about the old Masters—he said they struck him with awe. I have a half-ruined head by Paul Veronese (so Morris Moore said, though I did *not* buy it of him)—a head cut out of some larger picture, it seems. Under this I had happened to put a very fine Photograph head, almost life-size; and I was observing how true the Picture was in its gradation of shadow—to the Photo. By the bye, do you know the best means of saving these Photos from fading? Keeping them from Light and Air would, I suppose, be one means; Laurence is told that submitting them to running water will clear them from the chemical ingredients, which are the most dangerous element of Decay.

My beautiful Sir Joshua (of which I sent you the Sketch) is cracking to pieces with the Cold and Damp of my house last Winter, when I had no Stove in the house, and left Doors and



Windows open long after they should have been shut. I did not mind so much for the *face*, from which the Colour had already flown a good deal, after Sir Joshua's custom ; but I was vexed when the beautiful Colour of the Dress began to give way. The Letter which I sent you to direct to Boxall was to ask him if he could recommend any remedy, or Dealer in Remedies, for this, as I knew, incurable complaint. But one still likes, you know, to talk of a cure, however hopeless. There were two fine Sir Joshuas at Helmingham Hall, near here, twenty to thirty years ago ; and two very grand Wilsons ; all which got cracked by damp in the old Hall there. When the old Lady Dysart died and the present Tollemache came into possession, these Pictures were sent to the—Restorer, and I saw them at the British Gallery afterwards—the cracks filled in and the Pictures spoilt. Twenty years ago I should have been very vexed at the misfortune that has befallen mine, especially as it arose from my own stupidity. But *now* ! I should like, however, to see Sir Joshua's Brick Wall. As to Lady Sarah, I never much admired a famous Portrait of her (by Sir Joshua) at Sir H. Bunbury's, near Bury.

In Lord Stanhope's capital Life of Pitt is a letter from George III., objecting to bestow some Prebendary<sup>1</sup> on the Bishop of Lincoln—

<sup>1</sup> Prebend.

‘But if Mr. Pitt wishes, the King,’ etc. You know the Bishop called Pitt the ‘Heav’n-born Minister,’ and Cobbett call’d the Bishop the ‘Heav’n-born Tutor,’ etc.

*To W. A. Wright.*

WOODBIDGE, Jan. 20/72.

By way of flourishing my Eyes, I have been looking into Andrew Marvell, an old favourite of mine, who led the way for Dryden in Verse, and Swift in Prose, and was a much better fellow than the last, at any rate.

Two of his lines in the Poem on ‘Appleton House,’ with its Gardens, Grounds, etc., run :

But most the *Hewel’s* wonders are,  
Who here has the *Holtzeltster’s* care.

The ‘*Hewel*’ being evidently the Woodpecker, who, by tapping the Trees, etc., does the work of one who measures and gauges Timber ; here, rightly or wrongly, called ‘*Holtzeltster*.’ ‘Holt’ one knows : but what is ‘seltster’ ? I do not find either this word or ‘Hewel’ in Bailey or Halliwell. But ‘Hewel’ may be a form of ‘Yaffil,’ which I read in some Paper that Tennyson had used for the Woodpecker in his Last Tournament.<sup>1</sup>

This reminded me that Tennyson once said

<sup>1</sup> Not ‘Yaffil’ but ‘yaffingale.’



to me, some thirty years ago, or more, in talking of Marvell's 'Coy Mistress,' where it breaks in—

But at my back I always hear  
Time's winged chariot hurrying near, etc.

'*That* strikes me as Sublime, I can hardly tell why.' Of course, this partly depends on its place in the Poem.

Apropos of the Woodpecker, a Clergyman near here was telling our Bookseller Loder, that, in one of his Parishioners' Cottages, he observed a dried Woodpecker hung up to the Ceiling indoors; and was told that it always pointed with its Bill to the Quarter whence the Wind blew.

*To W. F. Pollock.*

WOODBIDGE, Jan. 21/72.

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

When I opened on your Playbill this morning, I thought the First Piece<sup>1</sup> must refer to the Tichborne Trial: though *that* must now be rather a Case of 'When' than 'How,' I should suppose. I now take the Times, because of its better type for the Boy to read: and I feel in Court for nearly two good hours every night.

But (*sotto voce* be it said) I have found Eyes lately to read a little for myself, and have sub-

<sup>1</sup> *How will it end?*

scribed to Hookham, because he sported some French Books. But, along with your Note, came another to tell me that Hookham is merged into Mudie, who used not to deal in French. There is not much in that Language I want : a few Memoirs, and some of the modern French Plays, so that I may go to the Theatre in my room here, as well as to the Court of Common Pleas.

*Monday, Jan. 22.*

The Boy came after his Church and put an end to my letter. He read to me from Ingoldsby Barham's Life, which I find sufficiently amusing : a good Ghost Story or two in it. After this comes another day of Wet ; and I have been puddling about among my Books and Pictures at my Château. When you come, I shall make you admire the works of two Suffolk Artists ; one of them, my old friend Nursey, of whom I was thinking I might creditably have sent up the Sketch of *a Wave* to the Old Masters—only the Committee wouldn't have admitted it. But a Dealer named Pearce, in Bond Street, came down to a Sale here, and asked to see some Pictures by Old Nursey : and said, 'That man could paint.' I suppose Picture-Dealers know more than they used to do in my London days : when Farrer was the only one I knew who had an Opinion worth having.



I read in the Paper of some good Romneys at the Academy ; and I find that a Picture which I admired almost as much as Sir Joshua last year was by him : a Lady with a Child looking at itself in a Mirror. I had no Catalogue in my hurried visit.

I suppose Donne is bothered about his Censorship, which will be done away with in time, I doubt not, for better or worse. I suppose that reading such a heap of trash as he reads, he sometimes stumbles at a word, and sometimes slips over it.

Have you had a shot at Watson's Latinity ?<sup>1</sup> Really, his right meaning has something to do with his chances of Life or Death. I think his case will be one step in abolishing Capital Punishment altogether, for better or worse.

If you see Spedding, pray tell him that I don't now write to him, because I judged that having to answer me hung about his neck like a Millstone. I am sure all the while that he would

<sup>1</sup> In the trial of the Rev. J. S. Watson for the murder of his wife, a paper was produced which had been found on his writing-table, and on which were written these words : 'Felix in omnibus fere rebus praeterquam quod ad sexum attinet femineum. Saepe olim amanti semper amare nocuit.' The last sentence was discussed in The Times for several days after the trial. But when the story was repeated by Sir Frederick Pollock in his Reminiscences, by some process analogous to that which used to take place in the game called 'Russian Scandal,' the disputed words had been transformed into 'Saepe olim semper debere nocuit debitori,' a sentiment which, even if true, could have had no bearing on Watson's case. The late Lord Sherbrooke, then Robert Lowe, is said to have divided the Cabinet upon it, and no wonder.

answer me by letter and deed if I asked him for any good service.

*To W. A. Wright.*

WOODBIDGE, Jan. 26 [1872].

DEAR WRIGHT,

As to Shakespeare's names, his Genius instinctively led him to those which somehow musically expressed the Characters: whether he invented, or (as more probable) adopted them. Scott (a man of less Music in his Soul, though some of his Ballads are better than any of Tom Moore's) had something of the same Intuition; and Dickens in his line also. I always said you could infer much of the poet, in Prose or Verse, from the Names he chooses.

*To Miss Anna Biddell.*

WOODBIDGE, Feb. 22, [1872].

. . . I have lost the Boy who read to me so long and so profitably: and now have another; a much better Scholar, but not half so agreeable or amusing a Reader as his Predecessor. We go through Tichborne without missing a Syllable, and, when Tichborne is not long enough, we take to Lothair! which has entertained me well. So far as I know of the matter, his pictures of the manners of English High Life are good:



Lothair himself I do not care for, nor for the more romantic parts, Theodora, etc. Altogether the Book is like a pleasant Magic Lantern: when it is over, I shall forget it: and shall want to return to what I do not forget, some of Thackeray's monumental Figures of 'pauvre et triste Humanité, as old Napoleon called it: Humanity in its Depths, not in its superficial Appearances.

*To W. F. Pollock.*

THE OLD PLACE, Feb. 25/72.

. . . Aldis Wright must be right about 'sear'<sup>1</sup>—French *serre* he says. What a pity that Spedding has not employed some of the forty years he has lost in washing his Blackamoor in helping an Edition of Shakespeare, though not in the way of these minute archæologic Questions! I never heard him read a page but he threw some new Light upon it. When you see him pray tell him I do not write to him, because I judge from experience that it is a labour to him to answer, unless it were to do me any service I asked of him except to tell me of himself.

My heart leaped when the Boy read me the Attorney General's Quotation from A. T.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In Hamlet, ii. 2. 337, 'Whose lungs are tickle o' the sear.'

<sup>2</sup> 'Read rascal in the motions of his back,  
And scoundrel in the supple-sliding knee.'—*Sea Dreams*.

*To Fanny Kemble.*

[27 Feb., 1872.]

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

Had I anything pleasant to write to you, or better Eyes to write it with, you would have heard from me before this. An old Story, by way of Apology—to one who wants no such Apology, too. Therefore, true though it be there is enough of it.

I hear from Mowbray Donne that you were at his Father's Lectures,<sup>1</sup> and looking yourself. So that is all right. Are your Daughters—or one of them—still with you? I do not think you have been to see the Thanksgiving Procession,<sup>2</sup> for which our Bells are even now ringing—the old Peal which I have known these—sixty years almost—though at that time it reached my Eyes (*sic*) through a Nursery window about two miles off. From that window I remember seeing my Father with another Squire<sup>3</sup> passing over the Lawn with

<sup>1</sup> At the Royal Institution, on 'The Theatre in Shakespeare's Time.' The series consisted of six lectures, which were delivered from 20th January to 24th February, 1872. On 18th February, 1872, Mrs. Kemble wrote: 'My dear old friend Donne is lecturing on Shakespeare, and I have heard him these last two times. He is looking ill and feeble, and I should like to carry him off too, out of the reach of his too many and too heavy cares.'—'Further Records,' ii. 253.

<sup>2</sup> 27th February, 1872, for the recovery of the Prince of Wales.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Jenney, the owner of Bredfield House, where FitzGerald was born. See vol. i. p. 73.



their little pack of Harriers—an almost obliterated Slide of the old Magic Lantern. My Mother used to come up sometimes, and we Children were not much comforted. She was a remarkable woman, as you said in a former letter : and as I constantly believe in outward Beauty as an Index of a Beautiful Soul within, I used sometimes to wonder what feature in her fine face betrayed what was not so good in her Character. I think (as usual) the Lips : there was a twist of Mischief about them now and then, like that in—the Tail of a Cat !—otherwise so smooth and amiable. I think she admired your Mother as much as any one she knew, or had known.

And (I see by the Athenæum) Mr. Chorley is dead,<sup>1</sup> whom I used to see at your Father's and Sister's houses. Born in 1808 they say : so, one year older than yours truly E. F. G.—who, however, is going to live through another page of Letter-paper. I think he was a capital Musical Critic, though he condemned Piccolomini, who was the last Singer I heard of Genius, Passion, and a Voice that told both. I am told she was no Singer : but that went some way to make amends. Chorley, too, though an irritable, nervous creature, as his outside expressed, was kind and affectionate to Family and Friend, I always heard. But I think the Angels must take care to keep in tune when he gets among them.

<sup>1</sup> H. F. Chorley died 16th February, 1872.

## LETTERS OF

1872

This is a wretched piece of Letter to extort the Answer which you feel bound to give. But I somehow wished to write : and not to write about myself ; and so have only left room to say—to repeat—that I am yours ever sincerely

E. F. G.

*To E. B. Cowell.*

WOODBIDGE, *March 17* [1872].

MY DEAR COWELL,

Let me hear if you be coming this way this Easter, and if you do, contrive to run over here for half a day.

My Eyes have let me read a little for the last month, though I am obliged to be very tender of them. But I have managed to read a little of some of the old 'Standards'—a little Shakespeare, to wit : which seemed astonishingly fresh to me : some of De Quincey's Essays : and some of Ste. Beuve's. Tichborne, you know, is no more : that Light has departed : so now my Boy and I console ourselves of a night with a Novel : one of Wilkie Collins' being now in course of reading. This Boy is a new Boy (the former having left Woodbridge), and one of two in the uppermost class of the school here : there been reading Euripides' Medea, Cicero's Officia, and Plato's Crito with Dr. Tait. I enquire, and



hear, a little about all this between readings and made the Boy read me a bit of the Oedipus Coloneus the other night. I wish he could read it all over to me ; but he would not understand it, and I am not Scholar enough to teach him as he ought to learn. Last night he came when the Curfew was tolling : I quoted to him the first Line of Gray's Elegy, which he had never heard of. This shows how things have altered since my young days : and, I suppose, since yours also : then we only heard too much of Gray's Curfew. And now farewell, ὦ φίλτατ' Αἰγέως παῖ.

*To W. F. Pollock.*

1872.

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

Though the weather turns out better than you thought for, I am glad you have deferred your visit here till Whitsun, when we shall be green, at any rate, if also blue with cold.

I don't think I ever guessed a Riddle in my life ; and so do not even attempt yours ; of which you must send me the Solution when next you write. But I can propose you a Riddle which might equally puzzle you : only I will season Justice with Mercy and give you the Answer on the other side of my Letter.

A young Farmer near here, a very good

fellow, gave a Christmas Party and a Christmas Tree : all which made Old and Young so happy, that his Father-in-law, a very solid man, was inspired with an Enigma which posed the Company till they were relieved by the Oracle itself.

‘Why is Alfred’s Christmas Tree like the Ipswich Agricultural Show?’ (For answer see our last page.)

You told me you were writing for Fraser and the Edinburgh : and I suppose you are often doing this : but you don’t tell me what : and so, as I don’t get the Reviews and Magazines, I am no wiser. I really do think I ought to be ashamed of having sent you and other friends so many bits of things as I have sent. But really it was mainly because these were Translations from Spanish and Persian, which you did not read : and aimed at little more than putting such things into a compact form and readable English. (N.B. You are not expected to controvert this modest exculpation—which is not false, however.)

Does Spedding go on with Bacon? I hope you will tell him one day why I don’t write to him, for the simple reason I told you, that it was evidently a task to him to answer. I wish he would believe that I hold him in the same regard as heretofore, and feel sure that he has the same feeling to me.

We (I and the Lad) are reading Adolphus’



1872

EDWARD FITZGERALD

Memoirs ; which are sensible, sincere, and pleasant.

Now I have but room for the Answer to the grand Enigma. You have given it up ?

‘ Because it is a Great Success.’

Beat me that if you can in the Answer you will write me to your Riddle.

WOODBIDGE, *April* 8 [1872].

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

Will you address the enclosed to Lord Houghton? We have not a Court Guide in the whole town, I believe ; and I declare I don’t know if I have written his name and Title as should be written on a Letter : so little I have to do with the Peerage.

My Letter to Lord H. is only to ask about a point or two in his very interesting Life of John Keats, which I have been reading for a second time.

Adolphus soon became rather dry to me ; he seems to have been a good, sensible, and (I dare say) well-informed man, able in his profession, but with little in him to make a Volume of Recollections delightful to Posterity. Old Prime of Cambridge beats him hollow ; and he is dry enough. Don’t you remember him ?

My Anemones are coming out ; and my Trees sprinkling with Green. When are we to

have the average spell of North-East. A great Weather-sage at Lowestoft said three months ago that we should have no N.E. of any account till May. He is considered a great Prophet ; and is reported to be seen lying out of a night studying the Skies, and also judging from some Bottles of coloured water.

Why do you leave me languishing for the Solution of the World and State Riddle ? Did not I give you a better example in the Enigma I sent you ?

*To Herman Biddell.*

DEAR BIDDELL,

My Eyes have turned so rusty of late that I know it will be long before they can tackle Kinglake's four Volumes. And the Lad who reads to me would make but havock of it. So I will leave the Book at your Sister's for the Present. I looked into the Character of Napoleon III., which seemed to me very good indeed ; and the whole Tone of the Book arguing a sincere, courageous, and sagacious Writer.

Alfred Smith told me that you made a good Fight against Tomline at Ipswich. Fight on against him, and all his Tribe ; don't let them cajole or flatter you into acquiescence or excuse ; and then one day we will send you to Parliament. Alfred Smith says there will be an

Exodus of the Sudbourne Tenantry. N. Garrett has had to break down a Barrier that Sir R. W. or his Agent had put up on a Public Footway. The Fools—and Scoundrels !

WOODBIDGE, *April 28* [1872].

MY DEAR BIDDELL,

Thank you for Spectacles and Comforter : which I had wholly forgotten.

I had folded and directed to you the marked and priced Catalogue of Bullen *yesterday*—*Saturday*, I mean—but I mislaid, and find it to-day on my Desk. I did not go to the Sale : but asked Mr. Spalding, who had business at Ipswich, to bid £10 either for the Teniers or the Morland. The Teniers came first : and he gave £13, and brought it home. It is quite genuine, I think : but obscured by yellow Varnish, which I dare not lay finger upon for fear of encroaching on the paint below, which is very thin and partly cracked. I should not scruple, however, to clean it so far as my own liking is concerned, even if I sacrificed a part for the good of the whole. But an Artist will see through the Varnish : and it is a pity to put any genuine work of real Art to any risk. I do not care much about it, or about Teniers : but, it being what it is, a ruder hand like mine should leave it alone, I suppose.

The Prices of the Gillott Collection, as



reported in the Times, are sickening : I mean, because of encouraging bad Art by Money which might be bestowed on so many good purposes.

P.S. No, I did go home by the Train you sent to ; but in *the Horse-box*, with John Grout, his Man, half-a-dozen Horses, two Dogs, and a Cat—all come from Lincoln that morning.

*To Fanny Kemble.*

[1872.]

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

I set off with a Letter to you, though I do not very well know how I am to go on with it. But my Reader has been so disturbed by a Mouse in the room that I have dismissed him—9½ p.m.—and he has been reading (so far as he could get on) Hawthorne's Notes of Italian Travel : which interest me very much indeed, as being the Notes of a Man of Genius who will think for himself independently of Murray &c. And then his Account of Rome has made me think of you more than once. We have indeed left off to-night at Radicofani : but, as my Boy is frightened away by the Mouse, I fancy I will write to you before I take my one Pipe—which were better left alone, considering that it gives

but half an hour's rather pleasant musing at the expense of a troubled night. Is it not more foolish then to persist in doing this than being frightened at a Mouse? This is not a mere fancy of the Boy—who is not a Fool, nor a 'Betty,' and is seventeen years old: he inherits his terror from his Mother, he says: positively he has been in a cold Sweat because of this poor little thing in the room: and yet he is the son of a Butcher here. So I sent him home, and write to you instead of hearing him read Hawthorne. He is to bring some poisoned Wheat for the Mouse to-morrow.

Another Book he read me also made me think of you: Harness: whom I remember to have seen once or twice at your Father's years ago. The Memoir of him (which is a poor thing) still makes one like—nay, love—him—as a kindly, intelligent man. I think his latter letters very pleasant indeed.

I do not know if you are in London or in your 'Villeggiatura'<sup>1</sup> in Kent. Donne must decide that for me. Even my Garden and Fields and Shrubs are more flourishing than I have yet seen them at this time of Year: and with you all is in fuller bloom, whether you be in Kent or Middlesex. Are you going on with your Memoir? Pray read Hawthorne. I dare say you do not quite forget Shakespeare now and

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps Widmore, near Bromley. See 'Further Records,'  
ii. 253.

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then : dear old Harness, reading him to the last !

Pray do you read Annie Thackeray's new Story<sup>1</sup> in Cornhill ? She wrote me that she had taken great pains with it, and so thought it might not be so good as what she took less pains with. I doated on her Village on the Cliff, but did not care for what I had read of hers since : and this new Story I have not seen ! And pray do you doat on George Eliot ?

Here are a few questions suggested for you to answer—as answer I know you will. It is almost a Shame to put you to it by such a piece of inanity as this letter. But it is written : it is 10 p.m. A Pipe—and then to bed—with what Appetite for Sleep one may.

And I am yours sincerely always

E. F. G.

WOODBIDGE : *June 6, [1872].*

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

Some little while ago I saw in a London Book Catalogue 'Smiles and Tears—a Comedy by Mrs. C. Kemble'—I had a curiosity to see this : and so bought it. Do you know it?—Would you like to have it ? It seems to be ingeniously

<sup>1</sup> 'Old Kensington,' the first number of which appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* for April, 1872.



contrived, and of easy and natural Dialogue : of the half sentimental kind of Comedy, as Comedies then were (1815) with a serious—very serious—element in it—taken from your Mother's Friend's, Mrs. Opie's (what a sentence !) story of ' Father and Daughter '—the seduced Daughter, who finds her distracted Father writing her name on a Coffin he has drawn on the Wall of his Cell—All ends happily in the Play, however, whatever may be the upshot of the Novel. But an odd thing is, that this poor Girl's name is ' Fitz Harding '—and the Character was played by Miss Foote : whether before, or after, her seduction by Colonel Berkeley I know not. The Father was played by Young.

Sir Frederick Pollock has been to see me here for two days,<sup>1</sup> and put me up to much that was going on in the civilised World. He was very agreeable indeed : and I believe his Visit did him good. What are you going to do with your Summer ? Surely never came Summer with more Verdure : and I somehow think we shall have more rain to keep the Verdure up, than for the last few years we have had.

I am quite sure of the merit of George Eliot, and (I should have thought) of a kind that would suit me. But I have not as yet found an Appetite for her. I have begun taking the Cornhill that I may read Annie Thackeray—but I have not found Appetite for her as yet. Is it that one

<sup>1</sup> He came May 18th, 1872, the day before Whitsunday.

## LETTERS OF

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recoils from making so many new Acquaintances in Novels, and retreats upon one's old Friends, in Shakespeare, Cervantes, and Sir Walter? Oh, I read the last as you have lately been reading—the Scotch Novels, I mean: I believe I should not care for the Ivanhoes, Kenilworths, etc., any more. But Jeanie Deans, the Antiquary, etc., I shall be theirs as long as I am yours sincerely

E. F. G.

*From T. Carlyle.*

CHELSEA. 15 June, 1872.

DEAR FITZGERALD,

I am glad that you are astir on the Naseby-Monument question; and that the auspices are so favourable. This welcome 'Agent,' so willing and beneficent, will contrive, I hope, to spare you a good deal of the trouble,—except indeed that of seeing with your own eyes that the Stone is put in its right place, and the number of 'yards rearward' is exactly given.

I think the Inscription will do; and as to the shape, etc., of the monument, I have nothing to advise,—except that I think it ought to be of the most perfect *simplicity*, and should<sup>1</sup> go direct to its object and punctually stop there. A small block of Portland stone—(Portland excels all stones in the world for durability and capacity for taking an exact inscription)—block of Portland stone of size to contain the words and allow itself to be sunk firmly in the ground; to me it could have no other good

<sup>1</sup> Thus far written in pencil by Carlyle himself. The rest of the letter except the signature and postscript is in Mr. Froude's hand.

quality whatever ; and I should not care if the stone on three sides of it were *squared* with the hammer merely, and only *polished* on its front or fourth side where the letters are to be.

In short I wish *you* my dear friend to take charge of this pious act in all its details ; considering me to be loyally passive to whatever you decide on respecting it. If on those terms you will let me bear half the expense and flatter myself that in this easy way I have gone halves with you in this small altogether genuine piece of patriotism, I shall be extremely obliged to you.

Pollock has told you an altogether flattering tale about my strength, etc. It is nearly impossible for any person still on his feet to be more completely useless. Yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

J. A. Froude (just come to walk with me) *scripsit*.

*To W. F. Pollock.*

WOODBIDGE, *June 16*, [1872].

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

Some forty years ago there was a set of Lithograph Outlines from Hayter's Sketches of Pasta in Medea : caricature things, though done in earnest by a Man who had none of the Genius of the Model he admired. Looking at them now people who never saw the Original will wonder perhaps that Talma and Mrs. Siddons should have said that they might go to learn of Her : and indeed it was only the Living Genius and Passion of the Woman herself that could



have inspired and exalted, and enlarged her very incomplete Person (as it did her Voice) into the Grandeur, as well as the *Niobe* Pathos, of her Action and Utterance. All the nobler features of Humanity she had indeed: finely shaped Head, Neck, Bust, and Arms: all finely related to one another: the superior Features too of the Face fine: Eyes, Eyebrows—I remember Trelawny saying they reminded him of those in the East—the Nose not so fine: but the whole Face ‘homogeneous’ as Lavater calls it, and capable of all expression, from Tragedy to Farce. For I have seen her in the ‘Prova d’un’ Opera Seria,’ where no one, I believe, admired her but myself, except Thomas Moore, whose Journal long after published revealed to me one who thought,—yes, and *knew*—as I did. Well, these Lithographs are as mere Skeleton Outlines of the living Woman; but I suppose the only things now to give an Idea of her. I have been a dozen years looking out for a Copy.

I think I love the Haymarket as much as any part of London because of the Little Theatre where Vestris used to sing ‘Cherry Ripe’ in her prime: and (soon after) because of the old Bills on the opposite Colonnade: ‘MEDEA IN CORINTO. Medea, *Signora Pasta*.’ You know what she said, to the Confusion of all æsthetic People, one of whom said to her, ‘sans doute vous avez beaucoup étudié l’Antique?’ ‘Peut-être je l’ai beaucoup senti.’

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

I have remembered, since last writing to you, that the Hayter Sketches were published by Dickenson of Bond Street, about 1825-6, I fancy. I have tried to get them, and all but succeeded two years ago. I am afraid they would give you and Miss Bateman the impression that Pasta played the Virago: which was not so at all. Her scene with her Children was among the finest of all: and it was well known at the time how deeply she felt it. But I suppose the stronger Situations offered better opportunities for the pencil, such a pencil as Hayter's. I used to admire as much as anything her Attitude and Air as she stood at the side of the Stage when Jason's Bridal Procession came on: motionless, with one finger in her golden girdle: a habit which (I heard) she inherited from Grassini. The finest thing to me in Pasta's Semiramide was her simple Action of touching Arsace's Shoulder when she chose him for husband. She was always dignified in the midst of her Passion: never scolded as her Caricature Grisi did. And I remember her curbing her Arsace's redundant Action by taking hold of her (Arsace's) hands; Arsace being played by Brambilla, who was (I think) Pasta's Niece.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This appears to be a mistake.

WOODBRIDGE, *July 4/72.*

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

I like your Fraser Paper<sup>1</sup> very much, and recognised some points we had talked of together,<sup>2</sup> but nothing that I can claim as my own. I suppose that I think on these points as very many educated men do think ; I mean as to Principles of Art. I am not sure I understand your word 'Imagination' as opposed to realistic (d—d word) detail at p. 26, but I suppose I suppose I know what is meant, nevertheless, and agree with that. Is the Prophet of p. 24 *Gurlyle*?<sup>3</sup> I think so. The fine head of him which figures as Frontispiece to the People's Edition of Sartor made me think of a sad Old Prophet ; so that I bought the Book for the Portrait only.

The 'Brown Umbrella' pleased me greatly.

Well ; and I thought there were other Papers in Fraser which made me think that, on the whole, I would take in Fraser rather than the Cornhill which you advised. Perhaps I am just now out of tune for Novels ; whether that be so or not, I don't get an Appetite for Annie Thackeray's<sup>4</sup> from the two Numbers I have had.

And here is Spedding's vol. vi. which leaves me much where it found me about Bacon : but though I scarce care for him, I can read old

<sup>1</sup> On The Royal Academy Exhibition.

<sup>2</sup> At Whitsuntide.

<sup>3</sup> As Thackeray used to call Carlyle.

<sup>4</sup> Old Kensington.



Spedding's pleading for him for ever ; that is, old Spedding's simple statement of the case, as he sees it. The Raleigh Business is quite delightful, better than Old Kensington.

Then I have bought 3 vols. of the '*Ladies Magazine*' for 1750-3 by 'Jasper Goodwill' who died at Vol. iv. It contains the Trials and Executions (16 men at a time) of the time ; *Miss Blandy* above all ; and such delightful Essays, Poems, and Enigmas, for *Ladies* ! The Allegories are in the *Rasselas* style, all Oriental. The Essays 'of all the Virtues which adorn, etc.' Then Anecdotes of the Day : as of a Country woman in St. James' Park taking on because she cannot go home till she has kissed the King's hand : one of the Park keepers tells one of the Pages, who tells the King, who has the Woman in to kiss his hand, and take some money beside. One wonders there weren't heaps of such loyal Subjects.

Mowbray Donne wrote me that he sent you the Fragments I had saved and transcribed of Morton's Letters ; the best part having been lost by Blackwood's People thirty years ago, as I believe I told you. But don't you think what remains capital ? I wish you would get them put into some Magazine, just for the sake of some of our Day getting them in Print. You might just put a word of Preface as to the Author : an Irish Gentleman, of Estate and Fortune (which of course went the Irish way),

who was Scholar, Artist, Newspaper Correspondent, etc. A dozen lines would tell all that is wanted, naming no names. It might be called 'Fragments of Letters by an "Ill-starred" or "Unlucky" Man of Genius,' etc. as S. M. was : 'Unlucky' being still used in Suffolk, with something of Ancient Greek meaning. See if you cannot get this done, will you? For I think many of S. M.'s friends would be glad of it : and the general Public assuredly not the worse. Some of the names would need some correction, I think : and the Letters to be put in order of Time.<sup>1</sup> 'Do it !' as Julia in the Hunchback says.

<sup>1</sup> In 1873 he wrote to Miss Thackeray,

'Only yesterday I lighted upon some mention of your Father in the Letters of that mad man of Genius Morton, who came to a sudden and terrible end in Paris not long after. He was a good deal in Coram Street, and no one admired your Father more, nor made so sure of his '*doing something*' at last, so early as 1842. A Letter of Jan. 22/45 says : "I hear of Thackeray at Rome. Once there, depend upon it, he will stay there some time. There is something glutinous in the soil of Rome, that, like the sweet Dew that lies on the lime-leaf, ensnares the Butterfly Traveller's foot." Which is not so bad, is it? And again, still in England, and harping on Rome, whose mere name, he says, "moves the handle of the Pump of Tears in him" (one of his grotesque fancies), he suddenly bethinks him (Feb. 4/45) : "This is the last day of Carnival, Thackeray is walking down the Corso with his hands in his Breeches pockets : stopping to look at some little Child. At night, millions of Moccoletti, dasht about with endless Shouts and Laughter, etc."'

[1872.]

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

I went to London at the end of last week, on my way to Sydenham, where my second Brother is staying, whom I had not seen these six years, nor his Wife. . . . On Saturday I went to the Academy, for little else but to see Millais, and to disagree with you about him ! I thought his three Women and his Highlanders brave pictures, which you think also ; but braver than you think them. The Women looked alive : the right Eye so much smaller than the left in the Figure looking at you that I suppose it was so in the original, so that I should have chosen one of the other Sisters for the position. I could not see any analogy between the Picture and Sir Joshua's Graces, except that there were Three. Nor could I think the Highlanders in the Landscape vulgar ; they seemed to me in character with the Landscape. Both Pictures want tone, which may mean Glazing : wanting which they may last the longer, and sober down of themselves without the danger of cracking by any transparent Colour laid over them.

I scarce looked at anything else, not having much time. Just as I was going out, who should come up to me but Annie Thackeray, who took my hands as really glad to see her Father's old friend. I am sure she was ; and I was taken aback somehow ; and, out of sheer awkwardness,



began to tell her that I didn't care for her new Novel ! And then, after she had left her Party to come to me, I ran off ! It is true, I had to be back at Sydenham : but it would have been better to forgo all that : and so I reflected when I had got halfway down Piccadilly : and so ran back, and went into the Academy again : but could not find A. T. She told me she was going to Normandy this week : and I have been so vexed with myself that I have written to tell her something of what I have told you. It was very stupid indeed.

[August 1872.]

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

Here is the end of the first week in August, when you thought you might be leaving London, But I don't think you will do so for a few days to come. I have had two Visitors with me for the last few days : one, Frederic Tennyson, who has come to England on private business, as also for the purpose of introducing an old Gentleman, who is quite deaf, but a Spiritual Medium, who has discovered the original Mystery of the Free Masons, which they have lost, and which they are either to buy of him, or he will publish it to their total Discomfiture. All this old Frederic is as earnest about as a Man, or a Child, can be. He has left his Deaf Medium in London for a time, while he himself goes on his own Business to Grimsby : but he says he may have to convey

the Deaf Medium to Ireland, to be introduced to the Masons there.

‘D’ailleurs,’ Frederic is very well and young, and seemed pleased to talk over old times again. He left me yesterday : and I am now entertaining a poor Lad who is shut up in some London Office all day, and who came down here to get all the Air and Exercise he could from last Saturday till To-morrow, when he goes back to his Desk, poor Fellow.

Well, amid all this uproar I have read Lady Pollock’s Macmillan more than once,<sup>1</sup> and like it much : just, discriminating, and refined, I think. There was another article (‘*Hurticle*,’ W. M. T. used to call it) on V. Hugo, written by a Mr. Colvin, whose Family belonged to these parts. V. H. has not learned, even at his Age, that the Half is better than the Whole : and so his Poems defeat themselves—do they not ?

The Times and Daily News have each Articles to repudiate the Chancellor’s<sup>2</sup> Reported Retirement : both in terms which make me suppose it is true. I might have heard how it was from his Cousin an hour ago : but I did not.

Let me hear from you one day in your Travels. A letter from Mrs. Thompson told me that her Master was very well at Carlsbad in Bohemia. They come home in September.

<sup>1</sup> Novels and their Times.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Hatherley.

## LETTERS OF

1872

*To Fanny Kemble.*

WOODBIDGE : *August 9, [1872.]* ;

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

I think I shall hear from you once again before you go abroad. To Rome ! My Brother Peter also is going to winter there : but you would not have much in common with him, I think, so I say nothing of an Acquaintance between you.

I have been having Frederic Tennyson with me down here.<sup>1</sup> He has come to England (from Jersey where his home now is) partly on Business, and partly to bring over a deaf old Gentleman who has discovered the Original Mystery of Free-masonry, by means of Spiritualism. The Freemasons have for Ages been ignorant, it seems, of the very Secret which all their Emblems and Signs refer to : and the question is, if they care enough for their own Mystery to buy it of this ancient Gentleman. If they do not, he will shame them by Publishing it to all the world. Frederic Tennyson, who has long been a Swedenborgian, a Spiritualist, and is now even himself a Medium, is quite grand and sincere in this as in all else : with the Faith of a Gigantic Child—pathetic and yet humorous to consider and consort with.

I went to Sydenham for two days to visit the

<sup>1</sup> F. T. came August 1st, 1872.



Brother I began telling you of: and, at a hasty visit to the Royal Academy, caught a glimpse of Annie Thackeray:<sup>1</sup> who had first caught a glimpse of me, and ran away from her Party to seize the hands of her Father's old friend. I did not know her at first: was half overset by her cordial welcome when she told me who she was; and made a blundering business of it altogether. So much so, that I could not but write afterwards to apologize to her: and she returned as kind an Answer as she had given a Greeting: telling me that my chance Apparition had been to her as 'A message from Papa.' It was really something to have been of so much importance.

I keep intending to go out somewhere—if for no other reason than that my rooms here may be cleaned! which they will have it should be done once a year. Perhaps I may have to go to my old Field of Naseby, where Carlyle wants me to erect a Stone over the spot where I dug up some remains of those who were slain there over two hundred years ago, for the purpose of satisfying him in his Cromwell History. This has been a fixed purpose of his these twenty years: I thought it had dropped from his head: but it cropped up again this Spring, and I do not like to neglect such wishes. Ever yours

E. F. G.

<sup>1</sup> See Letter to Pollock, p. 37.

# LETTERS OF

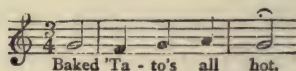
1872

To W. F. Pollock.

WOODBIDGE, October 21 [1872].

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

Once more in England you—and once more in Woodbridge I—and once more the Boy with a Tin Can passes under my window as I write, crying—



Which shows, if there were nothing else to show, that we are got into Winter Quarters. Up to this time, however, we have little of Winter's cold: warm Wet, rather; not very healthy, I suppose: but better than Snow and Frost to most men's feelings, and to those of the Poor especially.

By this time you have been to see Mr. Irving in King Charles, I predict, and the low Comedian in *Crummles*, as W. M. T. called him. What would Carlyle have said twenty years ago? Now, I suppose, will hardly hear of it at all. Is he back in his Tub at Chelsea?

The Athenæum, which tells me all this news, tells me there is to be another 'Old Masters' this Winter. Do you remember a small Picture of a Breaking Wave at my Château, which I wanted you to admire? By my old friend Nursey. Do you think Boxall would put it in?

No: if only because I recommend it. He would look, and sniff, and say, 'There is really something nice about it—but you know,' etc., and put in some sham Crome instead. Still, I don't mean that he is worse than the rest; but not much better. Why won't People see that I know best? Yet you persist in thinking I misjudge Morton's Letters.

My friend Edwards, the Artist, and his Wife are at my Château. He has had a Stockbroker with him, who is a Man of Virtu also; etches himself, and has four hundred China Plates all of different patterns, I am told. What a new Phase of Stockbroking is this!

WOODBIDGE: *November 1, [1872.]*

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

The Spectator, as also the Athenæum, somewhat over-praise Gareth, I think: but I am glad they do so. . . . The Poem seems to me scarce more worthy of what A. T. was born to do than the other Idylls; but you will almost think it is out of contradiction that I like it better: except, of course, the original Morte. The story of this young Knight, who can submit and conquer and do all the Devoir of Chivalry, interests me much more than the Enids, Lily Maids, etc. of former Volumes. But Time *is*—Time *was*—to have done with the whole



Concern : pure and noble as all is, and in parts more beautiful than any one else can do. . . .

Rain—Rain—Rain ! What will become of poor Italy ? I think we ought to subscribe for her. Did you read of one French Caricature of the Pope leaving Rome with the Holy Ghost in a Bird Cage ?

WOODBIDGE, Nov. 20.

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

I am glad the Rogers Verses<sup>1</sup> gratified you. I forget where I saw them quoted, some ten years ago ; but as I had long wished for them myself, and thought others might wish for them also, I got them reprinted here in the form I sent you. . . . I have no compunction at all in reviving this Satire upon the old Banker, whom it is only paying off in his own Coin. Spedding (of course) used to deny that R. deserved his ill Reputation : but I never heard any one else deny it. All his little malignities, unless the epigram on Ward be his, are dead along with his little sentimentalities ; while Byron's Scourge hangs over his Memory. The only one who, so far as I have seen, has given any idea of his little cavilling style, is Mrs. Trench in her Letters ; her excellent Letters, so far as I can see and judge, next best to Walpole and Cowper in our Language. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Byron's verses on Rogers.

I have bought Regnard, of the old Molière times, very good ; and (what is always odd to me) as French as the French of To-day : I mean, in point of Language.

[*Nov.* 1872.]

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

In a late Box of books which I had from Mudie were Macmillan and Fraser, for 1869–1870. And in one of these—I am nearly sure, Macmillan—is an Article called ‘Objects of Art’<sup>1</sup> which treats very well, I think, on the subject you and I talked of at Whitsun. . . .

My new Reader . . . has been reading to me Fields’ ‘Yesterdays with Authors,’ Hawthorne, Dickens, Thackeray. The latter seems to me a Caricature : the Dickens has one wonderful bit about Macready in 1869, which ought not to have been printed during his Life, but which I will copy out for you if you have not seen it. Hawthorne seems to me the most of a Man of Genius America has produced in the way of Imagination : yet I have never found an Appetite for his Books. Frederic Tennyson sent me Victor Hugo’s ‘Toilers of the Sea,’ which he admires, I suppose ; but I can’t get up an Appetite for that neither. I think the Scenes being laid in the Channel Islands may have something to do with old Frederic’s Liking. . . .

<sup>1</sup> In Fraser’s Magazine, May 1870.

The Daily News only tells me of Crises in France, Floods in Italy, Insubordination of London Policemen, and Desertion from the British Army. So I take refuge in other Topics. Do look for 'Objects of Art' among them.

Which are you for

Noi leggiavamo	} un giorno per diletto ? <sup>1</sup>
or	
Noi leggevamo	

WOODBIDGE : Nov. 28 [1872].

'Multæ Epistolæ pertransibunt et augebitur Scientia.' Our one Man of Books down here, Brooke,<sup>2</sup> had told me that the old Editions on the whole favoured 'leggiavamo.' Now I shall tell him that the Germans have decided on 'leggevamo.' But Brooke quotes one Copy (1502) which reads 'leggevam,' which I had also wished for, to get rid of a fifth (and superfluous) *o* in the line. I suppose such a plural is as allowable as

Noi andavam per lo solingo Piano, etc.

What is all this erudite Enquiry about? I was talking with Edwards one night of this passage, and of this line in particular, which came into my head as a motto for a Device<sup>3</sup> we were talking of; and hence all this precious fuss.

<sup>1</sup> Inferno, Canto v. 127.

<sup>2</sup> F. C. Brooke of Ufford.

<sup>3</sup> Probably a frontispiece to Omar Khayyám, designed by Edwards, which was never used.



But I want to tell you what I forgot in my last letter ; what Dickens himself says of his ' Holyday Romance ' in a letter to Fields.

July 25, 1867.

' I hope the Americans will see the joke of Holyday Romance. The writing seems to me so much like Children's, that dull folk (on *any* side of *any* water) might perhaps rate it accordingly. I should like to be beside you when you read it, and particularly when you read the Pirate's Story. It made me laugh to that extent that my people here thought I was out of my wits : until I gave it to them to read, when they did likewise.'

One thinks, what a delightful thing to be such an Author ! Yet he died of his work, I suppose.

*To W. A. Wright.*

WOODBIDGE, Dec. 10/72.

DEAR WRIGHT,

Looking into a little ' Pocket ' Volume of Aphorisms from Montaigne, 1783, I happened on ' Les arondelles que nous voyons au retour du printemps fureter tous les coins de nos maisons, cherchent-elles sans jugement,'<sup>1</sup> etc.

This made me think of the Macbeth passage.<sup>2</sup> I suppose it is from the R. Sebonde Apology, spelt ' coigne ' in the old French, and very likely

<sup>1</sup> Essais, ii. 12, p. 285, ed. 1640.      <sup>2</sup> i. 6. 3-10.

so used and spelt in Florio, whom the Divine Williams 'fureted' (ferreted !), as you may doubtless have heard before now. I have a Florio—a very clean Copy, too—for which I gave Quaritch thirty-six shillings. But I have not Eyes to look for the passage, even if it were worth looking for. These are trifles indeed, and would be the veriest if concerning any one but Williams. But one can't help pausing to look for any print of his Footstep. And as I know you think this also, I send you this note about it: with the proviso that it needs no sort of Answer or Acknowledgment.

I have Carlyle's yearly (dictated, but self-signed) Letter, telling me that he is much as before, perhaps even 'a shade better,' and I think his Letter shows more vivacity than for the last three or four years. He also posts me a 'Deseret' Newspaper (of 1871) with a real Sermon of Brigham Young in it: very good, I think, in something of the Cobbett vein. Also a Book of Irish Atrocities ('A Jar of Irish Sarpints,' he calls it), by a Mr. FitzPatrick, who politely sends Carlyle a copy, and gets called a Blockhead for his pains. I am ordered to read, or light Pipes with, the Book—anything but return it to Chelsea. All this shows Richard himself again.

I have a new Reader who reads me the first Volume of Forster's Dickens. Pollock and others told me the book was *faulted* (Suffolk, you know) by some for being all Forster that was not Dickens. This may be so: but I suppose that

(as far as Volume I. goes) Dickens did tell Forster of all he did ; and I find the Book written unaffectedly and justly. And (as far as Volume I.) I *love* Dickens—how unspoilt by all the American homage, at *Aetat.* 30 !

I may as well wish you a Happy Christmas, by the bye.

What do you think has made me blubber by myself this morning? The last Scenes of Henry the Fifth !

*To W. F. Pollock.*

WOODBRIDGE, Jan. 5/73.

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

I don't know that I have anything to tell you, except a Story which I have already written to Donne and to Mrs. Kemble, all the way to Rome, out of a French Book.<sup>1</sup> I just now forget the name, and it is gone back to Mudie. About 1783, or a little later, a young *Danseur* of the French Opera falls in love with a young *Danseuse* of the same. She, however, takes up with a 'Militaire,' who indeed commands the Guard who are on Service at the Opera. The poor Danseur gets mad with jealousy : attacks the Militaire on his post ; who just bids his Soldiers tie the poor Lad to a Column, without further Injury. The Lad, though otherwise

<sup>1</sup> Roqueplan, *La Vie Parisienne*.



unhurt, falls ill of Shame and Jealousy ; and dies, after bequeathing his Skeleton to the Doctor attached to the Opera, with an understanding that the said Skeleton is to be kept in the Doctor's Room at the Opera. Somehow, this Skeleton keeps its place through Revolutions, and Changes of Dynasty : and re-appears on the Scene when some Diablerie is on foot, as in Freischütz ; where, says the Book, it still produces a certain effect. I forgot to say that the *Subject* wished to be in that Doctor's Room in order that he might still be near his Beloved when she danced.

Now, is not this a capital piece of French all over ?

In Sophie Gay's 'Salons de Paris'<sup>1</sup> I read that when Madlle Contat (the Predecessor of Mars) was learning under Prévillé and his Wife for the Stage, she gesticulated too much, as Novices do. So the Prévilles confined her Arms like '*une Momie*' she says, and then set her off with a Scene. So long as no great Passion, or Business, was needed, she felt pretty comfortable, she says : but when the Dialogue grew hot, then she could not help trying to get her hands free ; and *that*, as the Prévilles told her, sufficiently told her when Action should begin, and not till then, whether in Grave or Comic. This anecdote (told by Contat herself) has almost an exact counterpart in Mrs. Siddons'

<sup>1</sup> Salons Célèbres, p. 97, ed. 1882.

practice : who recited even Lear's Curse with her hands and arms close to her side like an Egyptian Figure, and Sir Walter Scott,<sup>1</sup> who heard her, said nothing could be more terrible. . . .

The Egyptian Mummy reminds me of a clever, dashing, Book we are reading on the subject, by Mr. Zincke, Vicar of a Village<sup>2</sup> near Ipswich. Did you know, or do you believe, that the Mummy was wrapt up into its Chrysalis Shape as an Emblem of Future Existence ; wrapt up, too, in bandages all inscribed with ritualistic directions for its intermediate stage, which was not one of total Sleep ? I supposed that this might be a piece of ingenious Fancy : but Cowell, who has been over to see me, says it is probable.

I have brought my Eyes by careful nursing into sufficient strength to read Molière, and Montaigne, and two or three more of my old 'Standards' with all my old Relish. But I must not presume on this ; and ought to spare your Eyes as well as my own in respect of this letter.

WOODBIDGE, *Jan.* /73.

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

I have not been reading so much of my Gossip lately, to send you a good little Bit of,

<sup>1</sup> Q. Rev. No. LXVII. p. 216.

<sup>2</sup> Wherstead.

which I think may do you a good turn now and then. Give a look at 'Egypt of the Pharaohs' by Zincke, Vicar of a Parish near Woodbridge ; the Book is written in a light, dashing (but not Cockney pert) way, easily looked over. There is a supposed Soliloquy of an English Labourer (called 'Hodge') as contrasted with the Arab, which is capital.

Do you know Taschereau's Life of Molière ? I have only got that prefixed to a common Edition of 1730. But even this is a delightful serio-comic Drama. I see that H. Heine says the French are all born Actors : which always makes me wonder why they care so for the Theatre. Heine too, I find, speaks of V. Hugo's Worship of Ugliness ; of which I find so much in — and other modern Artists, Literary, Musical, or Graphic. . . .

What, you tell me, Palgrave said about me, I should have thought none but a very partial Friend, like Donne, would ever have thought of saying. But I'll say no more on that head. Only that, as regards the little Dialogue,<sup>1</sup> I think it is a very pretty thing in Form, and with some very pretty parts in it. But when I read it two or three years ago, there was, I am sure, some over-smart writing, and some clumsy wording ; insomuch that, really liking the rest, I cut out about a sheet, and substituted another, and made a few corrections with a Pen in what

<sup>1</sup> Euphranor.



remained, though plenty more might be made, little as the Book is. Well ; as you like this little Fellow, and I think he is worth liking, up to a Point, I shall send you a Copy of these amended Sheets.

[*March 1873*].

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

7 $\frac{1}{4}$  p.m. After a stroll in mine own Garden, under the moon—shoes kicked off—Slippers and Dressing Gown on—a Pinch of Snuff—and hey for a Letter—to my only London Correspondent !

And to London have I been since my last Letter : and have seen the Old Masters ; and finished them off by such a Symphony as was worthy of the best of them, two Acts of Mozart's 'Cosi.' You wrote me that you had 'assisted' at that also : the Singing, as you know, was inferior : but the Music itself ! Between the Acts a Man sang a song of Verdi's : which was a strange Contrast, to be sure : one of Verdi's heavy Airs, however : for he has a true Genius of his own, though not Mozart's. Well : I did not like even Mozart's two Bravuras for the Ladies : a bad Despina for one : but the rest was fit for—Raffaelle, whose Christ in the Garden I had been looking at a little before. I had thought Titian's Cornaro, and a Man in Black, by a Column, worth nearly all the rest of the Gallery till I saw the Raffaele : and I couldn't let that go with the others. All Lord

Radnor's Pictures were new to me, and nearly all very fine. The Vandykes delightful : Rubens' Daniel, though all by his own hand, not half so good as a Return from Hunting, which perhaps was not : the Sir Joshuas not first rate, I think, except a small life Figure of a Sir W. Molesworth in Uniform : the Gainsboro's scratchy and superficial, *I* thought : the Romneys better, *I* thought. Two fine Cromes : Ditto Turners : and—I will make an End of my Catalogue Raisonnée. . . .

I suppose you never read Béranger's Letters : there are four thick Volumes of these, of which I have as yet only seen the Second and Third : and they are well worth reading. They make one love Béranger : partly because (odd enough) he is so little of a Frenchman in Character, French as his Works are. He hated Paris, Plays, Novels, Journals, Critics, etc., hated being monstered himself as a Great Man, as he proved by flying from it ; seems to me to take a just measure of himself and others, and to be moderate in his Political as well as Literary Opinions.

I am hoping for Forster's second volume of Dickens in Mudie's forthcoming Box. Meanwhile, my Boy (whom I momentarily expect) reads me Trollope's 'He knew he was right,' the opening of which I think very fine : but which seems to be trailing off into 'longueur' as I fancy Trollope is apt to do. But he 'has a world of his own,' as Tennyson said of Crabbe.

*March 30/73.*

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

. . . You have never told me how you thought him [Spedding] looking, etc., though you told me that your Boy Maurice went to sit with him. It really reminds me of some happy Athenian lad who was privileged to be with Socrates. Some Plato should put down the Conversation.

I have just finished the second volume of Forster's Dickens : and still have no reason not to rejoice in the Man Dickens. And surely Forster does his part well ; but I can fancy that some other Correspondent but himself should be drawn in as Dickens' Life goes on, and thickens with Acquaintances.

We in the Country are having the best of it just now, I think, in these fine Days, though we have nothing to show so gay as Covent Garden Market. I am thinking of my Boat on the River. . . .

You say I did not date my last letter : I can date this : for it is my Birthday.<sup>1</sup> This it was that made me resolve to send you the Photos. Hey for my 65th year ! I think I shall plunge into a Yellow Scratch Wig to keep my head warm for the Remainder of my days.

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In September 1863 Mr. Ruskin addressed a

<sup>1</sup> 31st March, when the letter was probably finished.



letter to 'The Translator of the Rubaiyat of Omar,' which he entrusted to Mrs. Burne Jones, who after an interval of nearly ten years handed it to Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, Professor of the History of Fine Art in Harvard University. By him it was transmitted to Carlyle, who sent it to FitzGerald, with the letter which follows, of which the signature alone is in his own handwriting.

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CHELSEA, 14 *April*, 1873.

DEAR FITZGERALD,

Mr. Norton, the writer of that note, is a distinguished American (co-editor for a long time of the *North American Review*), an extremely amiable, intelligent and worthy man; with whom I have had some pleasant walks, dialogues and other communications, of late months;—in the course of which he brought to my knowledge, for the first time, your notable *Omar Khayyam*, and insisted on giving me a copy from the third edition, which I now possess, and duly prize. From him too, by careful cross-questioning, I identified, beyond dispute, the hidden 'Fitzgerald,' the Translator;—and indeed found that his complete silence, and unique modesty in regard to said meritorious and successful performance, was simply a feature of my own *Edward F.*! The translation is excellent; the Book itself a kind of jewel in its way. I do Norton's mission without the least delay, as you perceive. Ruskin's message to you passes through my hands sealed. I am ever your affectionate

T. CARLYLE.

*Carlyle to Norton.*

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,  
18 April 1873.

DEAR NORTON,

It is possible Fitzgerald may have written to you ; but whether or not I will send you his letter to myself, as a slight emblem and memorial of the peaceable, affectionate, and ultra modest man, and his innocent *far niente* life,—and the connexion (were there nothing more) of Omar, the Mahometan Blackguard, and Oliver Cromwell, the English Puritan !—discharging you completely, at the same time, from ever returning me this letter, or taking any notice of it, except a small silent one.

*FitzGerald to Carlyle.*

(Enclosed in the preceding.)

[15 April 1873.]

MY DEAR CARLYLE,

Thank you for enclosing Mr. Norton's Letter : and will you thank him for his enclosure of Mr. Ruskin's ? It is lucky for both R. and me that you did not read his Note ; a sudden fit of Fancy, I suppose, which he is subject to. But as it was kindly meant on his part, I have written to thank him. Rather late in the Day ; for his Letter (which Mr. Norton thinks may have lain a year or two in his Friend's Desk) is dated September 1863.

Which makes me think of our old Naseby Plans, so long talked of, and undone. I have made one more effort since I last wrote to you ; by writing to the Lawyer, as well as to the Agent, of the Estate ; to intercede with the Trustees thereof, whose permission seems to be necessary. But neither Agent nor Lawyer have yet answered. I feel sure that you believe that I do honestly wish this thing to be done ; the plan of the Stone, and Inscription, both settled : the exact site ascertained by some who were with me when I dug for you : so as we can even specify the so many 'yards to the rear' which you stipulated for : only I believe we must write 'to the East—or Eastward'—in lieu of 'to the rear.' But for this Change we must have your Permission as well as from the Trustees theirs.

I am glad to hear from Mr. Norton's Letter to you that you hold well, through all the Wet and Cold we have had for the last six months. Our Church Bell here has been tolling for one and another of us very constantly. I get out on the River in my Boat, and dabble about my five acres of Ground just outside the Town. Sometimes I have thought you might come to my pleasant home, where I never live, but where you should be treated with better fare than you had at Farlingay : where I did not like to disturb the Hostess' Economy. But I may say this : you would not come ; nor could I press you to



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EDWARD FITZGERALD

do so. But I remain yours sincerely, I assure  
you, E. F. G.

P.S. Perhaps I had better write a word of  
thanks to Mr. Norton myself: which I will do.  
I suppose he may be found at the address he  
gives.

*To C. E. Norton.*

WOODBIDGE, *April 17/73.*

DEAR SIR,

Two days ago Mr. Carlyle sent me your Note,  
enclosing one from Mr. Ruskin 'to the Translator  
of Omar Khayyám.' You will be a little sur-  
prized to hear that Mr. Ruskin's Note is dated  
September 1863: all but ten years ago! I dare  
say he has forgotten all about it long before this:  
however, I write him a Note of Thanks for the  
good, too good, messages he sent me; better late  
than never; supposing that he will not be startled  
and bored by my Acknowledgments of a forgotten  
Favor rather than gratified. It is really a funny  
little Episode in the Ten years' Dream. I had  
asked Carlyle to thank you also for such trouble  
as you have taken in the matter. But, as your  
Note to him carries your Address, I think I may  
as well thank you for myself. I am very glad to  
gather from your Note that Carlyle is well, and  
able to walk, as well as talk, with a congenial  
Companion. Indeed, he speaks of such agreeable

conversation with you in the Message he appends to your Letter. For which thanking you once more, allow me to write myself yours sincerely,

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

*To Fanny Kemble.*

*April 22, [1873].*

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

One last word about what you call my 'Half-invitation' to Woodbridge. In one sense it is so ; but not in the sense you imagine.

I never do invite any of my oldest Friends to come and see me, am almost distressed at their proposing to do so. If they take me in their way to, or from, elsewhere (as Donne in his Norfolk Circuit) it is another matter.

But I have built a pleasant house just outside the Town, where I never live myself, but keep it mainly for some Nieces who come there for two or three months in the Summer : and, when they are not there, for any Friends who like to come, for the Benefit of fresh Air and Verdure, *plus* the company of their Host. An Artist and his Wife have stayed there for some weeks for the last two years ; and Donne and Valentia were to have come, but that they went abroad instead.

And so, while I should even deprecate a Lady like you coming thus far only for my sake, who ought rather to go and ask Admission at your

Door, I should be glad if you liked to come to my house for the double purpose aforesaid.

My Nieces have hitherto come to me from July to September or October. Since I wrote to you, they have proposed to come on May 21; though it may be somewhat later, as suits the health of the Invalid—who lives on small means with her elder Sister, who is her Guardian Angel. I am sure that no friend of mine—and least of all you—would dissent from my making them my first consideration. I never ask them in Winter, when I think they are better in a Town: which Town has, since their Father's Death, been Lowestoft, where I see them from time to time. Their other six sisters (one only married) live elsewhere: all loving one another, notwithstanding.

Well: I have told you all I meant by my 'Half-Invitation.' These N.E. winds are less inviting than I to these parts; but I and my House would be very glad to entertain you to our best up to the End of May, if you really liked to see Woodbridge as well as yours always truly  
E. F. G.

P.S.—You tell me that, once returned to America, you think you will not return ever again to England. But you will—if only to revisit those at Kenilworth—yes, and the blind Lady you are soon going to see in Ireland<sup>1</sup>—and

<sup>1</sup> Miss Harriet St. Leger.



two or three more in England beside—yes, and old England itself, ‘with all her faults.’

By the by :—Some while ago<sup>1</sup> Carlyle sent me a Letter from an American gentleman named Norton (once of the N. American Review, C. says, and a most amiable, intelligent Gentleman)—whose Letter enclosed one from Ruskin, which had been entrusted to another American Gentleman named Burne Jones—who kept it in a Desk ten years, and at last forwarded it as aforesaid—to me ! The Note (of Ruskin’s) is about one of the Persian Translations : almost childish, as that Man of Genius is apt to be in his Likes as well as Dislikes. I dare say he has forgotten all about Translator and Original long before this. I wrote to thank Mr. Norton for

[*Letter unfinished.*]

[1873.]

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

It is scarce fair to assail you on your return to England with another Letter so close on that to which you have only just answered—you who *will* answer ! I wish you would consider this Letter of mine an Answer (as it really is) to that last of yours ; and before long I will write again and call on you then for a Reply.

What inspires me now is, that, about the time

<sup>1</sup> April 14th, 1873. See p. 56.

you were writing to me about Burns and Béranger, I was thinking of them ‘which was the Greater Genius?’—I can’t say; but, with all my Admiration for about a Score of the Frenchman’s almost perfect Songs, I would give all of them up for a Score of Burns’ Couplets, Stanzas, or single Lines scattered among those quite *imperfect* Lyrics of his. Béranger, no doubt, was *The Artist*; which still is not the highest Genius—witness Shakespeare, Dante, Æschylus, Calderon, to the contrary. Burns assuredly had more *Passion* than the Frenchman; which is not Genius either, but a great Part of the Lyric Poet still. What Béranger might have been, if born and bred among Banks, Braes, and Mountains, I cannot tell: Burns had that advantage over him. And then the Highland Mary to love, amid the heather, as compared to Lise the Grisette in a Parisian Suburb! Some of the old French Virelays and *Vaux-de-vire* come much nearer the Wild Notes of Burns, and go to one’s heart like his; Béranger never gets so far as that, I think. One knows he will come round to his pretty *refrain* with perfect grace; if he were more Inspired he couldn’t.

‘My Love is like the red, red Rose  
 That’s newly sprung in June,  
 My Love is like the Melody  
 That’s sweetly play’d in tune.’

and he will love his Love,

‘Till a’ the Seas gang Dry’

Yes—Till a' the Seas gang dry, my Dear. And then comes some weaker stuff about Rocks melting in the Sun. All Imperfect; but that red, red Rose has burned itself into one's silly Soul in spite of all. Do you know that one of Burns' few almost perfect stanzas was perfect till he added two Syllables to each alternate Line to fit it to the lovely Music which almost excuses such a dilution of the Verse.

‘Ye Banks and Braes o’ bonnie Doon,  
How can ye bloom (so fresh) so fair?  
Ye little Birds how can ye sing,  
And I so (weary) full of care!  
Thou’lt break my heart, thou little Bird,  
That sings (singing so) upon the Thorn:  
Thou minds me of departed days  
That never shall return  
(Departed never to) return.’

Now I shall tell you two things which my last Quotation has recalled to me.

Some thirty years ago A. Tennyson went over Burns' Ground in Dumfries. When he was one day by Doon-side—‘I can't tell how it was, Fitz, but I fell into a Passion of Tears’—And A. T. not given to the melting mood at all.

No. 2. My friend old Childs of the romantic town of Bungay (if you can believe in it!) told me that one day he started outside the Coach in company with a poor Woman who had just lost Husband or Child. She talked of her Loss and Sorrow with some Resignation: till the Coach happened to pull up by a roadside Inn. A ‘little



Bird ' was singing somewhere ; the poor Woman then broke into Tears, and said—' I could bear anything but that.' I dare say she had never even heard of Burns : but he had heard the little Bird that he knew would go to all Hearts in Sorrow.

Béranger's Morals are Virtue as compared to what have followed him in France. Yet I am afraid he partly led the way. Burns' very *Passion* half excused him ; so far from its being Refinement which Burke thought deprived Vice of half its Mischief !

Here is a Sermon for you, you see, which you did not compound for : nor I neither when I began my Letter. But I think I have told you the two Stories aforesaid which will almost deprive my sermon of half its Dulness. And I am now going to transcribe you a *Vau-de-vire* of old Olivier de Basselin,<sup>1</sup> which will show you something of that which I miss in Béranger. But I think I had better write it on a separate

<sup>1</sup> Probably the piece beginning :—

' On plante des pommiers ès bords  
Des cimitieres, près des morts,' etc.

Olivier Basselin (' Vaux-de-Vire,' ed. Jacob, 1858, xv. p. 28).

On Oct. 13th, 1879, FitzGerald wrote of a copy of Olivier (ed. Du Bois, 1821) which he had sent by me to Professor Cowell : " If Cowell does not care for Olivier—the dear Phantom !—pray do you keep him. Read a little piece—the two first Stanzas—beginning : ' Dieu garde de deshonneur,' p. 184—quite beautiful to me ; though not classed as Olivier's. Also ' Royne des Flours, etc.,' p. 160. These are things that Béranger could not reach with all his Art : but Burns could without it."

Paper. Till which, what think you of these lines of Clément Marot on the Death of some French Princess who desired to be buried among the Poor ?<sup>1</sup>

[P.S.—These also must go on the Fly-leaf : being too long, Alexandrine, for these Pages.]

What a Letter ? But if you are still at your Vicarage, you can read it in the Intervals of Church. I was surprised at your coming so early from Italy : the famous Holy Week there is now, I suppose, somewhat shorn of its Glory. —If you were not so sincere I should think you were persiflaging me about the Photo, as applied to myself, and yourself. Some years ago I said —and now say—I wanted one of you ; and if this letter were not so long, would tell you a little how to sit. Which you would not attend to ; but I should be all the same, your long-winded Friend  
E. F. G.

WOODBIDGE, *May 1*, [1873.]

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

I am very glad that you will be Photographed : though not by the Ipswich Man who did me,

<sup>1</sup> De Damoysselle Anne de Marle (Marot, 'Cimetière,' xiv.) :—

'Lors sans viser au lieu dont elle vint,  
Et desprisant la gloire que l'on a  
En ce bas monde, icelle Anne ordonna,  
Que son corps fust entre les pauvres mys  
En cette fosse. Or prions, chers amys,  
Que l'ame soit entre les pauvres mise,  
Qui bien heureux sont chantez en l'Église.'

there are no doubt many much better in London.

Of course the whole Figure is best, if it can be artistically arranged. But certainly the safe plan is to venture as little as possible when an Artist's hand cannot harmonize the Lines and the Lights, as in a Picture. And as the Face is the Chief Object, I say the safest thing is to sit for the Face, neck, and Shoulders only. By this, one not only avoids any conflict about Arms and Hands (which generally disturb the Photo), but also the Lines and Lights of Chair, Table, etc.

For the same reason, I vote for nothing but a plain Background, like a Curtain, or sober-coloured Wall.

I think also that there should be no White in the Dress, which is apt to be too positive for the Face. Nothing nearer White than such material as (I think) Brussels Lace (?) of a yellowish or even dirty hue ; of which there may be a Fringe between Dress and Skin. I have advised Men Friends to sit in a—dirty Shirt !

I think a three-quarter face is better than a Full ; for one reason, that I think the Sitter feels more at ease looking somewhat away, rather than direct at the luminous Machine. This will suit you, who have a finely turned Head, which is finely placed on Neck and Shoulders. But, as your Eyes are fine also, don't let them be turned too much aside, nor at all downcast : but simply looking as to a Door or Window a little on one side.



Lastly (!) I advise sitting in a lightly clouded Day ; not in a bright Sunlight at all.

You will think that I am preaching my own Photo to you. And it is true that, though I did not sit with any one of those rules in my head ; but just as I got out of a Cab, etc., yet the success of the Thing made me consider afterward why it succeeded ; and I have now read you my Lecture on the Subject. Pray do not forgo your Intention—nay, your Promise, as I regard it—to sit, and send me the result.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> On March 30, 1873, FitzGerald wrote to Sir Frederick Pollock :—

“At the beginning of this year I submitted to be Photo’ed at last—for many Nieces, and a few old Friends—I must think that you are an old Friend as well as a very kind and constant one ; and so I don’t like not to send you what I have sent others.—The Artist who took me, took (as he always does) three several Views of one’s Face : but the third View (looking full-faced) got blurred by my blinking at the Light : so only these two were reproduced—I shouldn’t know that either was meant for [me] : nor, I think, would any one else, if not told : but the Truth-telling Sun somehow did them ; and as he acted so handsomely by me, I take courage to distribute them to those who have a regard for me, and will naturally like to have so favourable a Version of one’s Outward Aspect to remember one by. I should not have sent them if they had been otherwise. The up-looking one I call ‘The Statesman,’ quite ready to be called to the Helm of Affairs : the Down-looking one I call The Philosopher. Will you take which you like ? And when next old Spedding comes your way, give him the other (he won’t care which) with my Love. I only don’t write to him because my doing so would impose on his Conscience an Answer—which would torment him for some little while. I do not love him the less : and believe all the while that he not the less regards me.”

Again on May 5, he wrote : “I think I shall have a word about M[acready] from Mrs. Kemble, with whom I have been corresponding a little since her return to England. She has lately been staying with her Son in Law, Mr. Leigh (?), at Stoneleigh Vicarage,

Here has been a bevy of Letters, and long ones, from me, you see. I don't know if it is reasonable that one should feel it so much easier to write to a Friend in England than to the same Friend abroad ; but so it is, with me at least. I suppose that a Letter directed to Stoneleigh will find you before you leave—for America !—and even after that. But I shall not feel the same confidence and ease in transcribing for you pretty Norman Songs, or gossiping about them as I have done when my Letters were only to travel to Kenilworth : which very place—which very name of a Place—makes the English world akin. I suppose you have been at Stratford before this—an event in one's Life. It was not the Town itself—or even the Church—that touched me most : but the old Footpaths over the Fields which He must have crossed three Centuries ago.

Spedding tells me he is nearing Land with his Bacon. And one begins to think Macready a Great Man amid the Dwarfs that now occupy his Place.

Ever yours sincerely

E. F. G.

near Kenilworth. In the Autumn she says she will go to America, never to return to England. But I tell her she *will* return. She is to sit for her Photo at my express desire, and I have given her Instructions *how* to sit, derived from my own successful Experience. One rule is to sit—in a dirty Shirt—(to avoid dangerous White) and another is, not to sit on a Sunshiny Day : which we must leave to the Young.

“By the by, I sent old Spedding my own lovely Photo (*the Statesman*) which he has acknowledged in Autograph. He tells me that he begins to ‘smell Land’ with his Bacon.”

*To W. F. Pollock.*

[5 May, 1873.]

DEAR POLLOCK,

. . . I see that you were one of those who were at Macready's Funeral. I, too, feel as if I had lost a Friend, though I scarce knew him but on the Stage. But there I knew him as Virginius very well, when I was a Boy (about 1821), and when Miss Foote was his Daughter. Jackson's Drawing of him in that Character is among the best of such Portraits, surely. . . .

My Eyes have been leaving me in the lurch again : partly perhaps from taxing them with a little more Reading : partly from going on the Water, and straining after our River Beacons, in hot Sun and East Wind ; partly also, and *main partly* I doubt, from growing so much older and the worse for wear. I am afraid this very Letter will be troublesome to you to read : but I must write at a Gallop if at all. . . .

[1873.]

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

. . . This is Sunday Night : 10 p.m. And what is the Evening Service which I have been listening to? The 'Eustace Diamonds' : which interest me almost as much as Tichborne. I really give the best proof I can of the Interest I



take in Trollope's Novels, by constantly breaking out into Argument with the Reader (who never replies) about what is said and done by the People in the several Novels. I say 'No, no! She must have known she was lying!' 'He couldn't have been such a Fool! etc.'

[1873.]

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

. . . I am very shy of 'the Greatest Poem,' The Greatest Picture, Symphony, etc., but one single thing I always was assured of: that 'The School' was the best Comedy in the English Language. Not wittier than Congreve, etc., but with Human Character that one likes in it; Charles, both Teazles, Sir Oliver, etc. Whereas the Congreve School inspires no sympathy with the People: who are Manners not Men, you know. Voilà de suffisamment péroré à ce sujet-là. . . . I set my Reader last night on beginning The Mill on the Floss. I couldn't take to it more than to others I have tried by the Greatest Novelist of the Day: but I will go on a little further. Oh for some more brave Trollope; who I am sure conceals a much profounder observation than these Dreadful Denners of Romance under his lightsome and sketchy touch, as Gainboro compared to Denner.

[July 1873.]

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

Thank you for the Fraser, and your Paper in it : which I relished very much for its Humour, Discrimination, and easy style ; like all you write. Perhaps I should not agree with you about all the Pictures : but you do not give me any great desire to put that to the test.

Max Müller's Darwin Paper reminded me of an Observation in Bacon's Sylva ;<sup>1</sup> that Apes and Monkeys, with Organs of Speech so much like Man's, have never been taught to speak an Articulate word : whereas Parrots and Starlings, with organs so unlike Man's, are easily taught to do so. Do you know if Darwin, or any of his Followers, or Antagonists, advert to this ?

I have been a wonderful Journey—for me—even to Naseby in Northamptonshire ; to authenticate the spot where I dug up some bones of those slain there, for Gurlyle thirty years ago. We are to put up a Stone there to record the fact, if we can get leave of the present Owners of the Field ; a permission, one would think, easy enough to obtain ; but I have been more than a Year trying to obtain it, notwithstanding ; and do not know that I am nearer the point after all. The Owner is a Minor : and three Trustees must sanction the thing for him ; and these three Trustees are all great People, all living in different

<sup>1</sup> Cent. III. § 238.

parts of England ; and, I suppose, forgetful of such a little matter, though their Estate-agent, and Lawyer, represented it to them long ago.

I stayed at Cambridge some three hours on my way, so as to look at some of the Old, and New, Buildings, which I had not seen these dozen years and more. The Hall of Trinity looked to me very fine ; and Sir Joshua's Duke of Gloucester the most beautiful thing in it. I looked into the Chapel, where they were at work : the Roof seemed to me being overdone : and Roubiliac's Newton is now nowhere, between the Statues of Bacon and Barrow which are executed on a larger scale.<sup>1</sup> And what does Spedding say to Macaulay in that Company ? I never saw Cambridge so empty, but not the less pleasant.

[1873.]

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

Two or three years ago I had three or four of my Master-pieces done up together for admiring Friends. It has occurred to me to send you one of these instead of the single Dialogue which I

<sup>1</sup> In June 1871 he wrote to me, 'One Improvement I persist in recommending for your Chapel : but no one will do it. Instead of Lucretius' line (which might apply to Shakespeare, etc.) at the foot of Newton's Statue, you should put the first words of Bacon's *Novum Organum*, (Homo) 'Naturæ Minister et Interpres' : which eminently becomes Newton, as he stands, with his Prism ; and connects him with his great Cambridge Predecessor, who now (I believe) sits in the Ante-Chapel along with him.



was looking in the Box for. I think you have seen, or had, all the things but the last,<sup>1</sup> which is the most impudent of all. It was, however, not meant for Scholars: mainly for Mrs. Kemble: but as I can't read myself, nor expect others of my age to read a long MS. I had it printed by a cheap friend (to the bane of other Friends), and here it is. You will see by the notice that Æschylus is left 'nowhere,' and why; a modest proviso. Still I think the Story is well compacted: the Dialogue good, (with one single little originality; of riding into Rhyme as Passion grows) and the Choruses (mostly 'rot' quoad Poetry) still serving to carry on the subject of the Story in the way of Inter-act. Try one or two Women with a dose of it one day; not Lady Pollock, who knows better. . . . When I look over the little Prose Dialogue, I see lots that might be weeded. I wonder at one word which is already crossed—'Emergency.' 'An Emergency!' I think Blake could have made a Picture of it as he did of the Flea. Something of the same disgusting Shape too. . . . Blake seems to me to have fine things: but as by random, like those of a Child, or a Madman, of Genius. Is there one good whole Piece, of ever so few lines?

What do you think of a French saying quoted by Heine,<sup>2</sup> that when 'Le Bon Dieu'

<sup>1</sup> Agamemnon.

<sup>2</sup> De la France, ed. 1884, p. 102.

gets rather bored in Heaven, he opens the windows, and takes a look at the Boulevards? Heine's account of the Cholera in France is wonderful.

[1873.]

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

I am wondering in what Idiom you will one day answer my last.<sup>1</sup> Meanwhile, I have to thank you for Lady Pollock's Article on American Literature: which I like, as all of hers. Only, I cannot understand her Admiration of Emerson's 'Humble Bee'; which, without her Comment, I should have taken for a Burlesque on Barry Cornwall, or some of that London School. Surely, that 'Animated Torrid Zone' without which 'All is Martyrdom,' etc., is rather out of Proportion. I wish she had been able to tell us that ten copies of Crabbe sold in America for one in England: rather than Philip of Artevelde. Perhaps Crabbe does too. What do you and Miladi think of these two Lines of his which returned to me the other day? Talking of poor Vagrants, etc.,

Whom Law condemns, and Justice with a Sigh  
Pursuing, shakes her Sword, and passes by.<sup>2</sup>

There are heaps of such things lying hid in the tangle of Crabbe's careless verse; and yet

<sup>1</sup> Written in French, 22 July 1873.

<sup>2</sup> The Family of Love, vol. viii. p. 43.

such things, you know, are not the best of him, the distressing Old Man ! Who would expect such a Prettyness as this of him ?

As of fair Virgins dancing in a round,  
Each binds the others, and herself is bound—<sup>1</sup>

so the several Callings and Duties of Men in Civilized Life, etc. Come ! If Lady Pollock will write the Reason of all this, I will supply her with a Lot of it without her having the trouble of looking through all the eight volumes for it. I really can do little more than like, or dislike, Dr. Fell, without a further Reason : which is none at all, though it may be a very good one. So I distinguish *Phil*-osophers, and *Fell*-osophers ; which is rather a small piece of Wit. And I don't like the Humble Bee ; and won't like the Humble Bee, in spite of all the good reasons Miladi gives why I should ; and so tell her : and tell her to forgive hers and yours always,

E. F. G.

WOODBIDGE, *August 11/73.*

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

After my French Vagary,<sup>2</sup> here comes another, you will think. But I write in such Ink as I can dilute for the nonce. And why, when you are in all your Wedding Fever ? Why, for that

<sup>1</sup> The Family of Love, vol. iii. p. 40.

<sup>2</sup> A letter in French.



very reason. Though I scarce know your son, what I do know of him is good : and he is *your* Son whom I have known some while, to some purpose. You told me of his Engagement some while ago : but I thought you spoke of its Fulfilment as far off. Else, I should have prepared some little Wedding Gift for the occasion. Since your Letter which I had on Friday, I have been casting about for this : we have nowhere to choose from here (as you may remember) but that China Shop ; and I was about going to Ipswich to a Friend of mine who has often quaint and pretty Things in his Stores : but I was told he was gone to Holland : to be back this week. You know it is difficult to choose on these occasions : so many People giving the same thing ; and I was about to send you a little Cheque so as you might employ it as you saw best. As, however, the time is so close that you will scarce find any to bestow on such little matters now, I shall wait till my Broker Man is back (for, to say Truth, I want to lay out a little with him, if I can), and my offering must be delayed till after the Wedding—which may be as well. If I find nothing I like at my Broker's, I shall ask you to buy for me in London, or in Paris : which may supply as well as Ipswich or even Woodbridge. And if you know in the meanwhile what sort of Thing is suitable and agreeable, do let me know—after the Wedding, but before you leave Town.

I am really sorry to trouble you with this scrawl on the very Eve of such a Business. You will not doubt my sincere Good Wishes, as regards you all—Father, Mother, Son, and Bride—whose name you must tell me when next you write.

[1873.]

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

I can only say (without further Enquiry, which I believe would add little to what I now say) that the Portrait belonged to a Mr. Rouse (who lived in a village hereby), who had some share in old Vauxhall, where this portrait hung, as of one of the Worthies of the Time. I suppose Pitt was in the next Box (where, as Sir C. H. Williams said, Happiness was always to be found) for the Adoration of the Tory Party. As I never cared much about Fox, I did not care if the Portrait were of him; but it might doubtless add some [value] to it in the Eyes of others. I wish you would have the Portrait (if you care to do so) home to your house in order that others may judge of the *Likeness*. I don't want their opinion of the Painting, which I know is very good in a second-rate way. It looks alive: I say, the best sort of Sign-painting—except, I suppose, Correggio's. I was as ignorant of any blemish on Fox's face as you; no sign of it, I think, in the boyish Portrait by Sir Joshua which we saw at the 'Old Masters.'

And surely, as you say, the Caricaturists would not have forgotten it, had it there been. But the Features—the Eyebrows especially (*vide Claimant*)—resembled the man: and also (*vide Claimant* again) those falling shoulders which are very apt to run into *Belly*—both of which, I think, one sees in the later portraits of Fox.

Well, all this you can amuse yourself with if you care to have the Portrait to your house. I can send the Frame so as to hang it up. But if you don't wish, let me know. Anyhow, it can stay at Holder's next week; and you can show Mr. Scharf, or any one else, if you think worth while.

If you did not observe my Laureate Crabbe's Portrait at the 'Portrait Gallery,' go and see it at Laurence's, who is copying it for me. Phillips's Portrait is the Man in company, a little 'doucereux,' as Moore defined him: but Pickersgill's is *The Man*, I fancy: and his son, my old Friend of Bredfield, so thought of it, I believe.

My China dish is already on a stand, for the reception of Waifs and Strays—Letters, Cards, Gloves, etc., thrown into it. I find such a Bason very handy on my own Table, though I don't want so big an one as that which I propose to you. I doubt if the China is *recherché* enough to be emblazoned as a picture on a Wall. But I will send your son the Plate (if you tell me his Address), and then he can have the Stand



(rosewood) if he thinks better (as I should) to make use of it. The making Pictures of China Plates is surely on[ly] a Fashion—which goes along with ranking Browning for a Poet.

And Spedding has finished his forty years' task!—'In Whitewashendo Bacone.' And the Echo won't come home to him at least.<sup>1</sup>

[P.S.] If the *mole mark* do not look like a mole mark, it were surely as well painted out, whether Fox or not. I thought it was a wound in the canvas. Let Mr. Scharf judge.

I will enquire further as to the external Evidence. But the Face ought to speak for itself.

[1873.]

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

Dish and Dish-tray are gone off: Dish in a Box; Tray wrapped and bandaged, so as we hope it will escape Fracture. If so, the young Couple can use it or not as they please. I hope they will like the whole concern; and long may they live to like it. Your Son will, I dare say, write to let me know of the Concern's arrival; you can tell him that I want little more than that simple Notice; I am sure he thanks me more than enough.

My Enquiries about the Portrait don't increase

<sup>1</sup> Erasmi *Colloquia*: Echo.—Ju. Decem jam annos aetatem trivi in Cicerone. . . . Ec. \*Ove.

my Faith in the name that was at first given me. I can't get the Vauxhall part authenticated: people who once could tell dead, gone away, etc. I bought the Picture simply for the Painting. I dare say there were many Englishmen with much such a Face: resolute and courageous; not very refined. There once lived near here a Squire Arcedeckne (Father of poor 'Archy,' lately dead) who my Father used to say was the image of Pitt—so I could see, in all the Features but the Eyes, which are the one good feature in the better Portraits of Pitt—(as Hoppner's). And yet Mrs. Piozzi says that Pitt's Eyes fell far short of Lord Chatham's.

Well, I will send up the Frame (no very fine one), and you can hang up whether on your own Staircase or at your *Cosmop*. It may amuse some People to speculate on the Likeness. I only hope the Cleaning has not taken away the *Reynoldsy* colour of Shirt and Waistcoat.

P.S. Oh, I must not forget to tell you that I have stupidly sent the Frame for Fox to your house, instead of to Holder's, who might have put the Picture in, and sent it all to you, if you cared to have it; or to your *Cosmop*. I will write to Holder to send you the Picture, or take away the Frame, as you decide. This is very stupid of me, to give you all this trouble about such a thing: but now the mischief is done, you may at least be spared opening the

case in which the Frame is, if you don't want. I only found out I had ordered this after the first part of my letter was written, when I had to go out.

I have to-day a long and cheerful Letter from Donne ; I gather from what he tells me of his medical treatment that the Heart is affected ; the general story now. May one have no worse to complain of ! Also I have written a scrap to old Spedding with a vulgar Joke about Bacon, which I scarce meant for Joke neither : but it must sound so. But he won't mind me.

*To W. B. Donne.*

ALDE COTTAGE, ALDEBURGH.

*August 18, [1873].*

MY DEAR DONNE,

There being a change of servants in Market Hill, Woodbridge, I came here for a week, bringing Tacitus<sup>1</sup> in my Pocket. You know I don't pretend to judge of History : I can only say that you tell the Story of Tacitus' own Life, and of what he has to tell of others, very readably indeed to my Thinking : and so far I think my Thinking is to be relied on. Some of the Translations from T. by your other hands read so well also that I have wished to get at the original. But I really want an Edition such as

<sup>1</sup> Tacitus, by W. B. Donne, in *Ancient Classics for English Readers*, 1873.



you promised to begin upon. Thirty years ago I thought I could make out these Latins and Greeks sufficiently well for my own purpose ; I do not think so now ; and want good help of other men's Scholarship, and also of better Eyes than my own.

I am not sure if you were ever at this place : I fancy you once were. It is duller even than it used to be : because of even the Fishing having almost died away. But the Sea and the Shore remain the same ; as to Nero, in that famous passage<sup>1</sup> I remember you pointed out to me : not quite so sad to me as to him, but not very lively. I have brought a volume or two of Walpole's Letters by way of amusement. I wish you were here ; and I will wait here if you care to come. Might not the Sea Air do you good ?

*To T. Carlyle.*

WOODBRIDGE, *Sept.* 8/73.

MY DEAR CARLYLE,

Enclosed is the Naseby Lawyer's answer on behalf of the Naseby Trustees. I think it will seem marvellous in your Eyes, as it does in mine.

You will see that I had suggested whether moving the *Obelisk*, the 'foolish Obelisk,' might not be accomplished in case The Stone were rejected. You see also that my Lawyer offers

<sup>1</sup> Ann. xiv. 10.

his mediation in the matter if wished. I cannot believe the Trustees would listen to this scheme any more than to the other. Nor do I suppose you would be satisfied with the foolish Obelisk's Inscription, which warns Kings not to exceed their just Prerogative, nor Subjects [to swerve from] their lawful Obedience, etc., but does not say that it stands on the very spot where the Ashes of the Dead told of the final Struggle.

I say, I do not suppose any good will come of this second Application. The Trouble is nothing to me; but I will not trouble this Lawyer, Agent, etc., till I hear from you that you wish me to do so. I suppose you are now away from Chelsea; I hope among your own old places in the North. For I think, and I find, that as one grows old one returns to one's old haunts. However, my letter will reach you sooner or later, I dare say: and, if one may judge from what has passed, there will be no hurry in any future Decision of the 'Three Incomprehensibles.'<sup>1</sup>

I have nothing to tell of myself; having been nowhere but to that Naseby. I am among my old haunts: so have not to travel. But I shall be very glad to hear that you are the better for having done so; and remain your ancient Bedesman

E. F. G.

<sup>1</sup> See Hone's Parody of the Athanasian Creed.

1873

EDWARD FITZGERALD

*From T. Carlyle.*

THE HILL, DUMFRIES, N.B.

13 Sep., 1873.

DEAR FITZGERALD,

There is something at once pathetic and ridiculous and altogether miserable and contemptible in the fact you at last announce that by one caprice and another of human folly perversity and general length of ear, our poor little enterprise is definitively forbidden to us. Alas, our poor little 'inscription,' so far as I remember it, was not more criminal than that of a number on a milestone; in fact the whole adventure was like that of setting up an authentic *milestone* in a tract of country (spiritual and physical) mournfully in want of measurement; that was *our* highly innocent offer had the unfortunate Rulers of the Element in that quarter been able to perceive it at all! Well; since they haven't, one thing at least is clear, that our attempt is finished, and that from this hour we will devoutly give it up. That of shifting the now existing pyramid from Naseby village and rebuilding it on Broadmoor seems to me entirely inadmissible;—and in fact unless *you* yourself should resolve, which I don't counsel, on marking, by way of foot-note, on the now existing pyramid, accurately how many yards off and in what direction the real battle ground lies from it, there is nothing visible to me which can without ridiculous impropriety be done.

The trouble and bother you have had with all this, which I know are very great, cannot be repaid you, dear old friend, except by my pious thankfulness, which I can well assure you shall not be wanting. But actual *money*, much or little, which the surrounding blockheads



## LETTERS OF

1873

connected with this matter have first and last cost you, this I do request that you will accurately sum up that I may pay the half of it, as is my clear debt and right. This I do still expect from you ; after which *Finis* upon this matter for ever and a day. . . .

Good be ever with you, dear FitzGerald,

I am and remain Yours truly

(*Signea*) T. CARLYLE.

*To Fanny Kemble.*

*September 18/73.*

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

I have not forgotten you at all, all these months—What a Consolation to you ! But I felt I had nothing to send among the Alps after you : I have been nowhere but for two Days to the Field of Naseby in Northamptonshire, where I went to identify the spot where I dug up the Dead for Carlyle thirty years ago. I went ; saw ; made sure ; and now—the Trustees of the Estate won't let us put up the Memorial stone we proposed to put up ; they approve (we hear) neither of the Stone, nor the Inscription ; both as plain and innocent as a Milestone, says Carlyle, and indeed much of the same Nature. This Decision of the foolish Trustees I only had some ten days ago : posted it to Carlyle who answered from Dumfries ; and his Answer shows that he is in full Vigour, though (as ever since I have known him) he protests that Travelling has

utterly discomfited him, and he will move no more. But it is very silly of these Trustees.

And, as I have been nowhere, I have seen no one; nor read anything but the Tichborne Trial, and some of my old Books—among them Walpole, Wesley, and Johnson (Boswell, I mean), three very different men whose Lives extend over the same times, and whose diverse ways of looking at the world they lived in make a curious study. I wish some one would write a good Paper on this subject; I don't mean to hint that I am the man; on the contrary, I couldn't at all; but I could supply some [one] else with some material that he would not care to hunt up in the Books perhaps.

Well: all this being all, I had no heart to write—to the Alps! And now I remember well you told me you [were] coming back to England—for a little while—a little while—and then to the New World for ever—which I don't believe!<sup>1</sup> Oh no! you will come back in spite of yourself, depend upon it—and yet I doubt that my saying so will be one little reason why you will not! But do let me hear of you first: and believe me ever yours

E. F. G.

<sup>1</sup> See letter of April 22nd, 1873.

[WOODBRIDGE, 1873.]

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

You must attribute this third Letter to an '*Idée*' that has come into my head relating to those Memoirs of yourself which you say you are at some loss to dispose of. I can easily understand that your Children, born and bred (I think) in another World, would not take so much interest in them as some of your old Friends who make part of your Recollections : as you yourself occupy much of theirs. But then they are *old* Friends ; and are not their Children, Executors and Assigns, as little to be depended on as your own Kith and Kin ? Well ; I bethink me of one of your old Friends' Children whom I could reckon upon for you, as I would for myself : Mowbray Donne : the Son of one who you know loves you of old, and inheriting all his Father's Loyalty to his Father's Friends. I am quite convinced that he is to be perfectly depended upon in all respects for this purpose ; for his Love, his Honour, and his Intelligence. I should then make him one day read the Memoirs to me—for I can't be assured of my own Eyes interpreting your MS. without so much difficulty as would disturb one's Enjoyment, or Appreciation, of such a Memoir. Unless indeed you should one day come down yourself to my Château in dull Woodbridge, and there read it over, and talk it over.

Well ; this is what I seriously advise, always



supposing that you have decided not to print and publish the Memoir during your Life. No doubt you could make money of it, beside 'bolting up'<sup>1</sup> such Accident as the Future comprehends. The latter would, I know, be the only recommendation to you.

I don't think you will do at all as I advise you. But I nevertheless advise you as I should myself in case I had such a Record as you have to leave behind me.—

Now once more for French Songs. When I was in Paris in 1830, just before that Revolution, I stopped one Evening on the Boulevards by the Madeleine to listen to a Man who was singing to his Barrel-organ. Several passing 'Blouses' had stopped also: not only to listen, but to join in the Songs, having bought little '*Libretti*' of the words from the Musician. I bought one too; for, I suppose, the smallest French Coin; and assisted in the Song which the Man called out beforehand (as they do Hymns at Church), and of which I enclose you the poor little Copy. '*Le Bon Pasteur, s'il vous plait*'—I suppose the Circumstances: the 'beau temps,' the pleasant Boulevards, the then so amiable People, all contributed to the effect this Song had upon me; anyhow, it has constantly revisited my memory for these forty-three years; and I was thinking, the other day, touched me more than any of

<sup>1</sup> Shakespeare, *Ant. & Cl.*, v. 2, line 6:—

'Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change.'

Béranger's most beautiful Things. This, however, may be only one of 'Old Fitz's Crotchets, as Tennyson and others would call them.'<sup>1</sup>

I have been trying again at another Great *Artist's* work which I never could care for at all, Goethe's *Faust*, in Hayward's Prose Translation; Eighth Edition. Hayward quotes from Goethe himself, that, though of course much of the Poem must evaporate in a Prose Translation, yet the Essence must remain. Well; I distinguish as little of that Essential Poetry in the *Faust* now as when I first read it—longer ago than '*Le Bon Pasteur*,' and in other subsequent Attempts. I was tempted to think this was some Defect—great Defect—in myself: but a Note at the end of the Volume informs me that a much greater Wit than I was in the same plight—even Coleridge; who admires the perfect German Diction, the Songs, Choruses, etc. (which are such parts as cannot be translated into Prose); he also praises Margaret and Mephistopheles;

<sup>1</sup> In his 'Half Hours with the Worst Authors' FitzGerald has transcribed '*Le Bon Pasteur*,' which consists of five stanzas of eight lines each, beginning:—

'Bons habitans de ce Village,  
Prêtez l'oreille un moment,' &c.

Each stanza ends:—

'Et le bon Dieu vous benira.'

He adds: 'One of the pleasantest remembrances of France is, having heard this sung to a Barrel-organ, and chorus'd by the Hearers (who had bought the Song-books) one fine Evening on the Paris Boulevards, June: 1830.'

but thinks Faust himself dull, and great part of the Drama flat and tiresome; and the whole Thing not a self-evolving Whole, but an unconnected Series of Scenes: all which are parts that can be judged of from Translation, by Goethe's own Authority. I find a great want of Invention and Imagination both in the Events and Characters.

Gervinus' Theory of Hamlet is very striking. Perhaps Shakespeare himself would have admitted, without ever having expressly designed, it. I always said with regard to the Explanation of Hamlet's Madness or Sanity, that Shakespeare himself might not have known the Truth any more than we understand the seeming Discords we see in People we know best. Shakespeare intuitively imagined, and portrayed, the Man without being able to give a reason—*perhaps*—I believe in Genius doing this: and remain your Inexhaustible Correspondent,

E. F.G.

Excuse this very bad writing, which I have gone over 'with the pen of Correction,' and would have wholly re-written if my Eyes were not be-glared with the Sun on the River. You need only read the first part about Donne.



[1873.]

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

Had you but written your Dublin Address in full, I should have caught you before you left. As you did not, I follow your Directions, and enclose to Coutts.

You see which of the three Photos I prefer—and very much prefer—by the two which I return : I am very much obliged to you indeed for taking all the Trouble ; and the Photo I have retained is very satisfactory to me in every respect : as I believe you will find it to be to such other Friends as you would give a Copy to. I can fancy that this Photo is a fair one ; I mean, a fair Likeness : one of the full Faces was nearly as good to me, but for the darkness of the Lips—that common default in these things—but the other dark Fullface is very unfair indeed. You must give Copies to dear old Donne, and to one or two others, and I should like to hear from you [before you] leave England which they prefer.

It was indeed so unlike your obstinate habit of Reply—this last exception—that I thought you must be ill ; and I was really thinking of writing to Mr. Leigh to ask about you—I have been ailing myself with some form of Rheumatism—whether Lumbago, Sciatica, or what not—which has made my rising up and sitting down especially uncomfortable ; Country Doctor quite incompetent, etc. But the Heavenly Doctor,

Phœbus, seems more efficient—especially now he has brought the Wind out of N.E.

I meant to send you the Air of the Bon Pasteur when I sent the words : I never heard it but that once, but I find that the version you send me is almost identical with my Recollection of it. There is little merit in the Tune, except the pleasant resort to the Major at the two last Verses. I can now hear the Organist's *burr* at the closing 'Benira.'

I happened the other day on some poor little Verses<sup>1</sup> which poor Haydon found of his poor Wife's writing in the midst of the Distress from which he extricated himself so suddenly. And I felt how these poor Verses touched me far more than any of Béranger's—though scarcely more than many of Burns'. I know that the Story which they involve appeals more to one's heart than the Frenchman does ; but I am also sure that his perfect *Art* injures, and not assists, the utterance of Nature. I transcribe these poor Verses for you, as you may not have the Book at hand, and yet I think you will thank me for recalling them to you. I find them in a MS. Book I have which I call 'Half Hours with the

<sup>1</sup> Haydon entered these verses in his Diary for May, 1846 : 'The struggle is severe ; for myself I care not, but for her so dear to me I feel. It presses on her mind ; and in a moment of pain, she wrote the following simple bit of feeling to Frederick, who is in South America, on Board *The Grecian*.' There are seven stanzas in the original, but FitzGerald has omitted in his transcript the third and fourth and slightly altered one or two of the lines. He called them 'A poor Mother's Verses.'

Worst Authors,'<sup>1</sup> and if People would believe that I know what is good for them in these matters, the Book would make a very good one for the Public. But if People don't see as I do by themselves, they wouldn't any the more for my telling them, not having any Name to bid their Attention. So my Bad Authors must be left to my Heirs and Assigns; as your Good Memoirs!

On Second Thoughts, I shall (in spite of your Directions) keep two of the Photos: returning you only the hateful dark one. That is, I shall keep the twain, unless you desire me to return you one of them. Anyhow, do write to me before you go quite away, and believe me always yours

E. F. G.

*To Herman Biddell.*

WOODBIDGE, October 30 [1873].

DEAR BIDDELL,

Thank you for the Partridges, which I believe I should have devoured myself had not my neighbour, Miss Bland, been unwell and 'off her feed,' so I have sent them to her.

I never see, and never hear of you now, unless when a Partridge falls from the Skies. And there is Anna parading about among the mountains and Torrents of Scotland, and not proposing to be

<sup>1</sup> See Letter to Charles Keene in the spring of 1880.



back here for another month, her Sister tells me. She (Anna) is to bring me home a twig of one of Sir Walter's own oaks from Abbotsford : and I propose going to see the Place next year : as I have proposed doing for these twenty years past. In these Pilgrimage Days, I think that is one to be done.

The Naseby Trustees won't let us put up the Stone there : neither it nor the Inscription thereof are *florid* enough, Edmund Barlow tells me : Carlyle's conditions being that both should be as plain as possible. The Asses !

*To E. B. Cowell.*

WOODBIDGE, *Friday* [Oct. 1873].

MY DEAR COWELL,

Though I suppose Term is begun again, and you are once more in harness, you must really send me a line to tell me how you got out of Wales. I think you must have had Rain all the time. I myself have been nowhere but a few days to Lowestoft and Aldbro'.

When I was looking into my Crabbe—my Eternal Crabbe—the other day, I found a scrap of Paper ; and on it written ‘*The Osprey, Quebec, July.*’ I then remembered writing such a memorandum one day when I was out in the Scandal, and saw a Ship which desired to have her arrival off the Coast notified to those ashore.

This was in 1869 or 1870. Were you with me? Only, don't mention it, for fear I should be subpœnaed with a 'Duces Tecum' to the Tichborne Trial, which is now assuming even more alarming proportions. . . .

Yes, I am really conning over my old Crabbe again, and should like to tell you some of the fine things which you won't find for yourself. I think I shall have Laurence copy me the Portrait that used to be at Bradford.

*To Fanny Kemble.*

WOODBIDGE : Novr. 18/73.

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

I should have written to you before, but that I was waiting for some account, for better or worse, of our friend Donne; who has been seriously ill this Fortnight and more. I don't know what his original Ailment was, unless a Cold; but the Effect has been to leave him so weak, that even now the Doctor fears for any Relapse which he might not be strong enough to bear. He had been for a Visit to friends in the West of England: and became ill directly he returned to London. You may think it odd I don't know what was his Illness; but Mowbray, who has told me all I know, did not tell me that: and so I did not ask, as I could

do no good by knowing. Perhaps it is simply a Decay, or Collapse, of Body, or Nerves—or even Mind :—a Catastrophe which I never thought unlikely with Donne, who has toiled and suffered so much, for others rather than for himself; and keeping all his Suffering to himself. He wrote me a letter about himself a week ago; cheerful, and telling me of Books he read: so as no one would guess he was so ill; but a Letter from Mowbray by the same Post told me he was still in a precarious Condition. I had wished to tell you that he was better, if not well: but I may wait some time for that: and so I will write now:—with the Promise that I will write again directly there is anything else to tell.

Here my Reader comes to give me an Instalment of Tichborne: so I shall shut up, perhaps till To-morrow.

The Lord Chief Justice and Co. have just decided to adjourn the Trial for ten Days, till Witnesses arrive from your side of the Atlantic. My Reader has just adjourned to some Cake and Porter—I tell him not to hurry—while I go on with this Letter. To tell you that, I might almost have well adjourned writing ‘sine die’ (can you construe?), for I don’t think I have more to tell you now. Only that I am reading—Crabbe! And I want you to tell me if he is read on that side of the Atlantic from which we are expecting Tichborne Witnesses.



(Reader finishes Cake and Porter : and we now adjourn to 'All the Year Round.')

10 p.m. 'All the Year Round' read—part of it—and Reader departed.

Pray do tell me if any one reads Crabbe in America ; nobody does here, you know, but myself ; who bore about it. Does Mrs. Wister, who reads many things ? Does Mrs. Kemble, now she has the Atlantic between her and the old Country ?

'Over the Forth I look to the North,  
But what is the North and its Hiellands to me ?  
The North and the East gie small ease to my breast,  
The far foreign land and the wide rolling Sea.'<sup>1</sup>

I think that last line will bring the Tears into Mrs. Kemble's Eyes—which I can't find in the Photograph she sent me. Yet they are not extinguisht, surely ?

I read in some Athenæum that A. Tennyson was changing his Publisher again : and some one told me that it was in consequence of the resigning Publisher having lost money by his contract with the Poet ; which was, to pay him £1000 per Quarter for the exclusive sale of his Poems. It was a Woodbridge *Literati* who told me this, having read it in a Paper called 'The Publisher.' More I know not.

A little more such stuff I might write : but I think here is enough of it. For this Night,

<sup>1</sup> Burns, quoted from memory as usual. See Globe Edition, p. 214 ; ed. Cunningham, iv. 293.

1873

EDWARD FITZGERALD

anyhow : so I shall lick the Ink from my Pen ;  
and smoke one Pipe, not forgetting you while  
I do so ; and if nothing turns up To-morrow,  
here is my Letter done, and I remaining yours  
always sincerely E. F. G.

*To W. A. Wright.*

WOODBIDGE, Nov. 19/73.

DEAR WRIGHT,

As to Crabbe, I go on reading and cutting out, with occasionally (for my own use only) a word or two to connect : which I do not feel to be so impious with so careless a Writer—for my own use.

I remember when you were here you thought perhaps that I had [taken] some such liberties with Tennyson ; only to *cut out*—never to add or alter, I assure you. I remembered afterwards that there was an altered Version of the draft 1st Stanza of the Miller's Daughter : but that was a suggestion of Tennyson's own to me one night, by way of getting out of Christopher North's objection to 'Line and Rod' instead of 'Rod and Line,' as also the rather ludicrous Ivy-tod Owl that rhymed to it. Tennyson, I believe, has not used his amended Stanza in any subsequent Edition, but I think decidedly it is better not lost.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In a copy of the 1833 edition of Tennyson's Poems, given me by FitzGerald, he has marked the changes in the first stanza of the

*To Fanny Kemble.*

WOODBIDGE : *Nov. 24, [1873.]*

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

A note from Mowbray to-day says 'I think I can report the Father really on the road to recovery.'

So, as I think you will be as glad to know this as I am, I write again over the Atlantic. And, after all, you mayn't be over the Atlantic, but in London itself! Donne would have told me: but I don't like to trouble him with Questions, or writing of any sort. If you be in London, you will hear somehow of all this matter: if in America, my Letter won't go in vain.

Mowbray wrote me some while ago of the Death of your Sister's Son in the Hunting-field.<sup>1</sup> Mowbray said, aged thirty, I think: I had no idea, so old: born when I was with Thackeray in Coram Street—(*Forum* Street, he called it) where I remember Mrs. Sartoris coming in her Brougham to bid him to Dinner, 1843.

Miller's Daughter to which he refers, and which are given in Tennyson's Life, i. p. 117. At the foot of the page he adds, 'The alterations here were suggested to me one day by A. T. himself, when I complained of this first Stanza being omitted in the Edition of 1842. "Line and Rod" had seemed an unlucky Inversion—only to rhyme to the Ivy-tod.' This appears to be the history of the alterations, which were not in 'the first original manuscript' draft as stated in the Life.

<sup>1</sup> Greville Sartoris was killed by a fall from his horse, not in the hunting-field, 23 Oct. 1873.



I wrote to Annie Thackeray yesterday : politely telling her I couldn't relish her Old Kensington a quarter as much as her Village on the Cliff : which, however, I doat on. I still purpose to read Miss Evans : but my Instincts are against her—I mean, her Books.

What have you done with your Memoirs ? Pollock is about to edit Macready's. And Chorley—have you read him ? I shall devour him in time—that is, when Mudie will let me.

I wonder if there are Water-cresses in America, as there are on my tea-table while I write ?

What do you think of these two lines which Crabbe didn't print ?

‘The shapeless purpose of a Soul that feels,  
And half suppresses Wrath,<sup>1</sup> and half reveals.’

My little bit of Good News about our Friend is the only reason and Apology for this Letter from

Yours ever and always

E. F. G.

*To W. F. Pollock.*

[16 Dec. 1873.]

. . . What do you think I am reading ? Voltaire's ‘Pucelle’ : the Epic he was fitted for.

<sup>1</sup> ‘Rage’ in the original. See *Tales of the Hall*, Book XII. Sir Owen Dale.

It is poor in Invention, I think : but wonderful for easy Wit, and the Verse much more agreeable to me than the regularly rhymed Alexandrines. I think Byron was indebted to it in his *Vision of Judgment*, and *Juan* : his best works. There are fine things too : as when Grisbourdon suddenly slain tells his Story to the Devils in Hell where he unexpectedly makes his Appearance,

Et tout l'Enfer en rit d'assez bon cœur.

This is nearer the Sublime, I fancy, than anything in the *Henriade*. And one Canto ends :

J'ai dans mon temps possédé des maîtresses,  
Et j'aime encore à retrouver mon cœur—

is very pretty in the old Sinner . . .

I am engaged in preparing to depart from these dear Rooms where I have been thirteen years, and don't know yet where I am going.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In January 1874, Donne wrote to Thompson, 'You probably know that our friend E. F. G. has been turned out of his long inhabited lodgings by a widow weighing at least fourteen stone, who is soon to espouse, and sure to rule over, his landlord, who weighs at most nine stone—"impar congressus." "Ordinary men and Christians" would occupy a new and commodious house which they have built, and which, in this case, you doubtless have seen. But the FitzGerald's are not *ordinary* men, however *Christian* they may be, and our friend is now looking for an alien home for himself, his books, pictures, and other "rich moveables."'

*To Fanny Kemble.*

LOWESTOFT : Febr. 10/74.

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

A Letter to be written to you from the room I have written to you before in : but my Letter must wait till I return to Woodbridge, where your Address is on record. I have thought several times of writing to you since this Year began ; but I have been in a muddle—leaving my old Markethill Lodgings, and vacillating between my own rather lonely Château, and this Place, where some Nieces are. I had wished to tell you what I know of our dear Donne : who Mowbray says gets on still. I suppose he will never be so strong again. Laurence wrote me that he had met him in the Streets, looking thinner (!) with (as it were) keener Eyes. That is a Portrait Painter's observation : probably a just one. Laurence has been painting for me a Copy of Pickersgill's Portrait of Crabbe—but I am afraid has made some muddle of it, according to his wont. I asked for a Sketch : he *will* elaborate—and spoil. Instead of copying the Colours he sees and could simply match on his Palette, he *will* puzzle himself as to whether the Eyebrows were once sandy, though now gray ; and wants to compare Pickersgill's Portrait with Phillips'—which I particularly wished to be left out of account. Laurence is a dear little fellow



—a Gentleman—Spedding said ‘made of Nature’s very finest Clay.’<sup>1</sup> So he is: but the most obstinate little man—‘incorrigible,’ Richmond called him; and so he wearies out those who wish most to serve and employ him; and so has spoiled his own Fortune.

Do you read in America of Holman Hunt’s famous new Picture of ‘The Shadow of Death,’ which he has been some seven Years painting—in Jerusalem, and now exhibits under theatrical Lights and accompaniments? This does not induce me to believe in H. Hunt more than heretofore: which is—not at all. Raffaele, Mozart, Shakespeare, did not take all that time about a work, nor brought it forth to the world with so much Pomp and Circumstance.

Do you know Sainte Beuve’s *Causeries*? I think one of the most delightful Books—a Volume of which I brought here, and makes me now write of it to you. It is a Book worth having—worth buying—for you can read it more than once, and twice. And I have taken up *Don Quixote* again: more Evergreen still; in Spanish, as it must be read, I doubt.

Here is a Sheet of Paper already filled, with matters very little worthy of sending over the Atlantic. But you will be glad of the *Donne*

<sup>1</sup> Quoting from Peacock’s ‘Headlong Hall’ :—

‘Nature had but little clay  
Like that of which she moulded him.’

See vol. i. p. 89, note.

1874

EDWARD FITZGERALD

news, at any rate. Do tell me ever so little of yourself in return.

Now my Eyes have had enough of this vile steel pen : and so have yours, I should think : and I will mix a Glass of poor Sherry and Water, and fill a Pipe, and think of you while I smoke it. Think of me sometimes as

Yours always sincerely,

E. F. G.

P.S.—I shall venture this Letter with no further Address than I remember now.

*To John Allen.*

GRANGE FARM : WOODBRIDGE.  
*Febr: 21/74.*

MY DEAR ALLEN,

While I was reading a volume of Ste. Beuve at Lowestoft a Fortnight ago, I wondered if you got on with him ; j'avais envie de vous écrire une petite Lettre à ce sujet : but I let it go by. Now your Letter comes ; and I will write : only a little about S. B. however, only that : the Volume I had with me was vol. III. of my Edition (I don't know if yours is the same), and I thought you [would] like *all* of three Causeries in it : Rousseau, Frederick the Great, and Daguesseau : the rest you might not so much care for : nor I neither.

Hare's Spain was agreeable to hear read : I have forgot all about it. His ' Memorials ' were insufferably tiresome to me. You don't speak of Tichborne, which I never tire of : only wondering that the Lord Chief Justice sets so much Brains to work against so foolish a Bird.<sup>1</sup> The Spectator on Carlyle is very good, I think. As to Politics I scarce meddle with them. I have been glad to revert to Don Quixote, which I read easily enough in the Spanish : it is so delightful that I don't grudge looking into a Dictionary for the words I forget. It won't do in English ; or *has not done* as yet : the English colloquial is not the Spanish d°. It struck me oddly that—of all things in the world !—Sir Thomas Browne's Language might suit.

They now sell at the Railway Stalls Milnes' Life of Keats for half a crown, as well worth the money as any Book. I would send you a Copy if you liked : as I bought three or four to give away.

You may see that I have changed my Address : obliged to leave the Lodging where I had been thirteen years : and to come here to my own house, while another Lodging is getting ready, which I doubt I shall not inhabit, as it will entail Housekeeping on me. But I like to keep my house for my Nieces : it is not my fault they do not make it their home. Ever yours, E. F. G.

<sup>1</sup> See *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. i. 137.



1874

EDWARD FITZGERALD

*To S. Laurence.*

GRANGE FARM, WOODBRIDGE.

*February 26/74.*

MY DEAR LAURENCE,

. . . I am not very solicitous about the Likeness<sup>1</sup> as I might be of some dear Friend ; but I was willing to have a Portrait of the Poet whom I am afraid I read more than any other of late and with whose Family (as you know) I am kindly connected. The other Portrait, which you wanted to see, and I hope have not seen, is by Phillips ; and just represents what I least wanted, Crabbe's company look ; whereas Pickersgill represents the Thinker. So I fancy, at least.

*To Mrs. Cowell.*



'LITTLE GRANGE.'  
(by Anna Biddell's order—mark.)  
[April 1874.]

MY DEAR LADY,

Pray look at a beautiful little Comment by Spedding on a passage in Shakespeare in the last number of Notes and Queries, April 18.<sup>2</sup> Oh ! that he had given to Shakespeare a tithe of the time he has given to Bacon !

Well, but this is not all. After hearing from

<sup>1</sup> A copy of Pickersgill's portrait of Crabbe.

<sup>2</sup> See Letter to Fanny Kemble, p. 109, May 2, 1874.

half-a-dozen people that they should have no difficulty in finding a Hen and Chicken Daisy, at last Ellen Churchyard has found me one in a Cottager's Garden at Hasketon. It is now in its little Pot outside my house : and is to be sent off in a Box to you as soon as is possible, for your Professor. I will bet 6d. he has found half a dozen just before my poor little innocent reaches him.

I shall also post Keats.

*To Fanny Kemble.*

LITTLE GRANGE : WOODBRIDGE,

*May 2/74.*

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

My Castle Clock has gone 9 p.m., and I myself am but half an hour home from a Day to Lowestoft. Why I should begin a Letter to you under these circumstances I scarce know. However, I have long been intending to write : nay, actually did write half a Letter which I mislaid. What I wanted to tell you was—and is—that Donne is going on very well : Mowbray thinks he may be pronounced 'recovered.' You may have heard about him from some other hand before this : I know you will be glad to hear it at any time, from any quarter.

This my Castle had been named by me 'Grange Farm,' being formerly a dependency of a more considerable Château on the hill above.

But a fine tall Woman, who has been staying two days, ordered me to call it 'Little Grange.' So it must be. She came to meet a little Niece of mine : both Annies : one tall as the other is short : both capital in Head and Heart : I knew they would *fadge* well : so they did : so we all did, waiting on ourselves and on one another. Odd that I have another tip-top Annie on my small list of Acquaintances—Annie Thackeray.

I wonder what Spring is like in America. We have had an April of really 'magnifique' Weather : but here is that vixen May with its N.E. airs. A Nightingale however sings so close to my Bedroom that (the window being open) the Song is almost too loud.

I thought you would come back to Nightingale-land !

Donne is better : and Spedding has at last (I hear) got his load of Bacon off his Shoulders, after carrying it for near Forty years ! Forty years long ! A fortnight ago there was such a delicious bit of his in Notes and Queries,<sup>1</sup> a Comment on some American Comment on a passage in Antony and Cleopatra, that I recalled

<sup>1</sup> 18 April, 1874. Professor Hiram Corson endeavoured to maintain the correctness of the reading of the Folios in Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 86-88 :

'For his Bounty,  
There was no winter in 't. An *Anthony* it was,  
That grew the more by reaping.'

Spedding admirably defended Theobald's certain emendation of 'autumn' for 'Anthony.'



my old Sorrow that he had not edited Shakespeare long ago instead of wasting Life in washing his Blackamoor. Perhaps there is time for this yet : but is there the Will?

Pray, Madam, how do you emphasize the line—

‘After Life’s fitful Fever he sleeps well,’

which, by the by, one wonders never to have seen in some Churchyard? What do you think of this for an Epitaph—from Crabbe?—

‘Friend of the Poor—the Wretched—the Betray’d,  
They cannot pay thee—but thou shalt be paid.’<sup>1</sup>

This is a poor Letter indeed to make you answer—as answer you will—I really only intended to tell you of Donne ; and remain ever yours

E. F. G.

Pollock is busy editing Macready’s Papers.

<sup>1</sup> These lines are not to be found in Crabbe, so far as I can ascertain, but they appear to be a transformation of two which occur in the Parish Register, Part II., in the story of Phebe Dawson (Works, ii. 183) :

‘Friend of distress ! The mourner feels thy aid ;  
She cannot pay thee, but thou wilt be paid.’

They had taken possession of FitzGerald’s memory in their present shape, for in a letter to me, dated 5 Nov. 1877, speaking of the poet’s son, who was Vicar of Bredfield, he says : “It is now just twenty years since the Brave old Boy was laid in Bredfield Churchyard. Two of his Father’s Lines might make Epitaph for some good soul :—

‘Friend of the Poor, the Wretched, the Betray’d ;  
They cannot pay thee—but thou shalt be paid.’


Pas mal ça, eh ! ”

1874

EDWARD FITZGERALD

*To Herman Biddell.*

*(Anna ordered this change of name.)*

 LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE,

May 14, 1874.

DEAR BIDDELL,

Your Anna tells me you have had Stubbs down, and ready to send here, for some little while. Unless you want his room, I wish you would hang him up again: for I am full at present, and Pictures are best hung up out of harm's way. If you decide to send him, cover him with a soft cloth: and fix him so as to be shaken as little as possible in his Journey. But I would rather you kept him for the present.

I give these Cautions because the Picture is really in prime condition now, and we must keep it out of anything that requires the Cleaner's hand.

Why don't you copy it? Surely that would be the way to fathom its mystery. But there is no arguing with a Biddell. Perhaps you have copied: but I would bet *not*.

Three Legs of Duval's Lecturer seemed to me as if they would not lift easily from the Ground. At Mason's is a good Smith: a Farrier's Shop: the Anvil the best part, but the Air through the opening of the Travis very good too.

[May 1874.]

DEAR BIDDLEL,

Do not let your sister Anna persuade you to-morrow that I want Stubbs home yet, because I was talking to her yesterday of its goodness, and good condition, as compared with that I have just seen at the Old Masters'. She says you scarce think that one can be genuine: indeed, it looked to me more like one of Gilpin's, both for Horse and Man. They should certainly have had a good Specimen: as they should at the National Gallery. There are better than what you now have: Barlow's, in some respects: but the Condition of yours is of the very best: and I was saying to Anna that that condition would be preserved by being kept dry, but not hot; not in any strong Sunlight; and with no friction, or rubbing, of any sort—no grooming—by anything but a light feather brush; or a very slight wisp of a Silk handkerchief now and then, not to be administered by any servant's hand.

The Picture is of no great value, having cost me fifty shillings: the Drawing of the Horse is faulty: but the Colour is really capital: and that Colour depends much on the preservation of it from the necessity of any cleaning or new varnish. There is just the right gloss of the latter now upon it.

I should not have written but that I was



afraid Anna might give you an idea I wanted the Picture now back—which I don't—only to keep it as it is, wherever it be.

I was amazed at the Old Masters, so fine as some seemed to me : the Titians, and a Raffaele, above all. Ugolino, I think with you, is better in Print.

*To Fanny Kemble.*

LOWESTOFT : *June 2/74.*

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

Many a time have I written to you from this place : which may be the reason why I write again now—the very day your Letter reaches me—for I don't know that I have much to say, nor anything worth forcing from you the Answer that you will write. Let me look at your Letter again. Yes : so I thought of '*he* sleeps well,' and yet I do not remember to have heard it so read. (I never heard you read the Play) I don't think Macready read it so. I liked his Macbeth, I must say : only he would say 'Amen st-u-u-u-ck in his throat,' which was not only a blunder, but a vulgar blunder, I think.

Spedding—I should think indeed it was too late for him to edit Shakespeare, if he had not gone on doing so, as it were, all his Life. Perhaps, it is too late for him to remember

half, or a quarter, of his own Observations. Well then : I wish he would record what he does remember : if not an Edition of Shakespeare yet so many Notes toward an Edition. I am persuaded that no one is more competent.<sup>1</sup>

You see your Americans will go too far. It was some American Professor's Note<sup>2</sup> on 'the Antum of his Bounty' which occasioned Spedding's delightful Comment some while ago, and made me remember my old wish that he should do the thing. But he will not : especially if one asks him.

Donne — Archdeacon Groome told me a Fortnight ago that he had been at Weymouth Street. Donne better, but still not his former Self.

By the by, I have got a Skeleton of my own at last : Bronchitis—which came on me a month ago—which I let go on for near three weeks—then was forced to call in a Doctor to

<sup>1</sup> In a letter to me dated October 29th, 1871, FitzGerald says :—

"A suggestion that casually fell from old Spedding's lips (I forget how long ago) occurred to me the other day. Instead of

'Do such business as the bitter day,'

read 'better day'—a certain Emendation, I think. I hope you take Spedding into your Counsel ; he might be induced to look over one Play at a time though he might shrink from all in a Body ; and I scarce ever heard him conning a page of Shakespeare but he suggested something which was an improvement—on Shakespeare himself, if not on his Editors—though don't [tell] Spedding that I say so, for God's sake."

<sup>2</sup> In 'Notes and Queries,' April 18th, 1874.

subdue, who kept me a week indoors. And now I am told that, every Cold I catch, my Skeleton is to come out, etc. Every N.E. wind that blows, etc. I had not been shut up indoors for some fifty-five years—since Measles at school—but I had green before my Windows, and Don Quixote for Company within. *Que voulez-vous ?*

Shakespeare again. A Doctor Whalley, who wrote a Tragedy for Mrs. Siddons (which she declined), proposed to her that she should read—‘But screw your Courage to the *sticking* place,’ with the appropriate action of using the Dagger. I think Mrs. Siddons good-naturedly admits there may be something in the suggestion. One reads this in the last memoir of Madame Piozzi, edited by Mr. Hayward.

*Blackbird* v. *Nightingale*. I have always loved the first best : as being so jolly, and the Note so proper from that golden Bill of his. But one does not like to go against received opinion. Your *Oriole* has been seen in these parts by old—very old—people : at least, a gay bird so named. But no one ever pretends to see him now.

Now have you perversely crossed the Address which you desire me to abide by : and I can’t be sure of your ‘Branchtown’ ? But I suppose that enough is clear to make my Letter reach you if it once gets across the Atlantic. And now this uncertainty about your writing recalls



to me—very absurdly—an absurd Story told me by a pious, but humorous, man, which will please you if you don't know it already.

*Scene.*—Country Church on Winter's Evening. Congregation, with the Old Hundredth ready for the Parson to give out some Dismissal Words.

*Good old Parson*, not at all meaning rhyme, 'The Light has grown so very dim, I scarce can see to read the Hymn.'

*Congregation*, taking it up: to the first half of the old Hundredth—

'The Light has grown so very dim,  
I scarce can see to read the Hymn.'

(Pause, as usual: *Parson*, mildly impatient) 'I did not mean to read a Hymn; I only meant my Eyes were dim.'

*Congregation*, to second part of Old Hundredth:—

'I did not mean to read a Hymn;  
I only meant my Eyes were dim.'

*Parson*, out of Patience, etc.:—

'I didn't mean a Hymn at all,—  
I think the Devil's in you all.'

I say, if you don't know this, it is worth your knowing, and making known over the whole Continent of America, North and South. And I am your trusty and affectionate old Beadsman (left rather deaf with that blessed Bronchitis)

E. F. G.

1874

EDWARD FITZGERALD

*To T. Carlyle.*

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE,  
*June 23 [1874].*

MY DEAR CARLYLE,

I should certainly write oftener to hear about you if my doing so did not trouble you to dictate an answer. Also, I hear of you from time to time from Pollock ; but not lately from him at all : I suppose, busy at this time of London Life. So I will write you a little bit : and you can just let me know how you are.

This time last year I was preparing to go to Naseby on that fruitless Errand ; and last Night I dreamt of you : which may be the immediate cause of my now writing. I thought you were sitting in some room, and you would insist on how much more white-headed you were than I seemed to see you : and you were very kind, and even affectionate ; but I said, ‘ You know you often call me a d——d fool, now, don’t you ? ’ and then somehow Spedding laughed from a corner of the room.

What an Old Woman’s Dream to write to Thomas Carlyle ! Yesterday I met a Lady, not rich, who told me she had bought your French Revolution from money she saved by making her own Dress. Perhaps it was that which made me dream, which makes me write.

I am really thinking of going by sea to

Edinburgh, after thinking of so doing for half my Life. You will scarce think my main reason for wishing to go is Sir Walter, whom you bid us look on as no Hero : but who needs will be so to me. So I want to see the Places he wrote about, and the Place he himself lived in.

Last Sunday Evening—the Longest Day—I was looking at an Elm which you may remember in the field before Farlingay. I remember your reading under it—reading up Voltaire, etc., for Frederick. I thought how big the Tree had grown since that : but that is nineteen years ago, 1855. I have been obliged to leave my Market Hill Lodgings, and come down to the House I built and no one would live in. You would like it, I think : but you would never come : and now some Nieces *are* coming for a Summer Visit : and so I think of getting abroad a little, so as to leave them the house clear.

This really must be a comical Letter. I dare not read it over : but you can but call me what I dreamed you did ; and you will not be sorry that I do wish to hear of you, and that I am still as ever your faithful

E. F. G.

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE,  
[June 25, 1874].

Only to say—

That Knox came quite dry and safe, thank you, as also for your kind Letter—



That I did not write my absurd dream that you might refute that part of it, only to make you smile a wee bit. The Truth is, I have a little Superstition about dreams : and when I dream (which is very seldom indeed) of any one, want to know about that one. ‘Hinc ille Tomfoolery.’

E. F. G., Monsr. de Petitgrange.

*To S. Laurence.*

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE.

[*July 4/74.*]

MY DEAR LAURENCE,

. . . I am (for a wonder) going out on a few days' visit. . . . And, once out, I meditate a run to Edinburgh, only to see where Sir Walter Scott lived and wrote about. But as I have meditated this great Enterprize for these thirty years, it may perhaps now end again in meditation only. . . .

I am just finishing Forster's Dickens : very good, I think : only, he has no very nice perception of Character, I think, or chooses not to let his readers into it. But there is enough to show that Dickens was a very noble fellow as well as a very wonderful one. . . . I, for one, worship Dickens, in spite of Carlyle and the Critics : and wish to see his Gadshill as I wished to see Shakespeare's Stratford and Scott's Abbotsford. One must love the Man for that.

*To Fanny Kemble.*

LITTLE GRANGE : WOODBRIDGE.

July 21, [1874.]

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

I must write to you—for I have seen Donne, and can tell you that he looks and seems much better than I had expected, though I had been told to expect well: he was upright, well coloured, animated; I should say (*sotto voce*) better than he seemed to me two years ago. And this in spite of the new Lord Chamberlain<sup>1</sup> having ousted him from his Theatrical post, wanting a younger and more active man to go and see the Plays, as well as read them. I do not think this unjust; I was told by Pollock that the dismissal was rather abrupt: but Donne did not complain of it. When does he complain? He will now, however, leave Weymouth Street, and inhabit some less costly house—not wanting indeed so large [a] one for his present household. He is shortly going with his Daughters to join the Blakesleys at Whitby. Mowbray was going off for his Holiday to Cornwall: I just heard him speaking of Freddy's present Address to his father: Blanche was much stronger, from the treatment of a Dr. Beard<sup>2</sup> (I think). I was

<sup>1</sup> Lord Hertford.

<sup>2</sup> Frank Carr Beard, the friend and medical adviser of Dickens and Wilkie Collins.

quite moved by her warm salutation when I met her, after some fifteen years' absence. All this I report from a Visit I made to Donne's own house in London. A thing I scarce ever thought to do again, you may know : but I could not bear to be close to him in London for two days without assuring myself with my own Eyes how he looked. I think I observed a slight hesitation of memory : but certainly not so much as I find in myself, nor, I suppose, unusual in one's Contemporaries. My visit to London followed a visit to Edinburgh : which I have intended these thirty years, only for the purpose of seeing my dear Sir Walter's House and Home : and which I am glad to have seen, as that of Shakespeare. I had expected to find a rather Cockney Castle : but no such thing : all substantially and proportionably built, according to the Style of the Country : the Grounds well and simply laid out : the woods he planted well-grown, and that dear Tweed running and murmuring still—as on the day of his Death.<sup>1</sup> I did not so much care for Melrose, and Jedburgh,<sup>2</sup> though his Tomb is there—in one of the half-ruined corners. Another day I went to Trossachs, Katrine,

<sup>1</sup> See Lockhart's 'Life of Scott,' vii. 394 : 'About half-past one, P.M., on the 21st of September, [1832], Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day—so warm that every window was wide open, and so perfectly still, that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.'

<sup>2</sup> Dryburgh.



Lomond, etc., which (as I expected) seemed much better to me in Pictures and Drop-scenes. I was but three days in Scotland, and was glad to get back to my own dull flat country, though I did worship the Pentland, Cheviot, and Eildon, Hills, more for their Associations than themselves. They are not big enough for that.

I saw little in London : the Academy Pictures even below the average, I thought : only a Picture by Millais of an old Sea Captain<sup>1</sup> being read to by his Daughter which moistened my Eyes. I thought she was reading him the Bible, which he seemed half listening to, half rambling over his past Life : but I am told (I had no Catalogue) that she was reading about the North West Passage. There were three deep of Bonnets before Miss Thompson's famous Roll Call of the Guards in the Crimea ; so I did not wait till they fell away.

*To W. F. Pollock.*

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE.

*July 23, [1874].*

But I did get to Abbotsford, and was rejoiced to find it was not at all Cockney, not a Castle, but only in the half-castellated style of heaps of other houses in Scotland ; the Grounds simply

<sup>1</sup> The North West Passage. The 'Old Sea Captain' was Trelawny.

and broadly laid out before the windows, down to a field, down to the Tweed, with the woods which he left so little, now well aloft and flourishing, and I was glad. I could not find my way to Maida's Grave in the Garden, with its false Quantity,

Ad jänuam Domini, etc.<sup>1</sup>

which the Whigs and Critics taunted Scott with, and Lockhart had done it. 'You know I don't care a curse about what I write';<sup>2</sup> nor about what was imputed to him. In this, surely like Shakespeare: as also in other respects. I will worship him, in spite of Gurlyle, who sent me an ugly Autotype of Knox whom I was to worship instead.

Then I went to see Jedburgh<sup>3</sup> Abbey, in a half ruined corner of which he lies entombed—Lockhart beside him—a beautiful place, with his own Tweed still running close by, and his Eildon Hills looking on. The man who drove me about showed me a hill which Sir Walter was very fond of visiting, from which he could see over the Border, etc. This hill is between Abbotsford and Jedburgh:<sup>4</sup> and when his Coach horses, who drew his Hearse, got there, to that hill, they could scarce be got on.

My mission to Scotland was done; but some

<sup>1</sup> Life by Lockhart, v. 367-371.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* vi. 215.

<sup>3</sup> Dryburgh.

<sup>4</sup> Dryburgh.

civil pleasant people, whom I met at Abbotsford, made me go with them (under Cook's guidance) to the Trossachs, Katrine, Lomond, etc., which I did not care at all about ; but it only took a day. After which, I came in a day to London, rather glad to be in my old flat land again, with a sight of my old Sea as we came along.

And in London I went to see my dear old Donne, because of wishing to assure myself, with my own eyes, of his condition ; and I can safely say he looked better than before his Illness, near two years ago. He had a healthy colour ; was erect, alert, and with his old humour, and interest in our old topics. . . .

I looked in at the Academy, as poor a show as ever I had seen, I thought ; only Millais attracted me : a Boy with a red Sash : and that old Seaman with his half-dreaming Eyes while the Lassie reads to him. I had no Catalogue : and so thought the Book was—The Bible—to which she was drawing his thoughts, while the sea-breeze through the open Window whispered of his old Life to him. But I was told afterwards (at Donne's indeed) that it was some account of a N. W. Passage she was reading. The Roll Call I could not see, for a three deep file of worshippers before it : I only saw the 'hairy Cap' as Thackeray in his Ballad,<sup>1</sup> and I supposed one would see all in a Print as well as in the Picture. But the Photo of Miss Thompson

<sup>1</sup> See the Chronicle of the Drum.



herself gives me a very favourable impression of her. It really looks, in face and dress, like some of Sir Joshua's Women. . . .

Another Miss Austen! Of course under Spedding's Auspices, the Father of Evil.

*To T. Carlyle.*

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE.

*July 31 [1874].*

DEAR MASTER,

You bid me write and tell you if I got to Edinburgh at last. So I have to tell you that I did—and much you will care to hear about it! But I went—by Sea: well pleased with the Coast; thinking of you at Dunbar, and (I must own) of Sir Walter when they pointed out to me the range of Lammermuir. And of Burns when I saw the Berwick Law by which the Ship rode when the Trooper called for a Pint of Wine in a Silver Tassie to pledge his bonny Mary, before going to the Wars.<sup>1</sup> And Edinburgh looked really beautiful to me that long Evening: and the next day, though I only drove about it, and went into none of the Buildings, not even up the Castle steep, all which looked so grand from my Inn in Princes Street. And (in spite of you) I worshipped at the Scott Monument: and went to Abbotsford next day: glad to find it was not at all the Cockney Castle I had been told of, but a

<sup>1</sup> Burns, 'My Bonnie Mary,' Globe Edition, p. 212.

substantial house in the Style common to the Country : with broad walks before, and then a meadow : and then the Tweed : and then the Woods my Hero planted, and which I wished he could see thriving so well. Then Dryburgh—for his sake too, you know. And I was really going home the next day ; but had to wait for some money : and was persuaded to take a Cook's passport to Stirling, Katrine, Lomond, etc., which somehow I did not care for : and on the fourth day back to London by Rail. And, after a visit to my old Brother Peter, and my old friend Donne there, back here. A long way to go for so little purpose, you may think—my little Pilgrimage to my Mecca !

The Country about Edinburgh reminded me of Dublin, only not so green ; the City beautiful : I should not be sorry to go again ; but I suppose never shall.

So here is the upshot of my long-proposed Pilgrimage. I was told in London that you were gone North : if this Letter (written to order) should follow you, pray do not trouble yourself to acknowledge it, but believe me your heretical Hero-worshipper.

E. F. G.

Now for a Pipe in my Garden—to think over all these little things.

*To Fanny Kemble.*

LOWESTOFT: Aug. 24, [1874].

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

Your letter reached me this morning: and you see I lose no time in telling you that, as I hear from Pollock, Donne is allowed £350 a year retiring Pension. So I think neither he nor his friends have any reason to complain. His successor in the office is named (I think) 'Piggott'<sup>1</sup>—Pollock thinks a good choice. Lord Hertford brought the old and the new Examiners together to Dinner: and all went off well. Perhaps Donne himself may have told you all this before now. He was to be, about this time, with the Blakesleys at Whitby or Filey. I have not heard any of these particulars from himself: nothing indeed since I saw him in London.

Pollock was puzzled by an entry in Macready's Journal—1831 or 1832—'Received Thackeray's Tragedy' with some such name as 'Retribution.' I told Pollock I was sure it was not W. M. T., who (especially at that time) had more turn to burlesque than real Tragedy: and sure that he would have told me of it then, whether accepted or rejected—as rejected it was. Pollock thought for some while that, in spite of the comic Appearance we keep up, we should each of us rise up from the Grave with a MS. Tragedy in

<sup>1</sup> E. F. S. Pigott.



our hands, etc. However, he has become assured it was some other Thackeray : I suppose one mentioned by Planché as a Dramatic *Dilettante*—of the same Family, I think, as W. M. T.

Spedding has sent me the concluding Volume of his Bacon : the final summing up simple, noble, deeply pathetic—rather on Spedding's own Account than his Hero's, for whose Vindication so little has been done by the sacrifice of forty years of such a Life as Spedding's. Positively, nearly all the new matter which S. has produced makes against, rather than for, Bacon : and I do think the case would have stood better if Spedding had only argued from the old materials, and summed up his Vindication in one small Volume some thirty-five years ago.

I have been sunning myself in Dickens—even in his later and very inferior 'Mutual Friend,' and 'Great Expectations'—Very inferior to his best : but with things better than any one else's best, caricature as they may be. I really must go and worship at Gadshill, as I have worshipped at Abbotsford, though with less Reverence, to be sure. But I must look on Dickens as a mighty Benefactor to Mankind.<sup>1</sup>

This is shamefully bad writing of mine—very bad manners, to put any one—especially a Lady—to the trouble and pain of deciphering. I hope all about Donne is legible, for you will be glad of it. It is Lodging-house Pens and Ink that is

<sup>1</sup> See p. 119.

partly to blame for this scrawl. Now, don't answer till I write you something better : but believe me ever and always yours

E. F. G.

LOWESTOFT : October 4/74.

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

Do, pray, write your Macready (Thackeray used to say 'Megreedy') Story to Pollock : Sir F. 59 Montagu Square. I rather think he was to be going to Press with his Megreedy about this time : but you may be sure he will deal with whatever you may confide to him discreetly and reverently. It is 'Miladi' P. who worshipped Macready : and I think I never recovered what Esteem I had with her when I told her I could not look on him as a 'Great' Actor at all. I see in Planché's Memoirs that when your Father prophesied great things of him to your Uncle J. P. K., the latter said, '*Con quello viso ?*' which '*viso*' did very well however in parts not positively heroic. But one can't think of him along with Kean, who was heroic in spite of undersize. How he swelled up in Othello ! I remember thinking he looked almost as tall as your Father when he came to silence that dreadful Bell.

I think you agree with me about Kean : remembering your really capital Paper—in *Macmillan*<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Not *Macmillan*, but *Cornhill Magazine*, Dec. 1863, 'On the Stage.' See Letter of 24 Aug. 1875. . 4

—about Dramatic and Theatric. I often look to that Paper, which is bound up with some Essays by other Friends—Spedding among them—no bad Company. I was thinking of your Pasta story of ‘feeling’ the Antique, etc.,<sup>1</sup> when reading in my dear Ste. Beuve<sup>2</sup> of my dear Madame du Deffand asking Madame de Choiseul: ‘You *know* you love me, but do you *feel* you love me?’ ‘*Quoi? vous m’aimez donc?*’ she said to her secretary Wiart, when she heard him sobbing as she dictated her last letter to Walpole.<sup>3</sup>

All which reminds me of one of your friends departed—Chorley—whose Memoirs one now buys from Mudie for 2s. 6d. or so. And well—*well*—worth to those who recollect him. I only knew him by Face—and Voice—at your Father’s, and your Sister’s: and used to think what a little waspish *Dilettante* it was: and now I see he was something very much better indeed: and I only hope I may have Courage to face my Death as he had. Dickens loved him, who did not love Humbugs: and Chorley would have two strips of Gadshill Yew<sup>4</sup> put with him in his Coffin.

<sup>1</sup> “Pasta, the great lyric tragedian, who, Mrs. Siddons said, was capable of giving her lessons, replied to the observation, ‘Vous avez dû beaucoup étudier l’antique.’ ‘Je l’ai beaucoup senti.’”—From Mrs. Kemble’s article ‘On the Stage’ (‘Cornhill,’ 1863), reprinted as an Introduction to her Notes upon some of Shakespeare’s Plays.

<sup>2</sup> ‘Causeries du Lundi,’ xiv. 234.

<sup>3</sup> Lettre de Viard à M. Walpole, in ‘Lettres de Madame du Deffand,’ iv. 178. (Paris, 1824). FitzGerald probably read it in Ste. Beuve, ‘Causeries du Lundi,’ i. 405.

<sup>4</sup> Cedars, not yew. See Memoirs of Chorley, ii. 240.



Which again reminds me that—*à propos* of your comments on Dickens' crimson waistcoat, etc., Thackeray told me thirty years ago, that Dickens did it, not from any idea of Cockney fashion : but from a veritable passion for Colours—which I can well sympathize with, though I should not exhibit them on my own Person—for very good reasons. Which again reminds me of what you write about my abiding the sight of you in case you return to England next year. Oh, my dear Mrs. Kemble, you must know how wrong all that is—*tout au contraire*, in fact. Tell me a word about Chorley when next you write : you said once that Mendelssohn laughed at him : then, he ought not. How well I remember his strumming away at some Waltz in Harley or Wimpole's endless Street, while your Sister and a few other Guests went round. I thought then he looked at one as if thinking 'Do you think me then—a poor, red-headed Amateur, as Rogers does?' That old Beast ! I don't scruple to say so.

I am positively looking over my everlasting Crabbe again : he naturally comes in about the Fall of the Year. Do you remember his wonderful 'October Day' ?<sup>1</sup>

'Before the Autumn closed,  
When Nature, ere her Winter Wars, reposed :  
When from our Garden, as we look'd above,  
No Cloud was seen ; and nothing seem'd to move ;

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<sup>1</sup> In *Tales of the Hall*, Book XI. ('Works,' vi. 284), quoted from memory.

## LETTERS OF

1874

When the wide River was a Silver Sheet,  
And upon Ocean slept the unanchor'd fleet :  
When the wing'd Insect settled in our Sight,  
And waited Wind to recommence her flight.'

And then, the Lady who believes her young Lover dead, and has vowed eternal Celibacy, sees him advancing, a portly, well to do, middle aged man : and swears she won't have him : and does have him, etc.

Which reminds me that I want you to tell me if people in America read Crabbe.

Farewell, dear Mrs. Kemble, for the present :  
always yours

E. F. G.

Have you the Robin in America? One is singing in the little bit Garden before me now.

*From W. F. Pollock.*

59 MONTAGU SQUARE, LONDON, W.

5 Oct./74.

MY DEAR FITZ,

It is very good of Mrs. Kemble to wish to tell me a story about Macready, and I shall be glad to know it.

Only—she should know that I am not writing his life—but editing his autobiographical reminiscences and diaries—and unless the anecdote could be introduced to explain or illustrate these, it would not be serviceable for my present purpose.

But for its own sake and for Macready's I should like to be made acquainted with it.

I am making rapid way with the printing—in fact have got to the end of what will be Vol. I. in slip—so that I hope the work may be out by or soon after Christmas, if the engravings are also ready by that time.

It will be, I am sure, most interesting—and will surprise a great many people who did not at all know what Macready really was.

You last heard of me at Clovelly—where we spent a delightful month—more rain than was pleasant—but on the whole charming. I think I told you that Annie Thackeray was there for a night—and that we bound her over not to make the reading public too well acquainted with the place, which would not be good for it.

Since then—a fortnight at St. Julians—and the same time at Tunbridge Wells—I coming up to town three times a week—

Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis,<sup>1</sup>

and as there are other points of resemblance—so it is natural that the Gates of Justice should be open even during the Vacation—just a little ajar—with somebody to look after it, which somebody it has been my lot to be this year.

T. Wells was very pleasant—I like the old-fashioned place—and can always people the Pantiles (they call it the Parade now) with Dr. Johnson and the Duchess of Kingston, and the Bishop of Salisbury and the foreign baron, and the rest.<sup>2</sup>

Miladi and Walter are at Paris for a few days. I am keeping house with Maurice.—Yours, W. F. P<sup>k</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 127.

<sup>2</sup> Referring to the well-known print of 'Remarkable Characters who were at Tunbridge Wells with Richardson in 1748.'



We have J. S.'s<sup>1</sup> seventh volume—and I am going to read it—but do not know where he is himself. I have not seen the 'white, round object—which is the head of him' for some time past—not since—July.—

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE,  
Nov. 3/74

MY DEAR CARLYLE,

I did not wish you to reply to my Edinburgh Letter, which told you of what you would think a foolish Business, I know. But you must soon dictate me a Line, to tell me a wee bit about yourself: ever so little: but you know I come down upon [you] about this time of the year for my Peppercorn Rent. I hope it is not grievous for you to pay.

Well: I was only three whole days in Scotland: but I find myself wishing to see Edinburgh again, as I scarce ever felt for any strange Place. And little as you may idolize (!) Scott, you would like his Eildon hills, Melrose, and Dryburgh, if you have never cared to visit them. The Eildons I suppose you have seen. Then there was a Hill between Melrose and Dryburgh which Scott often went to, looking over the Border; and the man who drove me said that Scott's Carriage horses, who also drew his Hearse, *would* stop there, and could only be got on with much coaxing, etc. Oh, I know you think Scott a brave, honest, good-natured

<sup>1</sup> James Spedding.

man, and a good Story-teller, only not a Hero at all. And I can't help honouring and loving him as such. Come ; he is at least as good as old Bacon, whom Spedding has consumed near forty years in whitewashing. I declare *that* is a Tragedy : the more so, as I cannot help thinking that Spedding is himself a little more doubtful at the end of his Labours than he was before, and for many years after. I fancy his Conclusion is rather an Appeal 'ad misericordiam,' citing Witnesses of Character, which do not amount to much, I think. But I dare say you are sick of the Business : for I think I may venture so far as to guess that Bacon is not one of your Demigods.

I happen to be reading Dauban's *La Terreur*, and am going to get your Book from my old Lodging, where it lies till my few shelves here are cleared.

I have nothing to tell of myself : have only been as far as Lowestoft since Edinburgh : and am now engaged in trying to prevent a Cold from growing to Bronchitis.

*From W. H. Thompson to W. A. Wright.*

On 17 July 1883, shortly after FitzGerald's death, the late Master of Trinity wrote to me from Harrogate, 'As regards FitzGerald's letters, I have preserved a good many, which I will look through when we return to College. I have a long letter from Carlyle to him,

which F. gave me. It is a Carlylesque étude on Spedding, written from dictation by his niece, but signed by the man himself in a breaking hand. The thing is to my mind more characteristic of T. Carlyle than of James Spedding—that “victorious man” as C. calls him. He seems unaware of one distinguishing feature of J. S.’s mind—its subtlety of perception—and the excellence of his English style escapes his critic, whose notices on that subject by the bye would not necessarily command assent.’

*From Thomas Carlyle.*

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA  
6 Nov. 1874

DEAR FITZGERALD,

Thanks for your kind little Letter. I am very glad to learn that you are so cheerful and well, entering the winter under such favourable omens. I lingered in Scotland, latterly against my will, for about six weeks : the scenes there never can cease to be impressive to me ; indeed as natural in late visits they are far too impressive, and I have to wander there like a solitary ghost among the graves of those that are gone from me, sad, sad, and I always think while there, ought not this visit to be the last ?

But surely I am well pleased with your kind affection for the Land, especially for Edinburgh and the scenes about it. By all means go again to Edinburgh (tho’ the old city is so shorn of its old grim beauty and is become a place of Highland shawls and railway shriekeries) ; worship Scott, withal, as vastly superior to the common run of authors, and indeed grown now an affectingly *tragic* man. Don’t forget Burns either and



Ayrshire and the West next time you go ; there are admirable antiquities and sceneries in those parts, leading back (Whithorn for example, *Whitterne* or *candida casa*) to the days of St. Cuthbert ; not to speak of Dumfries with Sweetheart Abbey and the brooks and hills a certain friend of yours first opened his eyes to in this astonishing world.

I am what is called very well here after my return, worn weak as a cobweb, but without bodily ailment except the yearly increasing inability to digest food ; my mind, too, if usually mournful instead of joyful, is seldom or never to be called miserable, and the steady gazing into the great unknown, which is near and comes nearer every day, ought to furnish abundant employment to the serious soul. I read, too ; that is my happiest state, when I can get *good books*, which indeed I more and more rarely can.

Like yourself I have gone through *Spedding*, seven long long volumes, not skipping except where I had got the sense with me, and generally reading all of Bacon's own that was there : I confess to you I found it a most creditable and even surprising Book, offering the most perfect and complete image both of Bacon and of Spedding, and distinguished as the hugest and faith-fullest bit of literary navvy work I have ever met with in this generation. Bacon is washed clean down to the natural skin ; and truly he is not nor ever was unlovely to me ; a man of no culpability to speak of ; of an opulent and even magnificent intellect, but all in the magnificent prose vein. Nothing or almost nothing of the 'melodies eternal' to be traced in him. Spedding's Book will last as long as there is any earnest memory held of Bacon, or of the age of James VI., upon whom as upon every stirring man in his epoch Spedding has shed new veritable illumination ; in almost

the whole of which I perfectly coincided with Spedding. In effect I walked up to the worthy man's house, whom I see but little, to tell him all this; and that being a miss, I drove up, Spedding having by request called here and missed me, but hitherto we have not met; and Spedding I doubt not could contrive to dispense with my eulogy. There is a grim strength in Spedding, quietly, very quietly invincible, which I did not quite know of till this Book; and in all ways I could congratulate the indefatigably patient, placidly invincible and victorious Spedding.

Adieu, dear F. I wish you a right quiet and healthy winter, and beg to be kept in memory as now probably your oldest friend.

Ever faithfully yours, dear F.,

T. CARLYLE.

*To W. H. Thompson,*

[9 Nov. 1874.]

MY DEAR MASTER,

I think there can be no criminal breach of Confidence in your taking a Copy, if you will, of C[arlyle]'s Letter. Indeed, you are welcome to keep it:—there was but one Person else I wished to show it to, and she (a *She*) can do very well without it. I sent it to you directly I got it, because I thought you would be as pleased as I was with C.'s encomium on Spedding, which will console him (if he needs Consolation) for the obduracy of the World at large, myself

among the number. I can indeed fully assent to Carlyle's Admiration of Spedding's History of the *Times*, as well as of the Hero who lived in them. But the Question still remains—was it worth forty years of such a Life as Spedding's to write even so good an Account of a few, not the most critical, Years of English History, and to leave Bacon (I think) a little less well off than when S. began washing him : I mean in the eyes of candid and sensible men, who simply supposed before that Bacon was no better than the Men of his Time, and now J. S. has proved it. I have no doubt that Carlyle takes up the Cudgels because he thinks the World is now going the other way. If Spedding's Book had been praised by the Critics—Oh Lord !

But what a fine vigorous Letter from the old Man ! When I was walking my Garden yesterday at about 11 a.m. I thought to myself 'the Master will have had this letter at Breakfast ; and a thought of it will cross him tandis que le Prédicateur de S<sup>te</sup> Marie soit en plein Discours, etc.' . . .

If Lord Houghton be with you pray thank him for the first *ébauche* of Hyperion he sent me. Surely no one can doubt which was the first Sketch.



*To F. Tennyson.*

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE,  
Nov. 16 [1874].

MY DEAR FREDERIC,

You should let me hear of you now and then without waiting for a *prod* from me. You have really something to tell me about yourself that I want to hear, and that you can tell me in a very few lines. Tell me now, at any rate.

I wrote my yearly Letter to Mrs. Alfred a fortnight ago, I think : but as yet have had no answer. Some Newspaper made fun of a Poem of Alfred's—The Voice and the Peak, I think ; giving morsels of which, of course, one could not judge. But I think he had better have done singing : he has sung well—tempus silere, etc.

I have Bronchitis hanging about me, and am obliged to leave off my Night-walks abroad. So, as I can't read at night, and my Reader does not come till eight, I stride up and down a sort of Hall I have here : reminding myself of Chateaubriand's fine account of his Father going up and down a long Room, half-lighted, in the old Breton Castle : coming up to the Table where the Family sat, and then disappearing into the Gloom : while Owls hooted, and Dogs barked in the stormy Night abroad :<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See p. 143.

While far abroad a washing<sup>1</sup> Storm o'erwhelms  
Nature pitch-dark, and rides the thundering Elms.

There ! that second line is worthy of you—or Dryden, and I have never made out who wrote it : not even by help of Notes and Queries.

*To Fanny Kemble.*

WOODBIDGE : Nov. 17/74.

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

Your Letter about Megreedy, as Thackeray used to call him, is very interesting : I mean as connected with your Father also. Megreedy, with all his flat face, managed to look well as Virginius, didn't he? And, as I thought, well enough in Macbeth, except where he *would* stand with his mouth open (after the Witches had hailed him), till I longed to pitch something into it out of the Pit, the dear old Pit. How came *he* to play Henry IV. instead of your Father, in some Play I remember at C. G., though I did not see it? How well I remember your Father in Falconbridge (Young, K. John) as he looked sideway and upward before the Curtain fell on his Speech.

Then his Petruchio : I remember his looking up, as the curtain fell at the end, to where he knew that Henry had taken me—some very upper Box. And I remember too his standing

<sup>1</sup> In another letter it is 'rushing.'

with his Hunting spear, looking with pleasure at pretty Miss Foote as Rosalind. He played well what was natural to him : the gallant easy Gentleman—I thought his Charles Surface rather cumbrous : but he was no longer young.

Mrs. Wister quite mistook the aim of my Query about Crabbe : I asked if he were read in America for the very reason that he is not read in England. And in the October *Cornhill* is an Article upon him (I hope not by Leslie Stephen), so ignorant and self-sufficient that I am more wroth than ever. The old Story of ‘Pope in worsted stockings’—why I could cite whole Paragraphs of as fine texture as Molière—incapable of Epigram, the Jackanapes says of ‘our excellent Crabbe’—why I could find fifty of the very best Epigrams in five minutes. But now do you care for him? ‘Honour bright?’ as Sheridan used to say. I don’t think I ever knew a Woman who did like C., except my Mother. What makes People (this stupid Reviewer among them) talk of worsted Stockings is because of having read only his earlier works : when he himself talked of his Muse as

‘Muse of the Mad, the Foolish, and the Poor,’<sup>1</sup>

the Borough : Parish Register, etc. But it is his Tales of the Hall which discover him in silk Stockings ; the subjects, the Scenery, the Actors, of a more Comedy kind : with, I say,

<sup>1</sup> In the original draft of Tales of the Hall, Book VI.



Paragraphs, and Pages, of fine Molière style—only too often defaced by carelessness, disproportion, and ‘longueurs’ intolerable. I shall leave my Edition of Tales of the Hall, made legible by the help of Scissors and Gum, with a word or two of Prose to bridge over pages of stupid Verse. I don’t wish to try and supersede the Original, but, by the Abstract, to get People to read the whole, and so learn (as in *Clarissa*) how to get it all under command. I even wish that some one in America would undertake to publish—in whole, or part by part—my ‘Readings in Crabbe,’ viz., Tales of the Hall: but no one would let me do the one thing I can do.

I think you must repent having encouraged such a terrible Correspondent as myself: you have the remedy in your own hands, you know. I find that the Bronchitis I had in Spring returns upon me now: so I have to give up my Night walks, and stalk up and down my own half-lighted Hall (like Chateaubriand’s Father)<sup>1</sup> till my Reader comes.

Ever yours truly

E. F. G.

<sup>1</sup> See *Memoirs of Chateaubriand*, written by himself, Eng. trans. 1849, p. 123. At the Château of Combourg in Brittany, ‘When supper was over, and the party of four had removed from the table to the chimney, my mother would throw herself, with a sigh, upon an old cotton-covered sofa, and near her was placed a little stand with a light. I sat down by the fire with Lucile; the servants removed the supper-things, and retired. My father then began to walk up and down, and never ceased until his bedtime. He wore

*Novr. 21.*

I detained this letter till I heard from Donne, who has been at Worthing, and writes cheerfully.

*To W. F. Pollock.*

12 MARINE TERRACE, LOWESTOFT,  
*Jan. 9 /75.*

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

Your last letter rather frightened me about Donne : so I wrote to Mowbray, who tells me his Dad seems to him better than he has seen him since his last year's Illness. Still, I cannot but fancy that you have seen what a Son (living constantly with his Father) could not, or would not, see. I have myself thought that I detected something of the Sort in Donne's last Letters.

Annie Thackeray now inclines (as also do her Publishers) to do what I begged them all to do any time these ten years : publish a Volume of W. M. T.'s better Drawings—not Caricature—to show the world that he could do something other, if not better. I believe that Annie T.

a kind of white woollen gown, or rather cloak, such as I have never seen with any one else. His head, partly bald, was covered with a large white cap, which stood bolt upright. When, in the course of his walk, he got to a distance from the fire, the vast apartment was so ill-lighted by a single candle, that he could be no longer seen ; he could still be heard marching about in the dark, however, and presently returned slowly towards the light, and emerged by degrees from obscurity, looking like a spectre, with his white robe and cap, and his tall, thin figure.'

herself would not entertain the project before, out of Piety toward her Father : not wishing to publish anything which he had not sanctioned. Perhaps Smith and Elder were animated by some sort of Piety too : otherwise, I cannot understand their forgoing a Speculation which would have put into their pockets at least as much money as any one of the Thackeray Library. Still, I don't believe the thing will be done : partly from not finding up enough Drawings for the purpose. Annie T. ought to have heaps : and several friends at any rate as many as I can furnish out of all I have lost : no more than half a Dozen, I think. A Boxfull I left in Coram (*Forum*) Street thirty years ago : which Box was taken I knew not where when W. M. T. left. Another such Box I left for safety at my Father's house in Portland Place, to be sold for waste Paper, I dare say, when he came to smash. (Do you know the account of the Sale of the poor old Grandmother's Effects in Crabbe's Maid's Story—when—

The Wedding ring that to the finger grew  
Was sold for six and sixpence to a Jew.<sup>1</sup>

No, you know nothing of this : nor the Cornhill man either.)

I have read Albany Fonblanque's Memoirs etc. : very clever indeed, but already nearly all—obsolete ! with the occasions that called them

<sup>1</sup> Tales of the Hall, Book XI.



forth. I think Wilson (C. North) is almost the only man whose occasional Articles live and breathe in Republication. I have lately bought all the early Volumes of Blackwood (1817 to 1830) in that Belief. In spite of what you say, I shall buy the Greville Memoirs when they come down to about 10s., for I have left off Mudie for a year : being more puzzled to order a Boxfull than amused or edified by its contents. Perhaps I shall plunge at once into *Megreedy* : (I suppose you don't care for W. M. T.'s sketch of him as Hamlet, with Mlle. Bulgaro as Queen, when she reminds him of 'the least taste in Life of Linen hanging out behind').

*To Miss Anna Biddell.*

12 MARINE TERRACE, LOWESTOFT.

*Jan. 18/75.*

DEAR MISS BIDDELL,

I am sending you a Treat. The old Athenæum told me there was a Paper by 'Mr. Carlyle' in this month's Magazine ; and never did I lay out half-a-crown better. And you shall have the Benefit of it, if you will. Why, Carlyle's Wine, so far from weak evaporation, is only grown better by Age : losing some of its former fierceness, and grown mellow without losing Strength. It seems to me that a Child might read and relish this Paper, while it would puzzle

any other Man to write such a one. I think I must write to T. C. to felicitate him on this truly 'Green Old Age.' Oh, it was good too to read it here, with the old Sea (which also has not sunk into Decrepitude) rolling in from that North : and as I looked up from the Book, there was a Norwegian Barque beating Southward, close to the Shore, and nearly all Sail set. Read—Read ! you will, you must, be pleased ; and write to tell me so.

This Place suits me, I think, at this time of year : there is Life about me : and that old Sea is always talking to one, telling its ancient Story.

LOWESTOFT. *Febr. 2/75.*

DEAR MISS BIDDELL,

I am *so* glad (as the Gushingtons say) that you like the Carlyle. I have ordered the second Number and will send it to you when I have read it. Some People, I believe, hesitate in their Belief of its being T. C. or one of his School : I don't for a moment : if for no other reason than that an Imitator always exaggerates his Model : whereas this Paper, we see, *un-*exaggerates the Master himself : as one would wish at his time of Life. . . .

I ran over for one day to Woodbridge, to pay Bills, etc. But somehow I was glad to get back here. The little lodging is more to my liking than my own bigger rooms and staircases :

and this cheerful Town better (at this Season) than my yet barren Garden. One little Aconite however looked up at me : Mr. Churchyard (in his elegant way) used to call them ‘New Year’s Gifts.’

*To E. B. Cowell.*

12 MARINE TERRACE, LOWESTOFT.

*Feb. 2/75.*

MY DEAR COWELL,

. . . I hope you have read, and liked, the Paper on the old Kings of Norway in last Fraser. I bought it because the Athenæum told me it was Carlyle’s ; others said it was an Imitation of him : but his it must be, if for no other reason than that the Imitator, you know, always exaggerates his Master : whereas in this Paper Carlyle is softened down from his old Self, mellowed like old Wine. Pray read, and tell me you think so too. It is quite delightful, whoever did it. I was on the point of writing a Line to tell him of my own delight : but have not done so. . . .

I have failed in another attempt at Gil Blas. I believe I see its easy Grace, humour, etc. But it is (like La Fontaine) too thin a Wine for me : all sparkling with little adventures, but no one to care about ; no Colour, no Breadth, like my dear Don ; whom I shall resort to forthwith.



*To Fanny Kemble.*

LOWESTOFT, *Febr.* 11/75.

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

Will you please to thank Mr. Furness for the trouble he has taken about Crabbe. The American Publisher is like the English, it appears, and both may be quite right. They certainly are right in not accepting anything except on very good recommendation; and a Man's Fame is the best they can have for their purpose. I should not in the least be vexed or even disappointed at any rejection of my Crabbe, but it is not worth further trouble to any party to send across the Atlantic what may, most probably, be returned with thanks and Compliments. And then Mr. Furness would feel bound to ask some other Publisher, and you to write to me about it. No, no! Thank him, if you please: you know I thank you: and then I will let the matter drop.

The Athenæum told me there was a Paper by Carlyle in the January Fraser—on the old Norway Kings. Then People said it was not his: but his it is, surely enough (though I have no Authority but my own Judgment for saying so), and quite delightful. If missing something of his Prime, missing also all his former 'Sound and Fury,' etc., and as alive as ever. I had thoughts of writing to him on the subject, but

have not yet done so. But pray do you read the Papers : there is a continuation in the February Fraser : and 'to be continued' till ended, I suppose.

Your Photograph—Yes—I saw your Mother in it, as I saw her in you when you came to us in Woodbridge in 1852. That is, I saw her such as I had seen her in a little sixpenny Engraving in a 'Cottage Bonnet,' something such as you wore when you stept out of your Chaise at the Crown Inn.

My Mother always said that your Mother was by far the most witty, sensible, and agreeable Woman she knew. I remember one of the very few delightful Dinner parties I ever was at—in St. James' Place—(was it?) a Party of seven or eight, at a round Table, your Mother at the head of the Table, and Mrs. F. Kemble my next Neighbour. And really the (almost) only other pleasant Dinner was one you gave me and the Donnes in Savile Row, before going to see Wigan in 'Still Waters,' which you said was *your* Play, in so far as you had suggested the Story from some French novel.

I used to think what a deep current of melancholy was under your Mother's Humour. Not 'under,' neither : for it came up as naturally to the surface as her Humour. My mother always said that one great charm in her was, her Naturalness.

If you read to your Company, pray do you

ever read *the* Scene in the 'Spanish Tragedy' quoted in C. Lamb's Specimens—such a Scene as (not being in Verse, and quite familiar talk) I cannot help reading to my Guests—very few and far between—I mean by 'I,' one who has no gift at all for reading except the feeling of a few things: and I can't help stumbling upon Tears in this. Nobody knows who wrote this one scene: it was thought Ben Jonson, who could no more have written it than I who read it: for what else of his is it like? Whereas, Webster one fancies might have done it. It is not likely that you do not know this wonderful bit: but, if you have it not by heart almost, look for it again at once, and make others do so by reading to them.

The enclosed Note from Mowbray D[onne] was the occasion of my writing thus directly to you. And yet I have spoken 'de omnibus other rebus' first. But I venture to think that your feeling on the subject will be pretty much like my own, and so, no use in talking.

Now, if I could send you part of what I am now packing up for some Woodbridge People—some—some—Saffron Buns!—for which this Place is notable from the first day of Lent till Easter—A little Hamper of these!

Now, my dear Mrs. Kemble, do consider this letter of mine as an Answer to yours—your two—else I shall be really frightened at making you write so often to yours always and sincerely

E. F. G.



*To E. B. Cowell.*

LOWESTOFT, *February 11/75.*

MY DEAR COWELL,

I must say, in answer to your kind Letter, that my Eyes are my main reason for giving up all Intercourse with the Persian which you taught me. I do not wish that you should suppose that I flung away without some reason what you took so much pains to make me learn. But for these Eyes, I think I should have made a shot at reading the Mesnavi, which, I persist in saying, you should translate, and condense, for us. You say you do not approve of such Abridgments: and Montaigne says, 'Tout Abrégé d'un bon livre est sot abrégé.'<sup>1</sup> Still, if the 'bons Livres' will not get themselves read? One can always notify beforehand that one is not literal; that one mutilates, etc., not intending to improve the original so much as to lead People to it, by giving them a little at first. But I shall not alter your Opinion, which probably has better right to be held by than mine. . . .

The second Paper by Carlyle is not quite so interesting as the first, only because, I think, the Story he has to tell is less interesting. But read all—it is Carlyle as sure as I am Yours always,

E. F. G.

<sup>1</sup> *Essais*, iii. 8.

Oh ! a Mr. Furness—an American Author or Editor—tells Mrs. Kemble of some Notice of ‘E. F. G.’ put into some American Magazine by a Mr. Fitz-Edward Hall, of Suffolk ! Your Marlesford man ?

Somehow I did not augur well of the Gipsy Prospectus<sup>1</sup> you sent me : it was rather gushing, I thought ; and some Lady in it who did not seem to me likely to be a good Gipsy Interpreter. But we shall see.

*To W. F. Pollock.*

12 MARINE TERRACE, LOWESTOFT,  
*Feb. 11/75.*

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

I have my Doubts that I have not yet thanked you for your Letter about The Silver Inkstand,<sup>2</sup> which is a very pretty Story. I can hardly believe that I have not written to you since : but, if so it be, you will readily excuse. I am sure I know no excuse to make, having been as unoccupied all this time as usual.

I suppose you are nearing the end of your Macready. I must one day get a sight of Lord Houghton’s Peacock, whose Books I never could

<sup>1</sup> English Gipsy Songs, translated by C. G. Leland, E. H. Palmer, and Janet Tuckey.

<sup>2</sup> Given by Pitt to Bishop Tomline.

relish, though Spedding made much of them. Perhaps I told you how delighted I was with Carlyle's *Kings of Norway* in *Fraser*: the *Athenæum* first warned me of him there: then some other Paper said it was not him; but Him it is, I decide, and in some respects better than his earlier Self: less 'Sound and Fury'—indeed, none at all. Oh, if all History could be written in that way!

I have been trying again to read *Gil Blas* and *La Fontaine*: but can't get on with them. It is too thin a Wine for me, I suppose. Never mind why: I don't like Dr. Fell. Then I have tried *Manon Lescaut*, which my hero Ste. Beuve recommends, as also the other two: but—Dr. Fell again. Yet it seems to me I have a turn for French Literature—why then—Dr. Fell.

What does Annie Thackeray make of her *Angelica Kauffman*? I love her (A. T.) well enough to be prejudiced in favour of all she writes; but I have not been able to get through any of her Books, full of beautiful things as they are, since her *Village*, which was *all* Beauty.

I wait here, partly because of Nieces and Nephews on either hand of me, and partly to give time for a little Flower and Leaf to come up inland. Also, a little absurd Lodging is so much pleasanter than the grave House one built. What Blunders one has to look back on, to be sure! So many, luckily, that one has ceased to care for any *one*. Walpole congratulated himself



on one point: knowing what he wanted<sup>1</sup>: I fancy you are wise in that also. But for most of us—

Man is but Man, and what he most desires,  
Pleases at first: then pleases not; then tires!<sup>2</sup>

*To Fanny Kemble.*

LOWESTOFT: *March 11/75.*

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

I am really ashamed that you should apologize for asking me a Copy of Calderon, etc.<sup>3</sup> I had about a hundred Copies of all those things printed *when* printed: and have not had a hundred friends to give them to—poor Souls!—and am very well pleased to give to any one who likes—especially any Friend of yours. I think however that your reading of them has gone most way to make your Lady ask. But, be that as it may, I will send you a Copy directly I return to my own Château, which I mean to do when the Daffodils have taken the winds of March.<sup>4</sup>

We have had severe weather here: it has killed my Brother Peter (not John, my eldest) who tried to winter at Bournemouth, after having

<sup>1</sup> In some MS. additions to *Polonius*, FitzGerald has recorded, 'Walpole counted himself fortunate—I think we may say, wise—in knowing what he wished for.'

<sup>2</sup> Crabbe, *Tales of the Hall*, Book XXII. (vol. vii. p. 283).

<sup>3</sup> 'The Mighty Magician' and 'Such Stuff as Dreams are made of.'

<sup>4</sup> See *Winter's Tale*, iv. 4, 118-120.

wintered for the last ten years at Cannes. Bronchitis :—which (*sotto voce*) I have as yet kept Cold from coming to. But one knows one is not ‘out of the Wood’ yet ; May, if not March, being, you know, one of our worst Seasons.

I heard from our dear Donne a week ago ; speaking with all his own blind and beautiful Love for his lately lost son ; and telling me that he himself keeps his heart going by Brandy. But he speaks of this with no Fear at all. He is going to leave Weymouth Street, but when, or for where, he does not say. He spoke of a Letter he had received from you some while ago.

Now about Crabbe, which also I am vexed you should have trouble about. I wrote to you the day after I had your two Letters, with Mr. Furness’ enclosed, and said that, seeing the uncertainty of any success in the matter, I really would not bother you or him any more. You know it is but a little thing ; which, even if a Publisher tried piece-meal, would very likely be scouted : I only meant ‘piece-meal,’ by instalments : so as they could be discontinued if not liked. But I suppose I must keep my Work—of paste, and scissors—for the benefit of the poor Friends who have had the benefit of my other Works.

Well : as I say, I wrote and posted my Letter at once, asking you to thank Mr. Furness for me. I think this must be a month ago—perhaps you had my Letter the day after you posted this

1875

EDWARD FITZGERALD

last of yours, dated February 21. Do not trouble any more about it, pray : read Carlyle's 'Kings of Norway' in Fraser : and believe me ever yours

E. F.G.

I will send a little bound Copy of the Plays for yourself, dear Mrs. Kemble, if you will take them ; so you can give the Lady those you have :—but, whichever way you like.

LOWESTOFT, *March 17/75.*

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

This bit of Letter is written to apprise you that, having to go to Woodbridge three days ago, I sent you by Post a little Volume of the Plays, and (what I had forgotten) a certain little Prose Dialogue<sup>1</sup> done up with them. This is more than you wanted, but so it is. The Dialogue is a pretty thing in some respects : but disfigured by some confounded *smart* writing in parts : And this is all that needs saying about the whole concern. You must not think necessary to say anything more about it yourself, only that you receive the Book. If you do not, in a month's time, I shall suppose it has somehow lost its way over the Atlantic : and then I will send you the Plays you asked for, stitched together—and those only.

I hope you got my Letter (which you had

<sup>1</sup> Euphranor.



not got when your last was written) about Crabbe : for I explained in it why I did not wish to trouble you or Mr. Furness any more with such an uncertain business. Anyhow, I must ask you to thank him for the trouble he had already taken, as I hope you know that I thank you also for your share in it.

I scarce found a Crocus out in my Garden at home, and so have come back here till some green leaf shows itself. We are still under the dominion of North East winds, which keep people coughing as well as the Crocus under ground. Well, we hope to earn all the better Spring by all this Cold at its outset.

I have so often spoken of my fear of troubling you by all my Letters, that I won't say more on that score. I have heard no news of Donne since I wrote. I have been trying to read Gil Blas and La Fontaine again : but, as before, do not relish either.<sup>1</sup> I must get back to my Don Quixote by and by.

Yours as ever

E. F. G.

I wonder if this letter will smell of Tobacco : for it is written just after a Pipe, and just before going to bed.

<sup>1</sup> See p. 148.

LOWESTOFT : *April 9/75.*

DEAR MRS KEMBLE,

I wrote you a letter more than a fortnight ago—mislaidd it—and now am rather ashamed to receive one from you thanking me beforehand for the mighty Book which I posted you a month ago. I only hope you will not feel bound to acknowledge [it] when it does reach you ; I think I said so in the Letter I wrote to go along with it. And I must say no more in the way of deprecating your Letters, after what you write me. Be assured that all my deprecations were for your sake, not mine ; but there's an end of them now.

I had a longish letter from Donne himself some while ago ; indicating, I thought, *some* debility of Mind and Body. He said, however, he was going on very well. And a Letter from Mowbray (three or four days old) speaks of his Father as 'remarkably well.' But these Donnes won't acknowledge Bodily any more than Mental fault in those they love. Blanche had been ill, of neuralgic Cold : Valentia not well : but both on the mending hand now.

It has been indeed the Devil of a Winter : and even now—To-day as I write—no better than it was three months ago. The Daffodils scarce dare take April, let alone March ; and I wait here till a Green Leaf shows itself about Woodbridge.

I have been looking over four of Shakespeare's Plays, edited by Clark and Wright: editors of the 'Cambridge Shakespeare.' These 'Select Plays' are very well done, I think: Text, and Notes; although with somewhat too much of the latter. Hamlet, Macbeth, Tempest, and Shylock—I heard them talking in my room—all alive about me.

By the by—How did *you* read 'To-morrow and To-morrow, etc.' All the Macbeths I have heard took the opportunity to become melancholy when they came to this: and, no doubt, some such change from Fury and Desperation was a relief to the Actor, and perhaps to the Spectator. But I think it *should* all go in the same Whirlwind of Passion as the rest: Folly!—Stage Play!—Farthing Candle; Idiot, etc. Macready used to drop his Truncheon when he heard of the Queen's Death, and stand with his Mouth open for some while—which didn't become him.

I have not seen his Memoir: only an extract or two in the Papers. He always seemed to me an Actor by Art and Study, with some native Passion to inspire him. But as to Genius—we who have seen Kean!

I don't know if you were acquainted with Sir A. Helps,<sup>1</sup> whose Death (one of this Year's Doing) is much regretted by many. I scarcely knew him except at Cambridge forty years ago: and could never relish his Writings, amiable and

<sup>1</sup> Sir Arthur Helps died March 7th, 1875.



sensible as they are. I suppose they will help to swell that substratum of Intellectual *Peat* (Carlyle somewhere calls it) <sup>1</sup> from [which] one or two living Trees stand out in a Century. So Shakespeare above all that Old Drama which he grew amidst, and which (all represented by him alone) might henceforth be left unexplored, with the exception of a few twigs of Leaves gathered here and there—as in Lamb's Specimens. Is Carlyle himself—with all his Genius—to subside into the Level? Dickens, with all his Genius, but whose Men and Women act and talk already after a more obsolete fashion than Shakespeare's? I think some of Tennyson will survive, and drag the deader part along with it, I suppose. And (I doubt) Thackeray's terrible Humanity.

And I remain yours ever sincerely,

A very small Peat-contributor,

E. F. G.

<sup>1</sup> The passage of Carlyle to which FitzGerald refers is perhaps in 'Anti-Dryasdust,' in the Introduction to Cromwell's Letters and Speeches. 'By very nature it is a labyrinth and chaos, this that we call Human History; an *abatis* of trees and brushwood, a world-wide jungle, at once growing and dying. Under the green foliage and blossoming fruit-trees of To-day, there lie, rotting slower or faster, the forests of all other Years and Days. Some have rotted fast, plants of annual growth, and are long since quite gone to inorganic mould; others are like the aloe, growths that last a thousand or three thousand years.' Ste. Beuve, in his 'Nouveaux Lundis,' (iv. 295), has a similar remark: 'Pour un petit nombre d'arbres qui s'élèvent de quelques pieds au-dessus de terre et qui s'aperçoivent de loin, il y a partout, en littérature, de cet humus et de ce détritux végétal, de ces feuilles accumulées et entassées qu'on ne distingue pas, si l'on ne se baisse.' At the end of his copy FitzGerald has referred to this as 'Carlyle's Peat.'

## LETTERS OF

1875

I am glad to say that Clark and Wright Bowdlerize Shakespeare, though much less extensively than Bowdler. But in one case, I think, they have gone further—altering, instead of omitting : which is quite wrong !

*To W. F. Pollock.*

12 MARINE TERRACE, LOWESTOFT,  
*Thursday [April 1875].*

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

I went so far as to buy Macready at first hand ! *Chose inconnue* ! His Records give me the honest picture, I think, of a really conscientious Man, and Artist. I wonder he had no more to tell one of the Sayings and Doings of the many clever people he mixed with : I scarce remember anything in that way except about Chantrey, and (best of all) Mrs. Siddons. That was the Woman who got to be looked on only as a cold and stately Tragic Muse ; I fancy this notion grew after Miss O'Neill rose upon her Setting. I fancy also that what M. might have said of our living Mrs. Kemble's Acting you thought well to leave out : but he speaks so highly of one of her Plays that I have sent that Paragraph to her over the Atlantic.

I sometimes remember Macready at your house some twenty years ago : he sitting quite quietly, so that I wished to speak to him, but let

the Evening pass without venturing to do so : and never had another Opportunity.

I have been reading, and even admiring, some of Corneille ; as to Racine, I say with Catherine of Russia, ‘Ce n’est pas mon homme.’ Another trial at Gil Blas and La Fontaine has failed with me : both too thin wine to my taste. Madame de Sévigné I find quite delightful in parts : only one can’t help fancying that fifty thousand Frenchwomen would write as good Letters. As witty perhaps, but not with all her Good Sense and Good Humour.

What rococo Readings to tell you of—you who live in London and must keep up with the Current of what new Books are talked of. I dare say you like some of these old Standards when you are in the Country at Vacation ; and—I am never otherwise. This Spring has up to this time forbidden almost a Daffodil to appear : much more a Green Leaf : so I have kept here, where the Sea, the Ships, and the Sailors are better Company.

*To Fanny Kemble.*

LOWESTOFT : *April 19/75.*

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

Yesterday I wrote you a letter : enveloped it : then thought there was something in it you might misunderstand—Yes !—the written word



across the Atlantic looking perhaps so different from what intended ; so kept my Letter in my pocket, and went my ways. This morning your Letter of April 3 is forwarded to me ; and I shall re-write the one thing that I yesterday wrote about—as I had intended to do before your Letter came. Only, let me say that I am really ashamed that you should have taken the trouble to write again about my little, little, Book.

Well—what I wrote about yesterday, and am to-day about to re-write, is—Macready's Memoirs. You asked me in your previous Letter whether I had read them. No—I had not : and had meant to wait till they came down to Half-price on the Railway Stall before I bought them. But I wanted to order something of my civil Woodbridge Bookseller : so took the course of ordering this Book, which I am now reading at Leisure : for it does not interest me enough to devour at once. It is however a very unaffected record of a very conscientious Man, and Artist ; conscious (I think) that he was not a great Genius in his Profession, and conscious of his defect of Self-control in his Morals. The Book is almost entirely about *himself*, *his* Studies, *his* Troubles, *his* Consolations, etc. ; not from Egotism, I do think, but as the one thing he had to consider in writing a Memoir and Diary. Of course one expects, and wishes, that the Man's self should be the main

subject ; but one also wants something of the remarkable people he lived with, and of whom one finds little here but that ‘ So-and-so came and went ’—scarce anything of what they said or did, except on mere business ; Macready seeming to have no Humour ; no intuition into Character, no Observation of those about him (how could he be a great Actor then?)—Almost the only exception I have yet reached is his Account of Mrs. Siddons, whom he worshipped : whom he acted with in her later years at Country Theatres : and who was as kind to him as she was even then heart-rending on the Stage. He was her Mr. Beverley ;<sup>1</sup> ‘ a very young husband,’ she told him : but ‘ in the right way if he would study, study, study—and not marry till thirty.’ At another time, when he was on the stage, she stood at the side scene, called out ‘ Bravo, Sir, Bravo ! ’ and clapped her hands—all in sight of the Audience, who joined in her Applause. Macready also tells of her falling into such a Convulsion, as it were, in *Aspasia*<sup>2</sup> (what a subject for such a sacrifice !) that the Curtain had to be dropped, and Macready’s Father, and Holman, who were among the Audience, looked at each other to see which was whitest ! This was the Woman whom people somehow came to look on as only majestic and terrible—I

<sup>1</sup> In *The Gamester*. See ‘ Macready’s Reminiscences,’ i. 54-57.

<sup>2</sup> In Rowe’s *Tamerlane*. See ‘ Macready’s Reminiscences,’ i.

suppose, after Miss O'Neill rose upon her Setting.

Well, but what I wrote about yesterday—a passage about you yourself. I fancy that he and you were very unsympathetic : nay, you have told me of some of his Egotisms toward you, 'who had scarce learned the rudiments of your Profession' (as also he admits that he scarce had). But, however that may have been, his Diary records, 'Decr. 20 (1838) Went to Covent Garden Theatre : on my way continued the perusal of Mrs. Butler's Play, which is a work of uncommon power. Finished the reading of Mrs. Butler's Play, which is one of the most powerful of the modern Plays I have seen—most painful—almost shocking—but full of Power, Poetry and Pathos. She is one of the most remarkable women of the present Day.'

So you see that if he thought you deficient in the Art which you (like himself) had unwillingly to resort to, you were efficient in the far greater Art of supplying that material on which the Histrionic must depend. (N.B.—Which play of yours ? Not surely the 'English Tragedy' unless shown to him in MS. ?<sup>1</sup> Come : I have sent you my Translations : you should give me your Original Plays. When I get home, I will send you an old Scratch by Thackeray of yourself in Louisa of Savoy—shall I ?)

<sup>1</sup> Probably the English Tragedy, which was finished in October, 1838. See 'Records of Later Days,' ii. 168.



On the whole, I find Macready (so far as I have gone) a just, generous, religious, and affectionate Man ; on the whole, humble too ? One is well content to assure oneself of this ; but it is not worth spending 28s. upon.

Macready would have made a better Scholar—or Divine—than Actor, I think : a Gentleman he would have been in any calling, I believe, in spite of his Temper—which he acknowledges, laments, and apologizes for, on reflection.

Now, here is enough of my small writing for your reading. I have been able to read, and admire, some Corneille lately : as to Racine—*'Ce n'est pas mon homme,'* as Catharine of Russia said of him. Now I am at Madame de Sévigné's delightful Letters ; I should like to send you a Bouquet of Extracts : but must have done now, being always yours

E. F. G.

LOWESTOFT : May 16/75.

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

I have been wishing to send you Carlyle's Norway Kings, and oh ! such a delightful Paper of Spedding's on the Text of Richard III.<sup>1</sup> But I have waited till I should hear from you, knowing that you *will* reply ! And not feeling

<sup>1</sup> In the *Transactions of the New Shakspeare Society* for 1875-76. The surviving editor of the 'Cambridge Shakespeare' does not at all feel that Spedding's criticism 'smashed' the theory which was only put forward as a tentative solution of a perhaps insoluble problem.

feeling sure, till I hear, whether you are not on your way to England Eastward ho!—even as I am now writing!—Or, I fancy—should you not be well? Anyhow, I shall wait till some authentic news of yourself comes to me. I should not mind sending you Carlyle—why, yes! I *will* send him! But old Spedding—which is only a Proof—I won't send till I know that you are still where you were to receive it—Oh! such a piece of musical criticism! without the least pretence to being Musick: as dry as he can make it, in fact. But he does, with utmost politeness, smash the Cambridge Editors' Theory about the Quarto and Folio Text of R. III.—in a way that perhaps Mr. Furness might like to see.

Spedding says that Irving's Hamlet is simply —*hideous*—a strong expression for Spedding to use. But—(lest I should think his condemnation was only the Old Man's fault of depreciating all that is new), he extols Miss Ellen Terry's Portia as simply *a perfect Performance*: remembering (he says) all the while how fine was Fanny Kemble's. Now, all this you shall read for yourself, when I have token of your Whereabout, and Howabout: for I will send you Spedding's Letter, as well as his Paper.

Spedding won't go and see Salvini's Othello, because he does not know Italian, and also because he hears that Salvini's is a different Conception of Othello from Shakespeare's. I

can't understand either reason ; but Spedding is (as Carlyle<sup>1</sup> wrote me of his Bacon) the 'invincible, and victorious.' At any rate, I can't beat him. Irving I never could believe in as Hamlet, after seeing part of his famous Performance of a Melodrama called 'The Bells' three or four years ago. But the Pollocks, and a large World beside, think him a Prodigy—whom Spedding thinks—a Monster ! To this Complexion is the English Drama come.

I wonder if your American Winter has transformed itself to such a sudden Summer as here in Old England. I returned to my Woodbridge three weeks ago : not a leaf on the Trees : in ten days they were all green, and people—perspiring, I suppose one must say. Now again, while the Sun is quite as Hot, the Wind has swerved round to the East—so as one broils on one side and freezes on t'other—and I—the Great Twalmley<sup>1</sup>—am keeping indoors from an Intimation of Bronchitis. I think it is time for one to leave the Stage oneself.

I heard from Mowbray Donne some little while ago ; as he said nothing (I think) of his Father, I conclude that there is nothing worse of him to be said. He (the Father) has a Review of Macready—laudatory, I suppose—in the Edinburgh, and *Mr.* Helen Faucit (Martin) as injurious a one in the Quarterly : the reason

<sup>1</sup> See p. 138.

<sup>2</sup> See Boswell's 'Johnson' (ed. Birkbeck Hill), iv. 193.



of the latter being (it is supposed) because *Mrs.* H. F. is not noticed except just by name. To this Complexion also !

Ever yours,

E. F. G.

Since writing as above, your Letter comes ; as you do not speak of moving, I shall send Spedding and Carlyle by Post to you, in spite of the Loss of Income you tell me of which would (I doubt) close up *my* thoughts some while from such speculations. I do not think *you* will take trouble so to heart. Keep Spedding for me : Carlyle I don't want again. Tired as you—and I—are of Shakespeare Commentaries, you will like this.

LOWESTOFT : *July 22/75.*

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

I have abstained from writing since you wrote me how busily your Pen was employed for the Press : I wished more than ever to spare you the trouble of answering me—which I knew you would not forgo. And now you will feel called upon, I suppose, though I would fain spare you.

Though I date from this place still, I have been away from it at my own Woodbridge house for two months and more ; only returning here indeed to help make a better Holyday for a poor

Lad who is shut up in a London Office while his Heart is all for Out-of-Door, Country, Sea, etc. We have been having wretched Holyday weather, to be sure : rain, mist, and wind ; St. Swithin at his worst : but all better than the hateful London Office—to which he must return the day after To-morrow, poor Fellow !

I suppose you will see—if you have not yet seen—Tennyson's *Q. Mary*. I don't know what to say about it ; but the *Times* says it is the finest Play since Shakespeare ; and the *Spectator* that it is superior to *Henry VIII*. Pray do you say something of it, when you write :—for I think you must have read it before that time comes.

Then Spedding has written a delicious Paper in *Fraser* about the late Representation of *The Merchant of Venice*, and his E. Terry's perfect personation of his perfect Portia. I cannot agree with him in all he says—for one thing, I must think that Portia made 'a hole in her manners' when she left Antonio trembling for his Life while she all the while [knew] how to defeat the Jew by that knowledge of the Venetian Law which (oddly enough) the Doge knew nothing about. Then Spedding thinks that Shylock has been so pushed forward ever since Macklin's time as to preponderate over all the rest in a way that Shakespeare never intended.<sup>1</sup> But, if

<sup>1</sup> FitzGerald wrote to me about the same time :

"Spedding has (you know) a delicious little Paper about the

Shakespeare did not intend this, he certainly erred in devoting so much of his most careful and most powerful writing to a Character which he meant to be subsidiary, and not principal. But Spedding is more likely to be right than I : right or wrong he pleads his cause as no one else can. His Paper is in this July number of Fraser : I would send it you if you had more time for reading than your last Letter speaks of ; I *will* send if you wish.

I have not heard of Donne lately : he had been staying at Lincoln with Blakesley, the Dean : and is now, I suppose, at Chislehurst, where he took a house for a month.

And I am yours ever and sincerely

E. F. G.

WOODBIDGE, Aug. 24, [1875.]

Now, my dear Mrs. Kemble, you will have to call me 'a Good Creature,' as I have found out a Copy of your capital Paper,<sup>1</sup> and herewith post it to you. Had I not found this Copy

Merchant of Venice in July Fraser :—but I think he is wrong in subordinating Shylock to the Comedy Part. If that were meant to be so, Williams ['the divine Williams,' as some Frenchman called Shakespeare] miscalculated, throwing so much of his very finest writing into the Jew's Mouth ; the downright human Nature of which makes all the Love-Story Child's play, though very beautiful Child's play indeed."

<sup>1</sup> 'On the Stage,' in the *Cornhill Magazine* for December, 1863. Reprinted as an Introduction to Mrs. Kemble's 'Notes upon some of Shakespeare's Plays.'



(which Smith and Elder politely found for me) I should have sent you one of my own, cut out from a Volume of Essays by other friends, Spedding, etc., on condition that you should send me a Copy of such Reprint as you may make of it in America. It is extremely interesting; and I always think that your Theory of the Intuitive *versus* the Analytical and Philosophical applies to the other Arts as well as that of the Drama. Mozart couldn't tell how he made a Tune; even a whole Symphony, he said, unrolled itself out of a leading idea by no logical process. Keats said that no Poetry was worth [anything] unless it came spontaneously, as Leaves to a Tree, etc.<sup>1</sup> I have no faith in your Works of Art done on Theory and Principle, like Wordsworth, Wagner, Holman Hunt, etc.

But, one thing you can do on Theory, and carry it well into Practice: which is—to write your Letter on Paper which does not let the Ink through, so that (according to your mode of paging) your last Letter was crossed: I really thought it so at first, and really had very hard work to make it out—some parts indeed still defying my Eyes. What I read of your remarks on Portia, etc., is so good that I wish to keep it: but still I think I shall enclose you a scrap to justify my complaint. It was almost by Intuition, not on Theory, that I deciphered

<sup>1</sup> See his 'Life and Letters,' p. 46.

what I did. Pray you amend this. My MS. is bad enough, and on that very account I would avoid diaphanous Paper. Are you not ashamed?

I shall send you Spedding's beautiful Paper on the Merchant of Venice<sup>1</sup> if I can lay hands on it: but at present my own room is given up to a fourth Niece (Angel that I am!) You would see that S[pedding] agrees with you about Portia, and in a way that I am sure must please you. But (so far as I can decipher that fatal Letter) you say nothing at all to me of the other Spedding Paper I sent to you (about the Cambridge Editors, etc.,) which I must have back again indeed, unless you wish to keep it, and leave me to beg another Copy. Which to be sure I can do, and will, if your heart is set upon it—which I suppose it is not at all.

I have not heard of Donne for so long a time, that I am uneasy, and have written to Mowbray to hear. M[owbray] perhaps is out on his Holyday, else I think he would have replied at once. And 'no news may be the Good News.'

I have no news to tell of myself; I am much as I have been for the last four months: which is, a little rickety. But I get out in my Boat on the River three or four hours a Day when possible, and am now as ever yours sincerely

E. F. G.

<sup>1</sup> In the *Cornhill Magazine* for July, 1875. The Merchant of Venice at the Prince of Wales's Theatre.

*To T. Carlyle.*

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE,  
Sept. 12 [1875].

MY DEAR CARLYLE,

I do not write often because I do not wish to trouble you to dictate an answer, in return for the nothing I have to tell. And some one or other has generally told me a word about you ; but people don't write to me now : no blame to them ; for you know men do not like Letter-writing more as they get older, and my old friends naturally think that I might go and be with them—much better than writing. So it is, I think I generally attack you twice a year : but I have let you alone now even more than half a year. I dare say you are away from London : perhaps among your old Dumfriesshire solitudes. I find an account of your lonely rambles there in a Letter of yours of more than thirty years ago ; in the time of Cromwell indeed. What a Business that was to you ! Your Naseby Letters have come back upon me strangely : the Ink of them is now turning a little yellow—into the sere and yellow leaf, like Writer and Reader. I have not been well all this Summer : I think I begin to 'smell the Ground,' as Sailors say of Ships when they slacken speed as the Water shallows. I should be glad to hear that you are as well as last winter you were. Your Norway Kings were quite delightful to me. We have a



## LETTERS OF

1875

Saint Olave's Priory on the River Waveney : the People call it 'Saint Tuler's.' I wonder if an old Gentleman of Ipswich be of that kingly Blood : an Inscription there runs :

In peaceful silence let great Tooley rest,  
Whose charitable Deeds bespeak him best.

Perhaps this will make you smile a very little ; and, if so, my letter will be something better than a bore. If you get it, do let me have a dictated line, just to tell me how you are —no more, if you are not in the mind : but believe me your sincere Ancient,

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

*To Mrs. W. H. Thompson.*

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE.

Sept. 23, [1875].

DEAR MRS. THOMPSON,

It is very good of you to write to me, so many others as, I know, you must have to write to. I can tell you but little in return for the Story of your Summer Travel : but what little I have to say shall be said at once. As to Travel, I have got no further than Norfolk, and am rather sorry I did not go further North, to the Scottish Border, at any rate. But now it is too late. I have contented myself with my Boat on the River here : with my Garden, Pigeons,

Ducks, etc. ; a great Philosopher indeed ! But (to make an end of oneself) I have not been well all the summer ; unsteady in head and feet ; the Beginning of the End, I suppose ; and if the End won't be too long spinning out, one cannot complain of its coming too soon. . . .

I had a kindly Letter from Carlyle some days ago : he was summering at some place near Bromley in Kent, lent him by a Lady Derby : once, he says, Lady Salisbury, which I don't understand. He had also the use of a Phaeton and Pony ; which latter he calls '*Shenstone*' from a partiality to stopping at every Inn door. Carlyle had been a little touched in revisiting Eltham, and remembering Frank Edgeworth who resided there forty years ago 'with a little Spanish Wife, but no pupils.' Carlyle would name him with a sort of sneer in the *Life of Sterling* ;<sup>1</sup> could not see that any such notice was more than needless, just after Edgeworth's Death. This is all a little Scotch indelicacy to other people's feelings. But now Time and his own Mortality soften him. I have been looking over his Letters to me about Cromwell : the amazing perseverance and accuracy of the Man, who writes so passionately ! In a letter of about 1845 or 6 he says he has burned at least six attempts at *Cromwell's Life* : and finally falls back on sorting and elucidating the Letters, as a sure Groundwork. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Chapter iv.

I have this Summer made the Acquaintance of a great Lady, with whom I have become perfectly intimate, through her Letters, Madame de Sévigné. I had hitherto kept aloof from her, because of that eternal Daughter of hers ; but 'it's all Truth and Daylight,' as Kitty Clive said of Mrs. Siddons. Her Letters from Brittany are best of all, not those from Paris, for she loved the Country, dear Creature ; and now I want to go and visit her 'Rochers,' but never shall.

*To E. B. Cowell.*

[1875.]

MY DEAR COWELL,

. . . I told Elizabeth, I think, all I had to write about Arthur C. I had a letter from him a few days ago, hoping to see me in London, where I thought I might be going about this time, and where I would not go without giving him notice to meet me, poor lad. As yet however I cannot screw my Courage to go up : I have no Curiosity about what is to be seen or heard there ; my Day is done. I have not been very well all this Summer, and fancy that I begin to 'smell the Ground,' as Sailors say of the Ship that slackens speed as the Water shallows under her. I can't say I have much care for long Life : but still less for long Death : I mean a lingering one.



Did you ever read Madame de Sévigné? I never did till this summer, rather repelled by her perpetual harping on her Daughter. But it is all genuine, and the same intense Feeling expressed in a hundred natural yet graceful ways : and beside all this such good Sense, good Feeling, Humour, Love of Books and Country Life, as makes her certainly the Queen of all Letter writers.

*To F. Tennyson.*

WOODBRIDGE, Sept. 29/75.

MY DEAR FREDERIC,

It is now 9½ P.M. I have written two Letters : but since that have drunk three Glasses of 1870 Port (which only wants about twenty-five years over its head to make it a very fine Wine), and so I am inspired to 'take up my Pen' again and write to you. For it is now some time since I have heard from you : and, when I write, it is more to get an answer than for the mere pleasure of writing which some people feel—chiefly Women, I suppose. Well : I want to know how you are : that is the main thing ; I suppose not *doing* much beyond reading, writing, and ruminating. I cannot say much for myself : though every one tells me in what rude health I look, etc. ; and in spite of taking countless Bottles of which a sixth part is marked out by so many stages in each Bottle. But I shall not

say any more on this score : let me hear *you* are well, at any rate.

I am so vexed that I cannot find a bundle of your Letters from Italy thirty years ago, which I carefully preserved : which I know I had on Market Hill : and which I am now wanting to transcribe extracts from, as I had done (you know) from Morton and from Carlyle. I have looked where I can : but my Nieces have been taking up all my home except one room, and I still hope to find the letters in some Box where I deposited them before I moved from Market Hill hither. They were becoming faint and yellow in their Ink : and that is why I wanted to transcribe parts : as was the case with Morton's.

I have been proposing to go up to London, and hear a Selection from Lohengrin at the Promenade Concerts : but Indolence, and Despair of any Satisfaction, has left me where I am. *Malim Mozartii recordari quam cum Wagnero versari*—if that be Latin. Tell me : tell me of yourself also, and believe me ever yours,

E. F. G.

Now—To Bed. But—To Sleep ! That is the Question.

*To Fanny Kemble.*

[Oct. 4, 1875.]

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

I duly received your last legible Letter, and Spedding's Paper : for both of which all Thanks. But you must do something more for me. I see by Notes and Queries that you are contributing Recollections to some American Magazine ; I want you to tell me where I can get this, with all the back Numbers in which you have written.

I return the expected favour (*Hibernicé*) with the enclosed Prints, one of which is rather a Curiosity : that of Mrs. Siddons by Lawrence when he was *ætat.* 13. The other, done from a Cast of herself by herself, is only remarkable as being almost a Copy of this early Lawrence—at least, in Attitude, if not in Expression. I dare say you have seen the Cast itself.

And now for a Story better than either Print : a story to which Mrs. Siddons' glorious name leads me, burlesque as it is.

You may know there is a French Opera of Macbeth—by Chélaré. This was being played at the Dublin Theatre—Viardot, I think, the Heroine. However that may be, the Curtain drew up for the Sleep-walking Scene ; Doctor and Nurse were there, while a long mysterious Symphony went on—till a Voice from the Gallery called out to the Leader of the Band, Levey—



‘Whisht ! Lavy, my dear—tell us now—is it a Boy or a Girl ?’ This Story is in a Book which I gave 2s. for at a Railway Stall ; called Recollections of an Impresario, or some such name :<sup>1</sup> a Book you would not have deigned to read, and so would have missed what I have read and remembered and written out for you.

It will form the main part of my Letter, and surely you will not expect anything better from me.

Your hot Colorado Summer is over : and you are now coming to the season which you—and others beside you—think so peculiarly beautiful in America. We have no such Colours to show here, you know : none of that Violet which I think you have told me of as mixing with the Gold in the Foliage. Now it is that I hear that Spirit that Tennyson once told of talking to himself among the faded flowers in the Garden-plots. I think he has dropt that little Poem<sup>2</sup> out of his acknowledged works ; there was indeed nothing in it, I think, but that one Image ; and that sticks by me as *Queen Mary* does not.

I have just been telling some Man enquiring in Notes and Queries where he may find the beautiful foolish old Pastoral beginning—

<sup>1</sup> ‘The Enterprising Impresario’ by Walter Maynard (Thomas Willert Beale), 1867, pp. 273-4.

<sup>2</sup> Beginning, ‘A spirit haunts the year’s last hours.’ It first appeared in the poems of 1830, p. 67, and is now included in Tennyson’s Collected Works.

‘My Sheep I neglected, I broke my Sheep-hook, &c.’<sup>1</sup>

which, if you don’t know it, I will write out for you, ready as it offers itself to my Memory. Mrs. Frere of Cambridge used to sing it as she could sing the Classical Ballad—to a fairly expressive tune: but there is a movement (Trio, I think) in one of dear old Haydn’s Symphonies almost made for it. Who else but Haydn for the Pastoral! Do you remember his blessed Chorus of ‘Come, gentle Spring,’ that opens the Seasons? Oh, it is something to remember the old Ladies who sang that Chorus at the old Ancient Concerts rising with Music in hand to sing that lovely piece under old Greatorex’s Direction. I have never heard Haydn and Handel so well as in those old Rooms with those old Performers, who still retained the Tradition of those old Masters. Now it is getting Midnight; but so mild—this October 4—that I am going to smoke one Pipe outdoors—with a little Brandy and water to keep the Dews off. I told you I had not been well all the Summer; I say I begin to ‘smell the Ground,’<sup>2</sup> which you will think all Fancy. But I remain while above Ground

Yours sincerely

E. F. G.

<sup>1</sup> By Sir Gilbert Elliot, father of the first Lord Minto. The query appeared 25 Sept. 1875 (‘N. & Q.’ 5th Series, iv. 247), and two answers are given at p. 397, but not by E. F. G.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 178.

[October, 1875.]

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

My last Letter asked you how and where I could get at your Papers ; this is to say, I have got them, thanks to the perseverance of our Woodbridge Bookseller, who would not be put off by his London Agent, and has finally procured me the three Numbers<sup>1</sup> which contain your 'Gossip.' Now believe me ; I am delighted with it ; and only wish it might run on as long as I live : which perhaps it may. Of course somewhat of my Interest results from the Times, Persons, and Places you write of ; almost all more or less familiar to me ; but I am quite sure that very few could have brought all before me as you have done—with what the Painters call so free, full, and flowing a touch. I suppose this 'Gossip' is the Memoir you told me you were about ; three or four years ago, I think : or perhaps Selections from it ; though I hardly see how your Recollections could be fuller. No doubt your Papers will all be collected into a Book ; perhaps it would have been financially better for you to have so published it now. But, on the other hand, you will have the advantage of writing with more freedom and ease in the Magazine, knowing that you can alter, contract, or amplify, in any future Re-publication. It gives me such pleasure to like, and honestly say

<sup>1</sup> The *Atlantic Monthly* for August, September, and October, 1875.



I like, this work—and—I know I'm right in such matters, though I can't always give the reason why I like, or don't like, Dr. Fell : as much wiser People can—who reason themselves quite wrong.

I suppose you were at School in the Rue d'Angoulême near about the time (you don't give dates enough, I think—there's one fault for you !)—about the time when we lived there : I suppose you were somewhat later, however : for assuredly my Mother and yours would have been together often—Oh, but your Mother was not there, only you—at School. We were there in 1817-18—signalised by The Great Murder—that of Fualdès—one of the most interesting events in all History to me, I am sorry to say. For in that point I do not say I am right. But that Rue d'Angoulême—do you not remember the house cornering on the Champs Elysées with some ornaments in stone of Flowers and Garlands—belonging to a Lord Courtenay, I believe ? And do you remember a Pépinière over the way ; and over that, seeing that Temple in the Beaujon Gardens with the Parisians descending and ascending in Cars ? And (I think) at the end of the street, the Church of St. Philippe du Roule ? Perhaps I shall see in your next Number that you do remember all these things.

Well : I was pleased with some other Papers in your Magazine : as those on V. Hugo,<sup>1</sup> and

<sup>1</sup> *Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1875, p. 167, by T. S. Perry.

Tennyson's Queen Mary :<sup>1</sup> I doubt not that Criticism on English Writers is likely to be more impartial over the Atlantic, and not biassed by Clubs, Coteries, etc. I always say that we in the Country are safer Judges than those of even better Wits in London : not being prejudiced so much, whether by personal acquaintance, or party, or Fashion. I see that Professor Wilson said much the same thing to Willis forty years ago.

I have written to Donne to tell him of your Papers, and that I will send him my Copies if he cannot get them. Mowbray wrote me word that his Father, who has bought the house in Weymouth Street, was now about returning to it, after some Alterations made. Mowbray talks of paying me a little Visit here—he and his Wife—at the End of this month :—when what Good Looks we have will all be gone.

Farewell for the present ; I count on your Gossip : and believe me (what it serves to make me feel more vividly)

Your sincere old Friend

E. F. G.

<sup>1</sup> *Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1875, p. 240.

[Nov: 1875.]

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

The Mowbray Donnes have been staying some days<sup>1</sup> with me—very pleasantly. Of course I got them to tell me of the fine things in London : among the rest, the Artists whose Photos they sent me, and I here enclose. The Lady, they tell me —(Spedding's present Idol)—is better than her Portrait—which would not have so enamoured Bassanio. Irving's, they say, is flattered. But 'tis a handsome face, surely ; and one that should do for Hamlet—if it were not for that large Ear—do you notice ? I was tempted to send it to you, because it reminds me of some of your Family : your Father, most of all, as Harlowe has painted him in that famous Picture of the Trial Scene.<sup>2</sup> It is odd to me that the fine Engraving from that Picture—once so frequent—is scarce seen now : it has seemed strange to me to meet People who never even heard of it.

I don't know why you have a little Grudge against Mrs. Siddons—perhaps you will say you have not—all my fancy. I think it was noticed at Cambridge that your Brother John scarce went to visit her when she was staying with that Mrs. Frere, whom you don't remember with pleasure. She did talk much and loud : but she had a fine

<sup>1</sup> From Oct. 30 to Nov. 4.

<sup>2</sup> The Trial of Queen Katharine in *Henry VIII.* Charles Kemble acted Cromwell.



Woman's heart underneath, and she could sing a classical Song : as also some of Handel, whom she had studied with Bartleman. But she never could have sung the Ballad with the fulness which you describe in Mrs. Arkwright.<sup>1</sup>

Which, together with your mention of your American isolation, reminds me of some Verses of Hood, with which I will break your Heart a little. They are not so very good, neither : but I, in England as I am, and like to be, cannot forget them.

‘The Swallow with Summer  
Shall wing o’er the Seas ;  
The Wind that I sigh to  
Shall sing in your Trees :  
The Ship that it hastens  
Your Ports will contain—  
But for me—I shall never  
See England again.’<sup>2</sup>

It always runs in my head to a little German Air, common enough in our younger days—which I will make a note of, and you will, I dare say, remember at once.

I doubt that what I have written is almost as illegible as that famous one of yours : in which however only [paper] was in fault :<sup>3</sup> and now I shall scarce mend the matter by taking a steel pen instead of that old quill, which certainly did fight upon its Stumps.

<sup>1</sup> *Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1875, p. 165.

<sup>2</sup> ‘The Exile,’ quoted from memory.

<sup>3</sup> See letter of August 24, 1875.

Well now—Professor Masson of Edinburgh has asked me to join him and seventy-nine others in celebrating Carlyle's eightieth Birthday on December 4—with the Presentation of a Gold Medal with Carlyle's own Effigy upon it, and a congratulatory Address. I should have thought such a Measure would be ridiculous to Carlyle; but I suppose Masson must have ascertained his Pleasure from some intimate Friend of C.'s: otherwise he would not have known of my Existence for one. However Spedding and Pollock tell me that, after some hesitation like my own, they judged best to consent. Our Names are even to be attached somehow to a—White Silk, or Satin, Scroll! Surely Carlyle cannot be aware of that? I hope devoutly that my Name come too late for its Satin Apotheosis; but, if it do not, I shall apologise to Carlyle for joining such Mummery. I only followed the Example of my Betters.

Now I must shut up, for Photos and a Line of Music is to come in. I was so comforted to find that your Mother had some hand in Dr. Kitchener's Cookery Book,<sup>1</sup> which has always been Guide, Philosopher, and Friend in such matters. I can't help liking a Cookery Book.

Ever yours

E. F. G.

<sup>1</sup> *Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1875, p. 156.

No : I never turned my tragic hand on Fualdès ; but I remember well being taken in 1818 to the Ambigu Comique to see the 'Château de Paluzzi,' which was said to be founded on that great Murder. I still distinctly remember a Closet, from which came some guilty Personage. It is not only the Murder itself that impressed me, but the Scene it was enacted in ; the ancient half-Spanish City of Rodez, with its River Aveyron, its lonely Boulevards, its great Cathedral, under which the Deed was done in the 'Rue des Hebdomadiers.' I suppose you don't see, or read, our present Whitechapel Murder—a nasty thing, not at all to my liking. The Name of the Murderer—as no one doubts he is, whatever the Lawyers may disprove—is the same as that famous Man of Taste who wrote on the Fine Arts in the London Magazine under the name of Janus Weathercock,<sup>1</sup> and poisoned Wife, Wife's Mother and Sister after insuring their Lives. De Quincey (who was one of the Magazine) has one of his Essays about this wretch.

Here is another half-sheet filled, after all : I am afraid rather troublesome to read. In three or four days we shall have another Atlantic, and I am ever yours

E. F. G.

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Griffiths Wainewright. De Quincey's account of him is in his essay on Charles Lamb ('Works,' ed. 1862, viii. 146). His career was the subject of a story by Dickens, called 'Hunted Down.'



*To C. E. Norton.*

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE, SUFFOLK.  
(*Post Mark Dec. 8.*) Dec. 9/75.

MY DEAR SIR,

Mr. Carlyle's Niece has sent me a Card from you, asking for a Copy of an Agamemnon : taken — I must not say, translated — from Æschylus. It was not meant for Greek Scholars, like yourself, but for those who do not know the original, which it very much misrepresents. I think it is my friend Mrs. Kemble who has made it a little known on your wide Continent. As you have taken the trouble to enquire for it all across the Atlantic, beside giving me reason before to confide in your friendly reception of it, I post you one along with this letter. I can fancy you might find some to be interested in it who do not know the original : more interested than in more faithful Translations of more ability. But there I will leave it : only begging that you will not make any trouble of acknowledging so small a Gift.

Some eighty of Carlyle's Friends and Admirers have been presenting him with a Gold Medal of himself, and an Address of Congratulation on his 80th Birthday. I should not have supposed that either Medal or Address would be much to his Taste : but, as more important People than myself joined in the Thing, I did not think it became me to demur.

But I shall not the less write him my half-yearly Letter of Good Hopes and Good Wishes. He seems to have been well and happy in our pretty County of Kent during the Summer.

Believe me, with Thanks for the Interest you have taken in my *Libretti*, yours sincerely, E. FITZGERALD.

P.S. I am doing an odd thing in bethinking me of sending you two Calderon Plays, which my friend Mrs. Kemble has spoken of also in your Country. So you might one day hear of them : and, if you liked what came before, wish to see them. So here they are, for better or worse ; and, at any rate, one Note of Thanks (which I doubt you will feel bound to write) will do for both, and you can read as little as you please of either. All these things have been done partly as an amusement in a lonely life : partly to give some sort of idea of the originals to friends who knew them not : and printed, because (like many others, I suppose) I can only dress my best when seeing myself in Type, in the same way as I can scarce read others unless in such a form. I suppose there was some Vanity in it all : but really, if I had that strong, I might have done (considering what little I can do) like Crabbe's Bachelor—

I might have made a Book, but that my Pride  
In the not making was more gratified.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Tales of the Hall. Book x. (vol. vi. p. 246).

Do you read more of Crabbe than we his  
Countrymen?

*To Miss Aitken.*<sup>1</sup>

WOODBIDGE. Dec. 9/75.

DEAR MISS AITKEN,

It is a fact that the night before last I thought I would write my half-yearly Enquiry about your Uncle: and at Noon came your Note. I judge from it that he is well. I think he will thrash me (as Bentley said<sup>2</sup>) even now.

I must say I scarce knew what to do when asked to join in that Birthday Address. I did not know whether it would be agreeable to your Uncle: and of course I could not ask him. So I asked Spedding and Pollock, and found they were of the Party: so it did not become me to hesitate. I hope we were not all amiss.

But as to Agamemnon the King: I shall certainly send Mr. Norton a Copy, as he has taken the trouble to send across the Atlantic for it. But as to Mr. Carlyle, 'c'est une autre affaire.' It was not meant for any Greek Scholar, and only for a few not Greek, who I thought would be interested, as they have been, in my curious Version. Among these was Mrs.

<sup>1</sup> Carlyle's niece, afterwards Mrs. Alexander Carlyle.

<sup>2</sup> To his nephew Tom, meaning that he should outlive him. Letter of Jeremiah Markland (Bowyer's Miscellaneous Tracts, ed. Nichols, p. 521).



Kemble, who I suppose it is has praised it in a way that somehow gains ground in America. But your Uncle—a few years ago he would have been perhaps a little irritated with it ; and now would not, I feel sure, care to spend his Eyes over its sixty or seventy pages. He would even now think—but in Pity now—how much better one might have spent one's time (though not very much was spent) than in such Dilettanteism. So tell him not quite to break his heart if I don't put him to the Trial : but still believe me his, and, if you will allow me, yours sincerely,

E. FITZGERALD.

*Fragment of a Letter to Miss Biddell.*

*Dec. 1875.*

Thank you for the paragraph about Shelley. Somehow I don't believe the Story,<sup>1</sup> in spite of Trelawney's Authority. Let them produce the Confessor who is reported to tell the Story ; otherwise one does not need any more than such a Squall as we have late had in these Seas, and yet more sudden, I believe, in those, to account for the Disaster.

I believe I told you that my Captain Newson and his Nephew, my trusty Jack, went in the Snow to the Norfolk Coast, by Cromer, to find

<sup>1</sup> That his boat was intentionally run down by a felucca.

Newson's Boy. They found him, what remained of him, in a Barn there: brought him home through the Snow by Rail thus far: and through the Snow by Boat to Felixstow, where he is to lie among his Brothers and Sisters, to the Peace of his Father's Heart.

*To T. Carlyle.*

WOODBRIDGE, *Christmas Day* [1875].

MY DEAR CARLYLE,

You will think there is to be no end of me, now I have begun. But you know I did sincerely wish you not to write to me now, inasmuch as Miss Aitken has told me—why, told me that you had been striding through the Snow with worsted Stockings over your lower man—and what better could I wish to hear of you than that? But, as you have bid her say you *will* write—why, write you will, I know. Therefore, I have one thing for you to notice—if you please, which is—that, in an Account of Lincolnshire (pubd. 1836) which I lately bought out of a Catalogue, there is quoted a Letter from Cromwell to Colonel Walton, dated from Sleaford, ‘Sept. 6th or 5th. For Colonel Walton their in London’—and beginning, ‘Sir, We doe with grieffe of hart receive the sadde condition of our armie in the West,’ etc. I only find one Letter to Walton in your Book—about the Death of his

Son, etc. Do you know of this other Letter that I speak of? or is it in your Book and escaped me? or is it a sham? It seems to me genuine, and interesting: but I dare say I am Paddy-like wrong in one way or other: whether by missing what you have inserted, or mistaking what you have rejected. This is all about it: if you care to see it—to have it (it seems to retain the original Spelling punctiliously), the Book, or the Page of the Book, shall go to you forthwith.

Which little matter leads me to a very much less. Don't pray look into the London Library for my little Escapade: it isn't there, never having been published at all. 'In Shade let it rest,' and believe me your humble Servant,

E. F. G.

I am reading Bozzy's Memoranda published by the Grampian Club.

*To E. B. Cowell.*

[1875.]

MY DEAR COWELL,

I was very glad to have a letter from you at last; I don't wonder, however, that sensible men, who have plenty of other pen-work to do, revolt from Letter-writing, unless on especial occasion. You don't tell me, however, what you think of Queen Mary, which I wanted to



know. I could only tell the Author that I didn't know what to say about it. At present it has left no impression upon me, whether for Character or Action.

I have been reading over some of Carlyle's Letters, chiefly about Naseby, and am transcribing parts of them into a Book with some others. The originals I shall make over to some sure hand that will not let them fall into vulgar or mercenary keeping.<sup>1</sup> It is a pity to destroy them : and yet there is always danger of preserving such things in these inquisitive days.

*To Fanny Kemble.*

WOODBIDGE : Dec<sup>r</sup>. 29/75.

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

You will say I am a very good Creature indeed, for beginning to answer your Letter the very day it reaches me. But so it happens that this same day also comes a Letter from Laurence the Painter, who tells me something of poor Minnie's Death,<sup>2</sup> which answers to the Query in your Letter. Laurence sends me Mrs. Brookfield's Note to him : from which I quote to you —no !—I will make bold to send you her Letter itself ! Laurence says he is generally averse to

<sup>1</sup> By FitzGerald's directions these are now in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

<sup>2</sup> Minnie Thackeray (Mrs. Leslie Stephen) died 28th Nov. 1875.

showing others a Letter meant for himself (the little Gentleman that he is !), but he ventures in this case, knowing me to be an old friend of the Family. And so I venture to post it over the Atlantic to you who take a sincere Interest in them also. I wonder if I am doing wrong ?

In the midst of all this mourning comes out a new Volume of Thackeray's Drawings—or Sketches—as I foresaw it would be, too much Caricature, not so good as much [of] his old Punch ; and with none of the better things I wanted them to put in—for his sake, as well as the Community's. I do not wonder at the Publisher's obstinacy, but I wonder that Annie T. did not direct otherwise. I am convinced I can hear Thackeray saying, when such a Book as this was proposed to him—'Oh, come—there has been enough of all this'—and crumpling up the Proof in that little hand of his. For a curiously little hand he had, uncharacteristic of the grasp of his mind : I used to consider it half inherited from the Hindoo people among whom he was born.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> About the same time he wrote to me :—

'A dozen years ago I entreated Annie Thackeray, Smith & Elder, &c., to bring out a Volume of Thackeray's better Drawings. Of course they wouldn't—now Windus and Chatto have, you know, brought out a Volume of his inferior : and now Annie T. S. & E. prepare a Volume—when it is not so certain to pay, at any rate, as when W. M. T. was the Hero of the Day. However, I send them all I have : pretty confident they will select the worst ; of course, for my own part, I would rather have any other than copies of what I have : but I should like the World to acknowledge he could

I dare say I told you of the Proposal to congratulate Carlyle on his eightieth Birthday ; and probably some Newspaper has told you of the Address, and the Medal, and the White Satin Roll to which our eighty names were to be attached. I thought the whole Concern, Medal, Address, and Satin Roll, a very Cockney thing ; and devoutly hoped my own illustrious name would arrive too late. I could not believe that Carlyle would like the Thing : but it appears by his published Answer that he did. He would not, ten years ago, I think. Now — talking of illustrious names, etc., oh, my dear Mrs. Kemble, your sincere old Regard for my Family and myself has made you say more—of one of us, at least—than the World will care to be told : even if your old Regard had not magnified our lawful Deserts. But indeed it has done so : in Quality, as well as in Quantity. I know I am not either squeamishly, or hypocritically, saying all this : I am sure I know myself better than you do, and take a juster view of my pretensions. I think you Kembles are almost Donnes in your determined regard, and (one may say) Devotion to old Friends, etc. A rare—a noble—Failing ! Oh, dear !—Well, I shall not say any more : you

do something beside the ugly and ridiculous. Annie T. sent me the enclosed Specimen : very careless, but full of Character. I can see W. M. T. drawing it as he was telling one about his Scotch Trip. That disputatious Scotchman in the second Row with Spectacles, and—teeth. You may know some who will be amused at this :—but send it back, please : no occasion to write beside.'



will know that I do not the less thank you for publicly speaking of [me] as I never was spoken of before—only *too* well. Indeed, this is so ; and when you come to make a Book of your Papers, I shall make you cut out something. Don't be angry with me now—no, I know you will not.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> When I was preparing the first edition of FitzGerald's Letters I wrote to Mrs. Kemble for permission to quote the passage from her Gossip which is here referred to. She replied (11 Dec., 1883) :—

'I have no objection whatever to your quoting what I said of Edward Fitzgerald in the *Atlantic Monthly*, but I suppose you know that it was omitted from Bentley's publication of my book at Edward's *own desire*. He did not certainly knock me on the head with Dr. Johnson's sledge-hammer, but he did make me feel painfully that I had been guilty of the impertinence of praising.'

I did not then avail myself of the permission so readily granted, but I venture to do so now, in the belief that the publicity from which his sensitive nature shrank during his lifetime may now without impropriety be given to what was written in all sincerity by one of his oldest and most intimate friends. It was Mrs. Kemble who described him as 'an eccentric man of genius, who took more pains to avoid fame than others do to seek it,' and this description is fully borne out by the account she gave of him in the offending passage which follows :—

'That Mrs. Fitzgerald is among the most vivid memories of my girlish days. She and her husband were kind and intimate friends of my father and mother. He was a most amiable and genial Irish gentleman, with considerable property in Ireland and Suffolk, and a fine house in Portland Place, and had married his cousin, a very handsome, clever, and eccentric woman. I remember she always wore a bracelet of his hair, on the massive clasp of which were engraved the words, "*Stesso sangue, stessa sorte*." I also remember, as a feature of sundry dinners at their house, the first gold dessert and table ornaments that I ever saw, the magnificence of which made a great impression upon me ; though I also remember their being replaced, upon Mrs. Fitzgerald's wearying of them, by a set of ground glass and dead and burnished silver, so exquisite that the splendid gold service was pronounced infinitely less tasteful and beautiful. One member of her family—her son Edward Fitzgerald

The Day after To-morrow I shall have your new Number ; which is a Consolation (if needed) for the Month's going. And I am ever yours

E. F. G.

—has remained my friend till this day. His parents and mine are dead. Of his brothers and sisters I retain no knowledge, but with him I still keep up an affectionate and to me most valuable and interesting correspondence. He was distinguished from the rest of his family, and indeed from most people, by the possession of very rare intellectual and artistic gifts. A poet, a painter, a musician, an admirable scholar and writer, if he had not shunned notoriety as sedulously as most people seek it, he would have achieved a foremost place among the eminent men of his day, and left a name second to that of very few of his contemporaries. His life was spent in literary leisure, or literary labours of love of singular excellence, which he never cared to publish beyond the circle of his intimate friends : Euphranor, Polonius, collections of dialogues full of keen wisdom, fine observation, and profound thought ; sterling philosophy written in the purest, simplest and raciest English ; noble translations, or rather free adaptations of Calderon's two finest dramas, *The Wonderful Magician* and *Life's a Dream*, and a splendid paraphrase of the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, which fills its reader with regret that he should not have *Englished* the whole of the great trilogy with the same severe sublimity. In America this gentleman is better known by his translation or adaptation (how much more of it is his own than the author's I should like to know if I were Irish) of Omar Khayyám, the astronomer-poet of Persia. Archbishop Trench, in his volume on the life and genius of Calderon, frequently refers to Mr. Fitzgerald's translations, and himself gives a version of *Life's a Dream*, the excellence of which falls short, however, of his friend's finer dramatic poem bearing the same name, though he has gallantly attacked the difficulty of rendering the Spanish in English verse. While these were Edward Fitzgerald's studies and pursuits, he led a curious life of almost entire estrangement from society, preferring the companionship of the rough sailors and fishermen of the Suffolk coast to that of lettered folk. He lived with them in the most friendly intimacy, helping them in their sea ventures, and cruising about with one, an especially fine sample of his sort, in a small fishing-smack which Edward Fitzgerald's bounty had set afloat, and in which the translator of Calderon and Æschylus

Oh, I must add—The Printing is no doubt the more legible; but I get on very well with your MS. when not crossed.<sup>1</sup>

Donne, I hear, is fairly well. Mowbray has had a Lift in his Inland Revenue Office, and now is secure, I believe, of Competence for Life. Charles wrote me a kindly Letter at Christmas: he sent me his own Photo: and then (at my Desire) one of his wife:—Both of which I would enclose, but that my Packet is already bulky enough. It won't go off to-night when it is written—for here (absolutely!) comes my Reader (8 p.m.) to read me a Story (very clever) in *All the Year Round*, and no one to go to Post just now.

passed his time, better pleased with the fellowship and intercourse of the captain and crew of his small fishing craft than with that of more educated and sophisticated humanity. He and his brothers were school-fellows of my eldest brother under Dr. Malkin, the master of the grammar school of Bury St. Edmunds.'

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Kemble's letter was written with a type-writer (see 'Further Records,' i. 198, 240, 247). It was given by FitzGerald to Mr. F. Spalding, now (1895) of the Colchester Museum, through whose kindness I am enabled to quote it:—

'YORK FARM, BRANCHTOWN.

'*Tuesday, Dec. 14, 1875.*

'MY DEAR EDWARD FITZGERALD,

'I have got a printing-machine and am going to try and write to you upon it and see if it will suit your eyes better than my scrawl of handwriting. Thank you for the Photographs and the line of music; I know that old bit of tune, it seems to me. I think Mr. Irving's face more like Young's than my Father's. Tom Taylor, years ago, told me that Miss Ellen Terry would be a consummate comic actress. Portia should never be without some one to set her before the Public. She is my model woman.'



Were they not pretty Verses by Hood?<sup>1</sup> I thought to make you a little miserable by them:—but you take no more notice than—what you will.

Good Night! Good Bye!—Now for Mrs. Trollope's Story, entitled 'A Charming Fellow'—(very clever).

*To S. Laurence.*

WOODBIDGE. Dec. 30/75.

MY DEAR LAURENCE,

. . . I cannot get on with Books about the Daily Life which I find rather insufferable in practice about me. I never could read Miss Austen, nor (later) the famous George Eliot. Give me People, Places, and Things, which I don't and can't see; Antiquaries, Jeanie Deans, Dalgettys, etc. . . . As to Thackeray's, they are terrible; I really look at them on the shelf, and am half afraid to touch them. He, you know, could go deeper into the Springs of Common Action than these Ladies: wonderful he is, but not Delightful, which one thirsts for as one gets old and dry.

<sup>1</sup> See p. 188.

## LETTERS OF

1876

*To C. E. Norton.*LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE. *Jan. 23/76.*

MY DEAR SIR,

. . . I suppose you may see one of the Carlyle Medallions : and you can judge better of the Likeness than I, who have not been to Chelsea, and hardly out of Suffolk, these fifteen years and more. I dare say it is like him : but his Profile is not his best phase. In two notes dictated by him since that Business he has not adverted to it : I think he must be a little ashamed of it, though it would not do to say so in return, I suppose. And yet I think he might have declined the Honours of a Life of 'Heroism.' I have no doubt he would have played a Brave Man's Part if called on ; but, meanwhile, he has only sat pretty comfortably at Chelsea, scolding all the world for not being Heroic, and not always very precise in telling them how. He has, however, been so far heroic, as to be always independent, whether of Wealth, Rank, and Coteries of all sorts : nay, apt to fly in the face of some who courted him. I suppose he is changed, or subdued, at eighty : but up to the last ten years he seemed to me just the same as when I first knew him five and thirty years ago. What a Fortune he might have made by showing himself about as a Lecturer, as Thackeray and Dickens did ; I don't mean they did it for Vanity : but to make

money : and that to spend generously. Carlyle did indeed lecture near forty years ago before he was a Lion to be shown, and when he had but few Readers. I heard his 'Heroes' which now seems to me one of his best Books. He looked very handsome then, with his black hair, fine Eyes, and a sort of crucified Expression.

I know of course (in Books) several of those you name in your Letter : Longfellow, whom I may say I love, and so (I see) can't call him *Mister* : and Emerson whom I admire, for I don't feel that I know the Philosopher so well as the Poet : and Mr. Lowell's 'Among my Books' is among mine. I also have always much liked, I think rather loved, O. W. Holmes. I scarce know why I could never take to that man of true Genius, Hawthorne. There is a little of my Confession of Faith about your Countrymen, and I should say mine, if I were not more Irish than English.

*To Fanny Kemble.*

WOODBIDGE : Febr : 2/76.

Now, my dear Mrs. Kemble, I have done you a little good turn. Some days ago I was talking to my Brother John (I dared not show him !) of what you had said of my Family in your Gossip. He was extremely interested : and wished much that I [would] convey you his old hereditary remembrances. But, beside that,



he wished you to have a Miniature of your Mother which my Mother had till she died. It is a full length ; in a white Dress, with blue Scarf, looking and tending with extended Arms upward in a Blaze of Light. My Brother had heard my Mother's History of the Picture, but could not recall it. I fancy it was before your Mother's Marriage. The Figure is very beautiful, and the Face also : like your Sister Adelaide, and your Brother Henry both. I think you will be pleased with this : and my Brother is very pleased that you should have it. Now, how to get it over to you is the Question ; I believe I must get my little Quaritch, the Book-seller, who has a great American connection, to get it safely over to you. But if you know of any surer means, let me know. It is framed : and would look much better if some black edging were streaked into the Gold Frame ; a thing I sometimes do only with a strip of Black Paper. The old Plan of Black and Gold Frames is much wanted where Yellow predominates in the Picture. Do you know I have a sort of Genius for Picture-framing, which is an Art People may despise, as they do the Milliner's : but you know how the prettiest Face may be hurt, and the plainest improved, by the Bonnet ; and I find that (like the Bonnet, I suppose) you can only judge of the Frame, by trying it on. I used to tell some Picture Dealers they had better hire me for such Millinery : but I have not had

much Scope for my Art down here. So now you have a little Lecture along with the Picture.

Now, as you are to thank me for this good turn done to you, so have I to thank you for Ditto to me. The mention of my little Quaritch reminds me. He asked me for copies of Agamemnon, to give to some of his American Customers who asked for them; and I know from whom they must have somehow heard of it. And now, what Copies I had being gone, he is going, at his own risk, to publish a little Edition. The worst is, he *will* print it pretentiously, I fear, as if one thought it very precious: but the Truth is, I suppose he calculates on a few Buyers who will give what will repay him. One of my Patrons, Professor Norton, of Cambridge Mass., has sent me a second Series of Lowell's 'Among my Books,' which I shall be able to acknowledge with sincere praise. I had myself bought the first Series. Lowell may do for English Writers something as Ste. Beuve has done for French: and one cannot give higher Praise.<sup>1</sup>

There has been an absurd Bout in the Athenæum<sup>2</sup> between Miss Glyn and some Drury Lane Authorities. She wrote a Letter to say that she would not have played Cleopatra in a revival of Antony and Cleopatra for £1000 a line, I believe, so curtailed and mangled was it.

<sup>1</sup> See p. 209.

<sup>2</sup> See the *Athenæum* for Jan. 1, 15, 22, 29, 1876.

Then comes a Miss Wallis, who played the Part, to declare that 'the Veteran' (Miss G.) had wished to play the Part as it was acted : and furthermore comes Mr. Halliday, who somehow manages and adapts at D. L., to assert that the Veteran not only wished to enact the Desecration, but did enact it for many nights when Miss Wallis was indisposed. Then comes Isabel forward again—but I really forget what she said. I never saw her but once—in the Duchess of Malfi—very well : better, I dare say, than anybody now ; but one could not remember a Word, a Look, or an Action. She speaks in her Letter of being brought up in the grand School and Tradition of the Kembles.

I am glad, somehow, that you liked Macready's Reminiscences : so honest, so gentlemanly in the main, so pathetic even in his struggles to be a better Man and Actor. You, I think, feel with him in your Distaste for the Profession.

I write you tremendous long Letters, which you can please yourself about reading through. I shall write Laurence your message of Remembrance to him. I had a longish Letter from Donne, who spoke of himself as well enough, only living by strict Rule in Diet, Exercise, etc.

We have had some remarkable Alternations of Cold and Hot here too : but nothing like the extremes you tell me of on the other side of the Page.



Lionel Tennyson (second Son), who answered my half-yearly Letter to his father, tells me they had heard that Annie Thackeray was well in health, but—as you may imagine in Spirits.

And I remain yours always

E. F. G.

How is it my Atlantic Monthly is not yet come ?

*To C. E. Norton.*

[WOODBRIDGE. Feb. 7/76.]

MY DEAR SIR,

I will not look on the Book you have sent me as any Return for the Booklet I sent you, but as a free and kindly Gift. I really don't know that you could have sent me a better. I have read it with more continuous attention and gratification than I now usually feel, and always (as Lamb suggested) well disposed to say Grace after reading.

Seeing what Mr. Lowell has done for Dante, Rousseau, etc., one does not wish him to be limited in his Subjects : but I do wish he would do for English Writers what Ste. Beuve has done for French. Mr. Lowell so far goes along with him as to give so much of each Writer's Life as may illustrate his Writings ; he has more Humour (in which alone I fancy S. B. somewhat wanting), more extensive Reading, I suppose ; and a power

of metaphorical Illustration which (if I may say so) seems to me to want only a little reserve in its use : as was the case perhaps with Hazlitt. But Mr. Lowell is not biassed by Hazlitt's—(by anybody's, so far as I see)—party or personal prejudices ; and altogether seems to me the man most fitted to do this Good Work, where it has not (as with Carlyle's Johnson) been done, for good and all, before. Of course, one only wants the Great Men, in their kind : Chaucer, Pope (Dryden being done<sup>1</sup>), and perhaps some of the 'minora sidera' clustered together, as Hazlitt has done them. Perhaps all this will come forth in some future Series even now gathering in Mr. Lowell's Head. However that may be, this present Series will make me return to some whom I have not lately looked up. Dante's face I have not seen these ten years : only his Back on my Book Shelf. What Mr. Lowell says of him recalled to me what Tennyson said to me some thirty-five or forty years ago. We were stopping before a shop in Regent Street where were two Figures of Dante and Goethe. I (I suppose) said, 'What is there in old Dante's Face that is missing in Goethe's?' And Tennyson (whose Profile then had certainly a remarkable likeness to Dante's) said : 'The Divine.' Then Milton ; I don't think I've read him these forty years ; the whole Scheme of the Poem, and certain Parts of it, looming as grand as anything

<sup>1</sup> Among my Books. First Series.

in my Memory ; but I never could read ten lines together without stumbling at some Pedantry that tipped me at once out of Paradise, or even Hell, into the Schoolroom, worse than either. Tennyson again used to say that the two grandest of all Similes were those of the Ships hanging in the Air, and 'the Gunpowder one,' which he used slowly and grimly to enact, in the Days that are no more. He certainly then thought Milton the sublimest of all the Gang ; his Diction modelled on Virgil, as perhaps Dante's.

Spenser I never could get on with, and (spite of Mr. Lowell's good word) shall still content myself with such delightful Quotations from him as one lights upon here and there : the last from Mr. Lowell.

Then, old 'Daddy Wordsworth,' as he was sometimes called, I am afraid, from my Christening, he is now, I suppose, passing under the Eclipse consequent on the Glory which followed his obscure Rise. I remember fifty years ago at our Cambridge, when the Battle was fighting for him by the Few against the Many of us who only laughed at 'Louisa in the Shade,' etc. His Brother was then Master of Trinity College ; like all Wordsworths (unless the drowned Sailor) pompous and priggish. He used to drawl out the Chapel responses so that we called him the 'Mēēserable Sinner' and his brother the 'Meeserable Poet.' Poor fun enough : but I never can forgive the Lakers all who first despised, and



then patronized 'Walter Scott,' as they loftily called him : and He, dear, noble, Fellow, thought they were quite justified. Well, your Emerson has done him far more Justice than his own Countryman Carlyle, who won't allow him to be a Hero in any way, but sets up such a cantankerous narrow-minded Bigot as John Knox in his stead. I did go to worship at Abbotsford, as to Stratford on Avon : and saw that it was good to have so done. If you, if Mr. Lowell, have not lately read it, pray read Lockhart's account of his Journey to Douglas Dale on (I think) July 18 or 19, 1831. It is a piece of Tragedy, even to the muttering Thunder, like the Lammermuir, which does not look very small beside Peter Bell and Co.

My dear Sir, this is a desperate Letter ; and that last Sentence will lead to another dirty little Story about my Daddy : to which you must listen or I should feel like the Fine Lady in one of Vanbrugh's Plays, 'Oh my God, that you won't listen to a Woman of Quality when her Heart is bursting with Malice !' And perhaps you on the other Side of the Great Water may be amused with a little of your old Granny's Gossip.

Well then : about 1826, or 7, Professor Airy (now our Astronomer Royal) and his Brother William called on the Daddy at Rydal. In the course of Conversation Daddy mentioned that sometimes when genteel Parties came to visit

him, he contrived to slip out of the room, and down the garden walk to where 'The Party's' travelling Carriage stood. This Carriage he would look into to see what Books they carried with them : and he observed it was generally 'WALTER SCOTT'S.' It was Airy's Brother (a very veracious man, and an Admirer of Wordsworth, but, to be sure, more of Sir Walter) who told me this. It is this conceit that diminishes Wordsworth's stature among us, in spite of the mountain Mists he lived among. Also, a little stinginess ; not like Sir Walter in that ! I remember Hartley Coleridge telling us at Ambleside how Professor Wilson and some one else (H. C. himself perhaps) stole a Leg of Mutton from Wordsworth's Larder for the fun of the Thing.

Here then is a long Letter of old world Gossip from the old Home. I hope it won't tire you out : it need not, you know.

P.S. By way of something better from the old World, I post you Hazlitt's own Copy of his English Poets, with a few of his marks for another Edition in it. If you like to keep it, pray do : if you like better to give it to Hazlitt's successor, Mr. Lowell, do that from yourself.

*To Fanny Kemble.*

WOODBIDGE : *Febr* : 17/76.

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

I ought to have written before to apprise you of your Mother's Miniature being sent off—by Post. On consideration, we judged that to be the safest and speediest way : the Post Office here telling us that it was not too large or heavy so to travel : without the Frame. As, however, our Woodbridge Post Office is not very well-informed, I shall be very glad to hear it has reached you, in its double case : wood within, and tin without (quite unordered and unnecessary), which must make you think you receive a present of Sardines. You lose, you see, the Benefit of my exalted Taste in respect of Framing, which I had settled to perfection. Pray get a small Frame, concaving inwardly (Ogee pattern, I believe), which leads the Eyes into the Picture : whereas a Frame convexing outwardly leads the Eye away from the Picture ; a very good thing in many cases, but not needed in this. I dare say the Picture (faded as it is) will look poor to you till enclosed and set off by a proper Frame. And the way is, as with a Bonnet (on which you know much depends even with the fairest face), to try one on before ordering it home. That is, if you choose to indulge in some more ornamental Frame than



the quite simple one I have before named. Indeed, I am not sure if the Picture would not look best in a plain gold Flat (as it is called) without Ogee, or any ornament whatsoever. But try it on first: and then you can at least please yourself, if not the Terrible Modiste who now writes to you. My Brother is very anxious you should have the Picture, and wrote to me again to send you his hereditary kind Regards. I ought to be sending you his Note—which I have lost. Instead of that, I enclose one from poor Laurence to whom I wrote your kind message; and am as ever

Yours

E. F. G.

You will let me know if the Picture has not arrived before this Note reaches you?

LOWESTOFT: *March 16/76.*

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

Directly that you mentioned 'Urania,' I began to fancy I remembered her too.<sup>1</sup> And we

<sup>1</sup> In her 'Further Records,' i. 250, Mrs. Kemble wrote, March 11th, 1876:—

'Last week my old friend Edward Fitzgerald (Omar Kyam, you know), sent me a beautiful miniature of my mother, which his mother—her intimate friend—had kept till her death, and which had been painted for Mrs. Fitzgerald. It is a full-length figure, very beautifully painted, and very like my mother. Almost immediately after receiving this from England, my friend Mr. Horace

are both right ; I wrote to a London friend to look out for the Engraving : and I post it to you along with this Letter. If it do not reach you in some three weeks, let me know, and I will send another.

The Engraving stops short before the Feet : the Features are coarser than the Painting : which makes me suppose that it (Engraving) is from the Painting : or from some Painting of which yours is a Copy—(I am called off here to see the Procession of Batty's Circus parade up the street—)

The Procession is past : the Clowns, the Fine Ladies (who should wear a little Rouge even by Daylight), the 'performing' Elephants, the helmeted Cavaliers, and last, the Owner (I suppose) as 'the modern Gentleman' driving four-in-hand.

This intoxication over, I return to my Duties—to say that the Engraving is from a Painting by 'P. Jean,' engraved by Vendramini : published by John Thompson in 1802, and dedicated to the 'Hon. W. R. Spencer'—(who, I suppose, was the 'Vers-de Société' Man of the Day ; and perhaps the owner of the original : whether now yours, or not. All this I tell you in case

Furness came out to see me. He is a great collector of books and prints, and brought me an old engraving of my mother in the character of Urania, which a great many years ago I remember to have seen, and which was undoubtedly the original of Mrs. Fitzgerald's miniature. I thought the coincidence of their both reaching me at the same time curious.'

the Print should not arrive in fair time: and you have but to let me know, and another shall post after it.

I have duly written my Brother your thanks for his Present, and your sincere Gratification in possessing it. He is very glad it has so much pleased you. But he can only surmise thus much more of its history—that it belonged to my Grandfather before my Mother: he being a great lover of the Theatre, and going every night I believe to old Covent Garden or old Drury Lane—names really musical to me—old Melodies.

I think I wrote to you about the Framing. I always say of that, as of other Millinery (on which so much depends), the best way is—to try on the Bonnet before ordering it; which you can do by the materials which all Carvers and Gilders in this Country keep by them. I have found even my Judgment—the Great Twalmley's Judgment—sometimes thrown out by not condescending to this; in this, as in so many other things, so very little making all the Difference. I should not think that Black next the Picture would do so well: but try, try: try on the Bonnet: and if you please yourself—inferior Modiste as you are—why, so far so good.

Donne, who reports himself as very well (always living by Discipline and Rule), tells me that he has begged you to return to England



if you would make sure of seeing him again. I told Pollock of your great Interest in Macready : I too find that I am content to have bought the Book, and feel more interest in the Man than in the Actor. My Mother used to know him once : but I never saw him in private till once at Pollock's after his retirement : when he sat quite quiet, and (as you say) I was sorry not to have made a little Advance to him, as I heard he had a little wished to see me because of that old Acquaintance with my Mother. I should like to have told him how much I liked much of his Performance ; asked him why he would say ' Amen stu-u-u-u-ck in my Throat ' (which was a bit of wrong, as well as vulgar, Judgment, I think). But I looked on him as the great Man of the Evening, unpresuming as he was : and so kept aloof, as I have ever done from all Celebrities—yourself among them—who I thought must be wearied enough of Followers and Devotees—unless those of Note.

I am now writing in the place—in the room—from which I wrote ten years ago—it all recurs to me—with Montaigne for my Company, and my Lugger about to be built. Now I have brought Madame de Sévigné (who loved Montaigne too—the capital Woman!) and the Lugger—Ah, there is a long sad Story about that!—which I won't go into—

Little Quaritch seems to have dropt Agamemnon, Lord of Hosts, for the present : and I

certainly am not sorry, for I think it would only have been abused by English Critics : with some, but not all, Justice. You are very good in naming your American Publisher, but I suppose it must be left at present with Quaritch, to whom I wrote a 'Permit,' so long as I had nothing to do with it.

Ever yours

E. F. G.

[LOWESTOFT, *April*, 1876.]

MY DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

From Lowestoft still I date : as just ten years ago when I was about building a Lugger, and reading Montaigne. The latter holds his own with me after three hundred years : and the Lugger does not seem much the worse for her ten years' wear, so well did she come bouncing between the Piers here yesterday, under a strong Sou'-Wester. My Great Captain has her no more ; he has what they call a 'Scotch Keel' which is come into fashion : her too I see : and him too steering her, broader and taller than all the rest : fit to be a Leader of Men, Body and Soul ; looking now Ulysses-like. Two or three years ago he had a run of constant bad luck ; and, being always of a grand convivial turn, treating Everybody, he got deep in Drink, against all his Promises to me, and altogether so lawless, that I brought things to a pass between us. 'He should go on with me if he

would take the Tee-total Pledge for one year'—'No—he had broken his word,' he said, 'and he would not pledge it again,' much as he wished to go on with me. That, you see, was very fine in him ; he is altogether fine—A Great Man, I maintain it : like one of Carlyle's old Norway Kings, with a wider morality than we use ; which is very good and fine (as this Captain said to me) 'for you who are born with a silver spoon in your mouths.' I did not forget what Carlyle too says about Great Faults in Great Men : even in David, the Lord's Anointed. But I thought best to share the Property with him and let him go his way. He had always resented being under any Control, and was very glad to be his own sole Master again : and yet clung to me in a wild and pathetic way. He has not been doing better since : and I fear is sinking into disorder.

This is a long story about one you know nothing about except what little I have told you. But the Man is a very remarkable Man indeed, and you may be interested—you must be—in him.

'Ho ! parlons d'autres choses, ma Fille,' as my dear Sévigné says. She now occupies Montaigne's place in my room : well—worthily : she herself a Lover of Montaigne, and with a spice of his free thought and speech in her. I am sometimes vexed I never made her acquaintance till last year : but perhaps it was as



well to have such an acquaintance reserved for one's latter years. The fine Creature! much more alive to me than most Friends—I *should* like to see her 'Rochers' in Brittany.<sup>1</sup>

'Parlons d'autres choses'—your Mother's Miniature. You seemed at first to think it was taken from the Engraving: but the reverse was always clear to me. The whole figure, down to the Feet, is wanted to account for the position of the Legs; and the superior delicacy of Feature would not be gained *from* the Engraving, but the contrary. The Stars were stuck in to make an 'Urania' of it perhaps. I do not assert that your Miniature is the original: but that such a Miniature is. I did not expect that Black next the Picture would do: had you 'tried on the Bonnet' first, as I advised? I now wish I had sent the Picture over in its original Frame, which I had doctored quite well with a strip of Black Paper pasted over the Gold. It might really have gone through Quaritch's Agency: but I got into my head that the Post was safer. (How badly I am

<sup>1</sup> On July 22nd, 1880, he wrote to me:—"I am still reading her! And could make a pretty Introduction to her; but Press-work is hard to me now, and nobody would care for what I should do, when done. Mrs. Edwards has found me a good Photo of 'nos pauvres Rochers,' a straggling old Château, with (I suppose) the Chapel which her old "Bien Bon" Uncle built in 1671—while she was talking to her Gardener Pilois and reading Montaigne, Molière, Pascal, *or* Cleopatra, among the trees she had planted. Bless her! I should like to have made Lamb like her, in spite of his anti-gallican Obstinacy."

writing !) I had a little common Engraving of the Cottage bonnet Portrait : so like Henry. If I did not send it to you, I know not what is become of it.

Along with your Letter came one from Donne telling me of your Niece's Death.<sup>1</sup> He said he had written to tell you. In reply, I gave him your message ; that he must 'hold on' till next year when peradventure you may see England again, and hope to see him too.

Sooner or later you will see an Account of 'Mary Tudor' at the Lyceum.<sup>2</sup> It is just what I expected : a 'succès d'estime,' and not a very enthusiastic one. Surely, no one could have expected more. And now comes out a new Italian Hamlet—Rossi—whose first appearance is recorded in the enclosed scrap of *Standard*. And (to finish Theatrical or Dramatic Business) Quaritch has begun to print Agamemnon—so leisurely that I fancy he wishes to wait till the old Persian is exhausted, and so join the two. I certainly am in no hurry ; for I fully believe we shall only get abused for the Greek in proportion as we were praised for the Persian—in England, I mean : for you have made America more favourable.

'Parlons d'autres choses.' 'Eh ? mais de quoi parler,' etc. Well : a Blackbird is singing

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Charles Donne, daughter of John Mitchell Kemble, died April 15th, 1876.

<sup>2</sup> First acted April 18th, 1876.

in the little Garden outside my Lodging Window, which is frankly opened to what Sun there is. It has been a singular half year ; only yesterday Thunder in rather cold weather : and last week the Road and Rail in Cambridge and Huntingdon was blocked up with Snow ; and Thunder then also. I suppose I shall get home in ten days : before this Letter will reach you, I suppose : so your next may be addressed to Woodbridge. I really don't know if these long Letters are more of Trouble or Pleasure to you : however, there is an end to all : and that End is that I am yours as truly as ever I was

E. F. G.

*To Mrs. Cowell.*

12 MARINE TERRACE, LOWESTOFT.

*April 8/76.*

. . . If you go to Brittany you must go to my dear Sévigné's 'Rochers.' If I had the 'Go' in me, I should get there this Summer too : as to Abbotsford and Stratford. She has been my Companion here ; quite alive in the Room with me. I sometimes lament I did not know her before : but perhaps such an Acquaintance comes in best to cheer one toward the End.



*To Fanny Kemble.*

WOODBIDGE, *June 4*, [1876.]

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

Here I am back into the Country, as I may call my suburb here as compared to Lowestoft : all my house, except the one room—which ‘serves me for Parlour and Bedroom and all’—occupied by Nieces. Our weather is temperate, our Trees green, Roses about to bloom, Birds about to leave off singing—all sufficiently pleasant. I must not forget a Box from Mudie with some Memoirs in it—of Godwin, Haydon, etc., which help to amuse one. And I am just beginning Don Quixote once more for my ‘*pièce de Résistance*,’ not being so familiar with the First Part as the Second. Lamb and Coleridge (I think) thought that Second Part should not have been written ; why then did I—not for contradiction’s sake, I am sure—so much prefer it ? Old Hallam, in his History of Literature, resolved me, I believe, by saying that Cervantes, who began by making his Hero ludicrously crazy, fell in love with him, and in the second part tamed and tempered him down to the Grand Gentleman he is : scarce ever originating a Delusion, though acting his part in it as a true Knight when led into it by others.<sup>1</sup> A good deal however might

<sup>1</sup> See p. 228.

well be left out. If you have Jarvis' Translation by, or near, you, pray read—oh, read all of the second part, except the stupid stuff of the old Duenna in the Duke's Palace.

I fear I get more and more interested in your 'Gossip,' as you approach the Theatre. I suppose indeed that it is better to look on than to be engaged in. I love it, and reading of it, now as much as ever I cared to see it: and that was, very much indeed. I never heard till from your last Paper<sup>1</sup> that Henry was ever thought of for Romeo: I wonder he did not tell me this when he and I were in Paris in 1830, and used to go and see 'Lā Murette!' (I can hear them calling it now :) at the Grand Opera. I see that 'Queen Mary' has some while since been deposed from the Lyceum; and poor Mr. Irving descended from Shakespeare to his old Melodrama again. All this is still interesting to me down here: much more than to you—over there!—

'Over there' you are in the thick of your Philadelphian Exhibition,<sup>2</sup> I suppose: but I dare say you do not meddle with it very much, and will probably be glad when it is all over. I wish now I had sent you the Miniature in its Frame, which I had instructed to become it. What you tell us your Mother said concerning Dress, I certainly always felt: only secure the Beautiful, and the Grand, in all the Arts, whatever

<sup>1</sup> *Atlantic Monthly*, June 1876, p. 719.

<sup>2</sup> Which opened May 10th, 1876.

Chronology may say. Rousseau somewhere says that what you want of Decoration in the Theatre is, what will bewilder the Imagination — ‘ébranler l’Imagination,’ I think :<sup>1</sup> only let it be Beautiful !

June 5.

I kept this letter open in case I should see Arthur Malkin, who was coming to stay at a Neighbour’s house. He very kindly did call on me : he and his second wife (who, my Neighbour says, is a very proper Wife), but I was abroad — though no further-off than my own little Estate ; and he knows I do not visit elsewhere. But I do not the less thank him, and am always yours

E. F. G.

Pollock writes me he had just visited Carlyle — quite well for his Age : and vehement against Darwin, and the Turk.

<sup>1</sup> In one of his Common Place Books FitzGerald has entered from the *Monthly Mirror* for 1807 the following passage of Rousseau on Stage Scenery :— ‘ Ils font, pour épouventer, un Fracas de Decorations sans Effet. Sur la scène même il ne faut pas tout dire à la Vue : mais ébranler l’Imagination.’



*To C. E. Norton.*

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE.

*June 10<sup>1</sup>, [1876].*

MY DEAR SIR,

I don't know that I should trouble you so soon again—(only, don't trouble yourself to answer for form's sake only)—but that there is a good deal of Wordsworth in the late Memoir of Haydon by his Son. All this you might like to see; as also Mr. Lowell. And do you, or he, know of some dozen very good Letters of Wordsworth's addressed to a Mr. Gillies who published them in what he calls the Life of a Literary Veteran some thirty years ago,<sup>2</sup> I think? This Book, of scarce any value except for those few Letters, and a few Notices of Sir Walter Scott, all good, is now not very common, I think. If you or Mr. Lowell would like to have a Copy, I can send you one, through Quaritch, if not per Post: I have the Letters separately bound up from another Copy of long ago. There is also a favorable account of a meeting between Wordsworth and Foscolo in an otherwise rather valueless Memoir of Bewick the Painter. I tell you of all this Wordsworth, because you have, I think, a more religious regard for him than we on this

<sup>1</sup> June 10, 1876, was a Saturday. Perhaps the letter was finished on Sunday.

<sup>2</sup> In 1851. Wordsworth's Letters are in the second volume, pp. 145-173.

side the water : he is not so much honoured in his own Country, I mean, his Poetry. I, for one, feel all his lofty aspiration, and occasional Inspiration, but I cannot say that, on the whole, he makes much of it ; his little pastoral pieces seem to me his best : less than a Quarter of him. But I may be wrong.

I am very much obliged to you for wishing me to see Mr. Ticknor's Life, etc. I hope to make sure of that through our Briareus-handed Mudie ; and have marked the Book for my next Order. For I suppose that it finds its way to English Publishers, or Librarians. I remember his Spanish Literature coming out, and being for a long time in the hands of my friend Professor Cowell, who taught me what I know of Spanish. Only a week ago I began my dear Don Quixote over again ; as welcome and fresh as the Flowers of May. The Second Part is my favorite, in spite of what Lamb and Coleridge (I think) say ; when, as old Hallam says, Cervantes has fallen in Love with the Hero whom he began by ridiculing. When this Letter is done I shall get out into my Garden with him, Sunday though it be.

We have also Memoirs of Godwin, very dry, I think ; indeed with very little worth reading, except two or three letters of dear Charles Lamb 'Saint Charles,' as Thackeray once called him, while looking at one of his half-mad Letters, and remember[ing] his Devotion to that quite mad Sister. I must say I think his Letters infinitely

better than his Essays ; and Patmore says his Conversation, when just enough animated by Gin and Water, was better than either ; which I believe too. Procter said he was far beyond the Coleridges, Wordsworths, Southey's, etc. And I am afraid I believe that also.

I am afraid too this is a long letter nearly [all] about my own Likes and Dislikes. 'The Great Twalmley's.'<sup>1</sup> But I began only thinking about Wordsworth. Pray do believe that I do not wish you to write unless you care to answer on that score. And now for the Garden and the Don : always in a common old Spanish Edition. Their coarse prints always make him look more of the Gentleman than the better Artists of other Countries have hitherto done.

Carlyle, I hear, is pretty well, though somewhat shrunk : scolding away at Darwin, The Turk, etc.

*To T. Carlyle.*

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE,  
*July 16/76.*

MY DEAR CARLYLE,

I think you will have fled from Chelsea by this time : and, as it is nearly half a year since I heard from you, I venture a Letter. I hear of you indeed now and then from others : but about twice a year, you know, I apply to Head-

<sup>1</sup> See p. 169.



quarters, and give you the trouble to dictate, and Miss Aitken to write. I shall be very glad to hear how you are, and that you have got to some pleasant Country Quarters.

I have as usual next to nothing to tell you of myself: having lived the same Life as before, going no further from this home than Lowes-toft; and reading over some of the old Books—Don Quixote just now, and Sir Charles Napier's Life, which is a very interesting Book to me, both for his own sake, and his Brother's who writes of him. There is no doubt too much outcry about Injustice, etc., on both sides: but Sir Charles surely fought bravely against Age and Illness as well as in his Vocation. But this is an old Song: only I always think we should be glad of even one such man now, with all his faults.

Spedding, you see, goes on with his life-long work—more patient than Sir Charles, and equally determined. I rejoice in reading all he writes, though I cannot always be convinced by it.

I am writing this by candlelight at the odd hour of 1 A.M., unable to sleep from some cause or other. You will not, I believe, grudge me the reading and answering this Letter, next to nothing as it is.

*To Fanny Kemble.*

WOODBIDGE : *July 31/76.*

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

A better pen than usual tempts me to write the little I have to tell you ; so that [at] any rate your Eyes shall not be afflicted as sometimes I doubt they are by my MS.

Which MS. puts me at once in mind of Print: and to tell you that I shall send you Quaritch's Reprint of Agamemnon: which is just done after many blunders. The revises were not sent me, as I desired: so several things are left as I meant not: but 'enfin' here it is at last so fine that I am ashamed of it. For, whatever the merit of it may be, it can't come near all this fine Paper, Margin, etc., which Quaritch *will* have as counting on only a few buyers, who will buy—in America almost wholly, I think. And, as this is wholly due to you, I send you the Reprint, however little different to what you had before.

'Tragedy wonders at being so fine,' which leads me to that which ought more properly to have led to *it*: your last two Papers of 'Gossip,' which are capital, both for the Story told, and the remarks that arise from it. To-morrow, or next day, I shall have a new Number; and I really do count rather childishly on their arrival. Spedding also is going over some of his old

Bacon ground in the Contemporary,<sup>1</sup> and his writing is always delightful to me though I cannot agree with him at last. I am told he is in full Vigour : as indeed I might guess from his writing. I heard from Donne some three weeks ago : proposing a Summer Holyday at Whitby, in Yorkshire : Valentia, I think, not very well again : Blanche then with her Brother Charles. They all speak very highly of Mrs. Santley's kindness and care. Mowbray talks of coming down this way toward the end of August : but had not, when he last wrote, fixed on his Holyday place.

Beside my two yearly elder Nieces, I have now a younger who has spent the last five Winters in Florence with your once rather intimate (I think) Jane FitzGerald my Sister. She married, (you may know) a Clergyman considerably older than herself. I wrote to Annie Thackeray lately, and had an answer (from the Lakes) to say she was pretty well—as also Mr. Stephen.

And I am ever yours

E. F.G.

P.S. On second thoughts I venture to send you A. T.'s letter, which may interest you and cannot shame her. I do not want it again.

<sup>1</sup> For April and May, 1876 : 'The Latest Theory about Bacon.'



*To W. A. Wright.*

WOODBIDGE, *August 31*, [1876].

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

I was at Dunwich for two Days in company with Edwards the Painter, who had Victor Hugo's son's Prose Translation of Shakespeare. I was astonished how well Henry IV. came out, both Hotspur and Falstaff: it made me see Shakespeare in a new light, as large as Life, and as alive. What other Writer could bear such a Transfiguration? Even my Don, with a Sancho akin in humour to the English, loses so much even in so good a Translation as Jarvis. I really felt parting with him at this last reading as with one's best Friend. But I *will* know him even better in Don Clemencin.

Do you know the word 'Water-smoke,' which Walter White<sup>1</sup> heard several times used for the Sea-fog or Sea-roke in Norfolk and Suffolk? He says it means the same as 'Eynd,' which I never heard of.

Well, aren't you coming these ways to see Brooke and Turner? The former I see in a Tandem; the latter alone in his Boat on our River. Beside these two, there is mine own self with a whole house over me, with Bed and Board to spare.

Mr. Spalding is still here, but I cannot learn

<sup>1</sup> Eastern England, i. 178.

that his Future is yet provided for. Meanwhile, he seems happy to talk of Coins, Celts, Birds, Eggs, Pictures, etc. If he could muster sufficient Capital he would do best in a Curiosity Shop ; or (without Capital) as an Assistant, if not Chief, at some Museum. He has really accurate Knowledge, as well as real Taste and Liking, in such matters : and is moreover a very amiable and civilised Man.

You speak of the Cowells as if only just gone to Switzerland : I had hoped, long ago. I enclose you a Note about Carlyle, which I wish you would forward to The Master if you know whither.

*To F. Tennyson.*

WOODBIDGE, *Sept. 3/76.*

MY DEAR FREDERIC,

I am afraid it is rather a tax on you to answer my Letters about Nothing. But I certainly like to hear about you, from time to time, oftener than I can expect an Answer from other Friends. My enquiries of Alfred are now but once a Year—Christmas time—so with old Spedding ; and now Pollock leaves me in the lurch. Not that I complain ; I have really no right to even a yearly Response. Carlyle used to be my most punctual Correspondent—that is, to a half-yearly Letter : he dictating an Answer by his Niece.

She has lately written to me that he has scarce found himself equal to the task of Dictation : no Pain or Ailments, I think ; but Weakness. He has been sometime in his own Scotland : but thinks he is better at his Chelsea Home.

This, by the way, is the favourite Anniversary of his Hero Cromwell : September 3 : one more Summer gone. How has it been with you in Jersey ? Scorched up ? And heavy Storms in the last week or ten days ? Three Nights ago we were all woke up by such a rattling Peal of Thunder as we have scarce known ; only *one*, unheralded, unsucceeded by any other : *that*, and the noise of it, was the Surprise.

I bought Macaulay's Memoirs in a hurry to read ; and found that I might just as well have waited for Mudie, and saved my Money too. Not but it is the Record of a vastly clever, and very good, Man. Then I must buy Ticknor's Memoirs with a like Result. Not but he is a very sensible, and a very good, Man too. Only I have been interested more in much less clever, honourable, and good People, as in Haydon, for instance, whom Macaulay despises. What I wonder at is those eternal and violent Discussions between Macaulay, Mackintosh, Hallam, etc., as to who is the greatest Poet, Novelist, Politician, etc., and which of his Works [is] his greatest, etc. You see Wagner's Bayreuth Triumph. I shall stick to ' Life let us cherish.'



## LETTERS OF

1876

*To W. A. Wright.*WOODBRIDGE, *Sept.* 4, 1876.

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

The 'All the World's a Stage' place is in Ch. xi. Lib. v. Part iii. (as marked in my Spanish Edition ; I have not Jarvis by me) (anyhow in what we call the Second Part), concerning the Don's Encounter with the Masque of Death. The parallel indeed is rather between the various Ranks of Men than their Ages : a Comparison (as that of Chess) so common as to be trite even to Sancho. There is something in the same Chapter as to the advantage of treating Actors well, which a little bit reminds one of Hamlet.

I do not think the '*vorans viam*' is by Plautus himself (I have him not), but added by some one — *Urceus* ? — and (as I somewhere read) known by Translation in Shakespeare's time.<sup>1</sup> I either only remember such things, or jot them down without reference to Authority : and, either way, pretty sure to be inexact. So one shouldn't trouble other men to verify one.

One thing I can swear to : (as easy as Lying, by the way, to us Celts) that we have a bend in our River here, about five miles off our town, called 'The Ham,' as your Friend Turner will tell you, and show you, if you will.

The Bay of Portugal<sup>2</sup> I know nothing of.

<sup>1</sup> See vol. ii. p. 294.

<sup>2</sup> As You Like It, iv. 1.

*To C. E. Norton.*

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE,  
*Sept. 10/76.*

MY DEAR SIR,

When your Letter reached me a few days ago I looked up Gillies : and found the Wordsworth Letters so good, kindly, sincere, and modest, that I thought you and Mr. Lowell should have the Volume they are in at once. So it travels by Post along with this Letter. The other two volumes shall go one day in some parcel of Quaritch's if he will do me that Courtesy ; but there is, I think, little you would care for, unless a little more of 'Walter Scott's' generosity and kindness to Gillies in the midst of his own Ruin ; a stretch of Goodness that Wordsworth would not, I think, have reached. However, these Letters of his make me think I ought to feel more filially to my Daddy : I must dip myself again in Mr. Lowell's excellent Account of him with a more reverent Spirit. Do you remember the fine Picture that Haydon gives of him sitting with his grey head in the free Benches of some London Church ?<sup>1</sup> I wonder that more of such Letters as these to Gillies are not preserved or produced ; perhaps Mr. Lowell will make use of them on some future occasion ; some new Edition, perhaps, of his last volume. I can

<sup>1</sup> Haydon's Memoirs, III. 199.

assure you and him that I read that volume with that Interest and Pleasure that made me sure I should often return to it : as indeed I did more than once till—lent out to three several Friends ! It is now in the hands of a very civilized, well-lettered, and agreeable Archdeacon,<sup>1</sup> of this District.

I bought Mr. Ticknor's Memoirs in an Edition published, I hope with due Licence, by Sampson Low. What a just, sincere, kindly, modest Man he too ! With more shrewd perception of the many fine folks he mixed with than he cared to indulge in or set down on Paper, I fancy : judging from some sketchy touches of Macaulay, Talfourd, Bulwer, etc. His account of his Lord Fitzwilliam's is surely very creditable to English Nobility. Macaulay's Memoirs were less interesting to me ; though I quite believe in him as a brave, honest, affectionate man, as well (of course) as a very powerful one. It is wonderful how he, Hallam and Mackintosh could roar and bawl at one another over such Questions as Which is the Greatest Poet ? Which is the greatest Work of that Greatest Poet ? etc., like Boys at some Debating Society.

You can imagine the little dull Country town on whose Border I live ; our one merit is an Estuary that brings up Tidings of the Sea twice in the twenty-four hours, and on which I sail in my Boat whenever I can.

<sup>1</sup> Archdeacon Groome, Rector of Monk Soham, Suffolk.



I must add a P.S. to say that having written my half-yearly Letter to Carlyle, just to ask how he was, etc., I hear from his Niece that he has been to his own Dumfries, has driven a great deal about the Country: but has returned to Chelsea very weak, she says, though not in any way ill. He has even ceased to care about Books; but, since his Return, has begun to interest himself in them a little again. In short, his own Chelsea is the best Place for him.

Another reason for this other half Sheet is—that—Yes! I wish very much for your Translation of the *Vita Nuova*, which I did read in a slovenly (slovenly with Dante!) way twenty or thirty years ago, but which I did not at all understand. I should know much more about it now with you and Mr. Lowell.

I could without 'roaring' persuade you about Don Quixote, I think; if I were to roar over the Atlantic as to 'Which is the best of the Two Parts' in the style of Macaulay & Co. 'Oh for a Pot of Ale, etc.,' rather than such Alarums. Better dull Woodbridge! What bothered me in London was—all the Clever People going wrong with such clever Reasons for so doing which I couldn't confute. I will send an original Omar if I find one.

*To Fanny Kemble.*

WOODBIDGE : *Sept.* 21/76.

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

Have your American Woods begun to hang out their Purple and Gold yet? on this Day of Equinox. Some of ours begin to look rusty, after the Summer Drought; but have not turned Yellow yet. I was talking of this to a Heroine of mine who lives near here, but visits the Highlands of Scotland, which she loves better than Suffolk—and she said of those Highland Trees—‘O, they give themselves no dying Airs, but turn Orange in a Day, and are swept off in a Whirlwind, and Winter is come.’

Now too one’s Garden begins to be haunted by that Spirit which Tennyson says is heard talking to himself among the flower-borders. Do you remember him?<sup>1</sup>

And now—Who should send in his card to me last week—but the old Poet himself—he and his elder Son Hallam passing through Woodbridge from a Tour in Norfolk. ‘Dear old Fitz,’ ran the Card in pencil, ‘We are passing thro’.’<sup>2</sup> I had not seen him for twenty years—

<sup>1</sup> See letter of October 4th, 1875.

<sup>2</sup> This card is now in my possession, ‘Mr. Alfred Tennyson. Farringford.’ On it is written in pencil, “Dear old Fitz—I am passing thro’ and will call again. [The last three words are crossed out and ‘am here’ is written over them]. A.T.” FitzGerald

he looked much the same, except for his fallen Locks ; and what really surprised me was, that we fell at once into the old Humour, as if we had only been parted twenty Days instead of so many Years. I suppose this is a Sign of Age—not altogether desirable. But so it was. He stayed two Days, and we went over the same old grounds of Debate, told some of the old Stories, and all was well. I suppose I may never see him again : and so I suppose we both thought as the Rail carried him off : and each returned to his ways as if scarcely diverted from them. Age again !—I liked Hallam much ; unaffected, unpretending—no Slang—none of Young England's nonchalance—speaking of his Father as 'Papa' and tending him with great Care, Love, and Discretion. Mrs. A. T. is much out of health, and scarce leaves Home, I think.<sup>1</sup>

enclosed it to Thompson (Master of Trinity) and wrote on the back, 'P.S. Since writing, this card was sent in : the Writer followed with his Son : and here we all are as if twenty years had not passed since we met.'

<sup>1</sup> About the same time he wrote to me :—"Tennyson came here suddenly ten days ago—with his Son Hallam, whom I liked much. It was a Relief to find a Young Gentleman not calling his Father 'The Governor' but even—'Papa,' and tending him so carefully in all ways. And nothing of 'awfully jolly,' etc. I put them up at the Inn—Bull—as my own House was in a sort of Interregnum of Painting, within and without ; and I knew they would be well provided at 'John Grout's'—as they were. Tennyson said he had not found such Dinners at Grand Hotels, etc. And John (though a Friend of Princes of all Nations—Russian, French, Italian, etc.—who come to buy Horse flesh) was gratified at the Praise : though he said to me 'Pray, Sir, what is the name of the Gentleman ?'"



I have lately finished Don Quixote again, and I think have inflamed A. T. to read him too—I mean in his native Language. For this *must* be, good as Jarvis' Translation is, and the matter of the Book so good that one would think it would lose less than any Book by Translation. But somehow that is not so. I was astonished lately to see how Shakespeare's Henry IV. came out in young V. Hugo's Prose Translation<sup>1</sup>: Hotspur, Falstaff and all. It really seemed to show me more than I had yet seen in the original.

Ever yours,  
E. F. G.

*To E. B. Cowell.*

WOODBIDGE. *October 5/76.*

MY DEAR COWELL,

. . . I bought Clemencin's Quixote after all : but have looked little into him as yet, as I had finished my last Reading of the Don before he came. . . . I fear his Notes are more than one wants about errors, or inaccuracies of Style, etc. Cervantes had some of the noble carelessness of

<sup>1</sup> On September 11th, 1877, he wrote to me : 'You ought to have Hugo's French Shakespeare : it is not wonderful to see how well a German Translation thrives :—but French Prose—no doubt better than French Verse. When I was looking over King John the other day I knew that Napoleon would have owned it as the thing he craved for in the Theatre : as also the other Historical Plays :—not Love of which one is sick : but the Business of Men. He said this at St. Helena, or elsewhere.'

Shakespeare, Scott, etc., as about Sancho's stolen Dicky.<sup>1</sup> But why should Clemencin, and his Predecessors, decide that Cervantes changed the title of his second Part from 'Hidalgo' to 'Caballero' from negligence? Why should he not have intended the change for reasons of his own? Anyhow, they should have printed the Title as he printed it, and pointed out what they thought the oversight in a Note. This makes one think they may have altered other things also: which perhaps I shall see when I begin another Reading: which (if I live) won't be very far off. I think I almost inspired Alfred Tennyson (who suddenly came here a Fortnight ago) to begin on the Spanish. Yes: A. T. called one day, after near twenty years' separation, and we were in a moment as if we had been together all that while. He had his son Hallam with him: whom I liked much: unaffected and unpretentious: so attentive to his Father, with a humorous sense of his Character as well as a loving and respectful. It was good to see them together. We went one day down the Orwell and back again by Steamer: but the weather was not very propitious. Altogether, I think we were all pleased with our meeting.

<sup>1</sup> Suffolk for 'donkey.'

*To Fanny Kemble.*

LOWESTOFT : *October 24/76.*

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

Little—Nothing—as I have to write, I am nevertheless beginning to write to you, from this old Lodging of mine, from which I think our Correspondence chiefly began—ten years ago. I am in the same Room : the same dull Sea moaning before me : the same Wind screaming through the Windows : so I take up the same old Story. My Lugger was then about building :<sup>1</sup> she has passed into other hands now : I see her from time to time bouncing into Harbour, with her ‘244’ on her Bows. Her Captain and I have parted : I thought he did very wrongly—Drink, among other things : but he did not think he did wrong : a different Morality from ours—that, indeed, of Carlyle’s ancient Sea Kings. I saw him a few days ago in his house, with Wife and Children ; looking, as always, too big for his house : but always grand, polite, and unlike anybody else. I was noticing the many Flies in the room—‘Poor things,’ he said, ‘it is the warmth of our Stove makes them alive.’ When Tennyson was with me, whose Portrait hangs in my house in company with those of Thackeray and this Man (the three greatest men I have known), I thought that both Tennyson and Thackeray were inferior

<sup>1</sup> It was in 1867. See vol. ii., pp. 227, 232.



to him in respect of Thinking of Themselves. When Tennyson was telling me of how The Quarterly abused him (humorously too), and desirous of knowing why one did not care for his later works, etc., I thought that if he had lived an active Life, as Scott and Shakespeare ; or even ridden, shot, drunk, and played the Devil, as Byron, he would have done much more, and talked about it much less. ‘You know,’ said Scott to Lockhart, ‘that I don’t care a Curse about what I write,’<sup>1</sup> and one sees he did not. I don’t believe it was far otherwise with Shakespeare. Even old Wordsworth, wrapt up in his Mountain mists, and proud as he was, was above all this vain Disquietude : proud, not vain, was he : and that a Great Man (as Dante) has some right to be—but not to care what the Coteries say. What a Rigmarole !

Donne scarce ever writes to me (Twalmley the Great), and if he do not write to you, depend upon it he thinks he has nothing worth sending over the Atlantic. I heard from Mowbray quite lately that his Father was very well.

Yes : you told me in a previous Letter that you were coming to England after Christmas. I shall not be up to going to London to see you, with all your Company about you ; perhaps (don’t think me very impudent !) you may come down, if we live till Summer, to my Woodbridge Château, and there talk over some old things.

<sup>1</sup> Life, vi. 215. Letter to Lockhart, January 15th, 1826.

I make a kind of Summer in my Room here with Boccaccio. What a Mercy that one can return with a Relish to these Books ! As Don Quixote can only be read in his Spanish, so I do fancy Boccaccio only in his Italian : and yet one is used to fancy that Poetry is the mainly untranslatable thing. How prettily innocent are the Ladies, who, after telling very loose Stories, finish with ‘E così Iddio faccia [noi] godere del nostro Amore, etc.,’ sometimes, *Domeneddio*, more affectionately.<sup>1</sup>

Anyhow, these Ladies are better than the accursed Eastern Question ;<sup>2</sup> of which I have determined to read, and, if possible, hear, no more till the one question be settled of Peace or War. If war, I am told I may lose some £5000 in Russian Bankruptcy : but I can truly say I would give that, and more, to ensure Peace and Good Will among Men at this time. Oh, the Apes we are ! I must retire to my Montaigne—whom, by the way, I remember reading here, when the Lugger was building ! Oh, the Apes, etc. But there was A Man in all that Business

<sup>1</sup> These expressions must not be looked for in the Decameron, as ‘emendato secondo l’ordine del Sacro Concilio di Trento.’

<sup>2</sup> See p. 247. In a letter to me dated November 4th, 1876, he says :—

“I have taken refuge from the Eastern Question in Boccaccio, just as the ‘piacevoli Donne’ who tell the Stories escaped from the Plague. I suppose one must read this in Italian as my dear Don in Spanish : the Language of each fitting the Subject ‘like a Glove.’ But there is nothing to come up to the Don and his Man.”

still, who is so now, somewhat tarnished.—And I am yours as then sincerely.

E. F. G.

*To C. E. Norton.*

WOODBIDGE. Nov. 8/76.

MY DEAR SIR,

‘Vita Nuova’ reached me safe, and ‘siempre verde,’ untarnished by its Voyage. I am afraid I liked your account of it more than itself: I mean, I was more interested: I suppose it is too mystical for me. So I felt when I tried to read it in the original twenty years ago: and I fear I must despair of relishing it as I ought now I have your Version of it, which, it seems to me, must be so good. I don’t think you needed to bring in Rossetti, still less Theodore Martin, to bear Witness, or to put your Work in any other Light than its own.

After once more going through my Don Quixote (‘siempre verde’ too, if ever Book was), I returned to another of the Evergreens, Boccaccio, which I found by a Pencil mark at the Volume’s end I had last read on board the little Ship I then had, nine years ago. And I have shut out the accursed ‘Eastern Question’ by reading the Stories, as the ‘lieta Brigata’ shut out the Plague by telling them. Perhaps Mr. Lowell will give us Boccaccio one day, and Cervantes? And many more, whom Ste. Beuve



has left to be done by him. I fancy Boccaccio must be read in his Italian, as Cervantes in his Spanish : the Language fitting either 'like a Glove' as we say. Boccaccio's Humour in his Country People, Friars, Scolds, etc., is capital : as well, of course, as the easy Grace and Tenderness of other Parts. One thinks that no one who had well read him and Don Quixote would ever write with a strain again, as is the curse of nearly all modern Literature. I know that 'Easy Writing is d—d hard Reading.' Of course the Man must be a Man of Genius to take his Ease : but, if he be, let him take it. I suppose that such as Dante, and Milton, and my Daddy, took it far from easy : well, they dwell apart in the Empyrean ; but for Human Delight, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Boccaccio, and Scott !

Tennyson (a Man of Genius, who, I think, has crippled his growth by over-elaboration) came suddenly upon me here six weeks ago : and, many years as it was since we had met, there seemed not a Day's Interval between. He looked very well ; and very happy ; having with him his eldest Son, a very nice Fellow, who took all care of 'Papa,' as I was glad to hear him say, not 'Governor' as the Phrase now is. One Evening he was in a Stew because of some nasty Paragraph in a Newspaper about his not allowing Mr. Longfellow to quote from his Poems. And he wrote a Note to Mr. L. at once in this room, and his Son carried it off to the Post

that same Night, just in time. So my House is so far become a Palace, being the Place of Despatch from one Poet to the other, all over that Atlantic !

We never had the trees in Leaf so long as this Year : they are only just rusty before my window, this Nov. 8. So I thought they would die of mere Old Age : but last night came a Frost, which will hasten their End. I suppose yours have been dying in all their Glory as usual.

You must understand that this Letter is to acknowledge the *Vita Nuova* (which, by the by, I think ought to be the Title on the Title page as well as outside), so do not feel obliged to reply, but believe me yours truly, E. F. G.

*To Miss Anna Biddell.*

WOODBIDGE.  
*Saturday, Nov. 76.*

. . . You spoke once of even trying Walpole's Letters ; capital as they are to me, I can't be sure they would much interest, even if they did not rather disgust, you : the Man and his Times are such as you might not care for at all, though there are such men as his, and such Times too, in the world about us now. If you will have the Book on your return home, I will send you a three-volume Collection of his Letters : that

is, not a Third part of all his collected Letters : but perhaps the best part, and quite enough for a Beginning. I can scarce imagine better Christmas fare : but I can't, I say, guess how you would relish it. N.B. It is not gross or coarse : but you would not like the man, so satirical, selfish, and frivolous, you would think. But I think I could show you that he had a very loving Heart for a few, and a very firm, just, understanding under all his Wit and Fun. Even Carlyle has admitted that he was about the clearest-sighted Man of his time.

*To Mrs. Cowell.*

WOODBRIDGE, Nov. 13/76.

DEAR ELIZABETH,

I did not answer your last kind letter because I thought you looked on it as an answer to several of mine to Cowell : in which I had said all I had to say. Nor must you reply to this (for I know you have many Letters to write, and much else to do beside), unless you and Cowell would like me to send you the Second Series of Lowell's Among my Books. Cowell liked the first Volume, and will like the second equally well, I think : probably it is easily found at one of your Cambridge Libraries, and if so, or that you both of you have more than enough to read, and write, till the end of Term, do not



answer, pray. Only, if you want it now, I can send it at once. With just a little less Ambition of fine, or smart writing, Lowell might almost do for many Books what Ste. Beuve has left undone. He has more Humour: but not nearly so much Delicacy of Perception, or Refinement of Style; in which Ste. Beuve seems to me at the head of all Critics. I should like to give him to you if you have him not. . . .

Instead of going there<sup>1</sup> (which one ought to have done), I have amused myself with reading over Boccaccio's Decameron, which, I see by a Note at the end, I read last just nine years ago in *The Scandal*, and on the Bawdsey Cliffs while she was doing Duty there. And so I shall cut the 'Eastern Question' as best I may, just as those who are supposed to tell the Stories shut out *The Plague*.

*To E. B. Cowell.*

[1876.]

If you were so pleased with Goethe's *Iphigenia*, it may be on account of that very 'modern' which you detect in it. I mean, the whole would perhaps not be so readable without that Leaven. I have been thinking I would try to read a little German this winter: but the Language is disagreeable to me, and the type as distressing to my Eyes as Persian.

<sup>1</sup> To Italy.

Tennyson still spoke of Hafiz, as he used, you know. He keeps true to his old Loves, even Bailey's Festus,<sup>1</sup> for some Passages. He still admires Browning, for a great, though unshapen, Spirit; and acknowledges Morris, Swinburne, and Co., though not displeased, I think, that I do not.

I passed through Bramford a week ago; it looked so pretty—Church, River, Fields, and Woods—‘A Home of ancient Peace’—that it made me sad remembering the Days that are no more.

*To John Allen.*

LOWESTOFT. Decr. 9/76.

MY DEAR ALLEN,

It was stupid of me not to tell you that I did not want Contemporary back. It had been sent me by Tennyson or his son Hallam (for I can't distinguish their MS. now), that I might see that A. S. Battle fragment:<sup>1</sup> which is remarkable in its way, I doubt not. I see by the Athenæum

<sup>1</sup> See Tennyson's Life, vol. i. p. 234, where, in a letter to FitzGerald, he says, ‘I have just got Festus; order it and read. You will most likely find it a great bore, but there are really *grand things* in Festus.’ On this letter, which is copied into a volume of the Poems of 1842 in my possession, FitzGerald made the following note:

‘He would have it, grander than anything he himself had written, though he could get no one else to think so. The Author (Bailey) published a Letter from A. T. by way of Advertisement—which served him right.’

<sup>1</sup> The Song of Brunanburh by Hallam Tennyson. Contemporary Review, Nov. 1876.

that A. T. is bringing out another Poem—another Drama, I think—as indeed he hinted to me during his flying Visit to Woodbridge. He should rest on his Oars, or ship them for good now, I think : and I was audacious to tell him as much. But he has so many Worshippers who tell him otherwise. I think he might have stopped after 1842, leaving Princesses, Ardens, Idylls, etc., all unborn ; all except The Northern Farmer, which makes me cry. . . .

I dare say there are many as good, if not better, Arctic accounts than ‘Under the Northern Lights,’ but it was pleasant as read out to me by the rather intelligent Lad who now serves me with Eyes for two hours of a Night at Woodbridge. . . . I am, you see at old Quarters : but am soon returning to Woodbridge to make some Christmas Arrangements. Will Peace and Good Will be our Song this year ? Pray that it be so.

*To Miss Thackeray.*

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE.

Decr. 12, 1876.

DEAR ANNIE THACKERAY,

Messrs. Smith and Elder very politely gave me leave to print, and may be publish, three Stanzas of your Father’s ‘Ho, pretty Page,’ adapted (under proper direction) to an old Cambridge Tune, which he and I have sung



together, tho' not to these fine Words, as you may guess. I asked this of Messrs. Smith and Elder, because I thought they had the Copyright. But I did not mean to publish them unless with your Approval : only to print a few Copies for friends. And I will stop even that, if you don't choose. Please to tell me in half a dozen words as directly as you can.

The Words, you know, are so delightful (stanzas one, two, and the last), and the old Tune of 'Troll, troll, the bonny brown Bowl' so pretty, and (with some addition) so appropriate, I think, that I fancied others beside Friends might like to have them together. But, if you don't approve, the whole thing shall be quashed. Which I ought to have asked before : but I thought your Publishers' sanction might include yours. Please, I say, to say Yes or No as soon as you can.

I have been reading the two Series of 'Hours in a Library' with real delight. Some of them I had read before in Cornhill, but all together now : delighted, I say, to find all I can so heartily concur and believe in put into a shape that I could not have wrought out for myself. I think I could have suggested a very little about Crabbe, in whom I am very much up : and one word about Clarissa.<sup>1</sup> But God send me many

<sup>1</sup> In 1863 he wrote to George Crabbe,—

'I am now reading Clarissa Harlowe, for about the fifth time : I dare say you wouldn't have patience to read it once : indeed the first time is the most trying. It is a very wonderful, and quite

more Hours in a Library in which I may shut myself up from this accursed East among other things.

*To Fanny Kemble.*

LOWESTOFT : *December 12/76.*

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

If you hold to your Intention of coming to Europe in January, this will be my last Letter over the Atlantic—till further Notice ! I dare say you will send me a last Rejoinder under the same conditions.

I write, you see, from the Date of my last letter : but have been at home in the meanwhile. And am going home to-morrow — to arrange about Christmas Turkeys (God send we haven't all our fill of that, this Year !) and other such little matters pertaining to the Season—which, to myself, is always a very dull one. Why it happens that I so often write to you from here, I scarce know ; only that one comes with few Books, perhaps, and the Sea somehow talks to one of old Things. I have ever my Edition of Crabbe's Tales of the Hall with me. How pretty is this—

'In a small Cottage on the rising Ground  
West of the Waves, and just beyond their Sound.'<sup>1</sup>

---

original, and unique, Book : but almost intolerable from its Length and Sentimentality.'

<sup>1</sup> Book XVIII., vol. vii. p. 188.

Which reminds me also that one of the Books I have here is Leslie Stephen's 'Hours in a Library,' really delightful reading, and, I think, really settling some Questions of Criticism, as one wants to be finally done in all Cases, so as to have no more about and about it. I think I could have suggested a little Alteration in the matter of this Crabbe, whom I probably am better up in than L. S., though I certainly could not write about it as he does. Also, one word about *Clarissa*. Almost all the rest of the two Volumes I accept as a Disciple.<sup>1</sup>

Another Book of the kind—Lowell's 'Among my Books,' is excellent also: perhaps with more *Genius* than Stephen: but on the other hand not so temperate, judicious, or scholarly in *taste*. It was Professor Norton who sent me Lowell's Second Series; and, if you should—(as you inevitably will, though in danger of losing the Ship) answer this Letter, pray tell me if you know how Professor Norton is—in health, I mean. You told me he was very delicate: and I am tempted to think he may be less well than usual, as he has not acknowledged the receipt of a Volume<sup>2</sup> I sent him with some of Wordsworth's Letters in it, which he had wished to see. The Volume did not need Acknowledgment absolutely: but probably

<sup>1</sup> See p. 254.

<sup>2</sup> Gillies' Memoirs of a Literary Veteran. See p. 237.



would not have been received without by so amiable and polite a Man, if he [were] not out of sorts. I should really be glad to hear that he has only forgotten, or neglected, to write.

Mr. Lowell's Ode<sup>1</sup> in your last Magazine seemed to me full of fine Thought: but it wanted Wings. I mean it kept too much to one Level, though a high Level, for Lyric Poetry, as Ode is supposed to be: both in respect to Thought, and Metre. Even Wordsworth (least musical of men) changed his Flight to better purpose in his Ode to Immortality. Perhaps, however, Mr. Lowell's subject did not require, or admit, such Alternations.

Your last Gossip brought me back to London—but what Street I cannot make sure of—but one Room in whatever Street it were, where I remember your Mr. Wade, who took his Defeat at the Theatre so bravely.<sup>2</sup> And your John, in Spain with the Archbishop of Dublin: and coming home full of Torrijos: and singing to me and Thackeray one day in Russell Street:<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> An Ode for the Fourth of July, 1876.

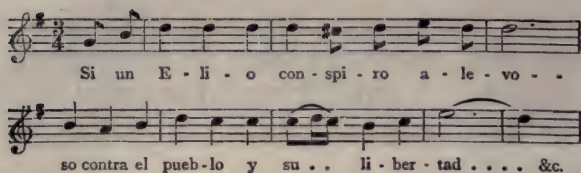
<sup>2</sup> Mr. Wade, author of *The Jew of Aragon*, which failed. Mrs. Kemble says (*Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1876, p. 707):—

“I was perfectly miserable when the curtain fell, and the poor young author, as pale as a ghost, came forward to meet my father at the side scene, and bravely holding out his hand to him said, ‘Never mind, Mr. Kemble; I’ll do better another time.’”

<sup>3</sup> Francisco Javier Elio, a Spanish General, was executed in 1822 for his severities against the liberals during the reactionary period 1814-1820.

# LETTERS OF

1876



All which comes to me west of the waves and just within the sound : and is to travel so much farther Westward over an Expanse of Rollers such as we see not in this Herring-pond. Still, it is—The Sea.

Now then Farewell, dear Mrs. Kemble. You will let me know when you get to Dublin? I will add that, after very many weeks, I did hear from Donne, who told me of you, and that he himself had been out to dine : and was none the worse.

And I still remain, you see, your long-winded Correspondent

E. F. G.

*To C. E. Norton.*

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE.

Dec. 22/76.

[Post mark Dec. 21.]

MY DEAR SIR,

. . . In the last Atlantic Monthly was, as you know, an Ode by Mr. Lowell ; lofty in Thought and Expression : too uniformly lofty, I think, for Ode. Do you, would Mr. Lowell, agree? I

should not say so, did I not admire the work very much. You are very good to speak of sending me his new Volume : but why should you? My old Athenæum will tell me of it here, and I will be sure to get it.

You see —— has come out with another Heroic Poem ! And the Athenæum talks of it as a Great Work, etc., with (it seems to me) the false Gallop in all the Quotations. It seems to me strange that ——, ——, and ——, should go on pouring out Poem after Poem, as if such haste could prosper with any but First-rate Men : and I suppose they hardly reckon themselves with the very First. I feel sure that Gray's Elegy, pieced and patched together so laboriously, by a Man of almost as little Genius as abundant Taste, will outlive all these hasty Abortions. And yet there are plenty of faults in that Elegy too, resulting from the very Elaboration which yet makes it live. So I think.

I have been reading with real satisfaction, and delight, Mr. L. Stephen's Hours in a Library : only, as I have told his Sister in law, I should have liked to put in a word or two for Crabbe. I think I could furnish L. S. with many Epigrams, of a very subtle sort, from Crabbe : and several paragraphs, if not pages, of comic humour as light as Molière. Both which L. S. seems to doubt in what he calls 'our excellent Crabbe,' who was not so 'excellent' (in the goody sense) as L. S. seems to intimate. But then Crabbe is



my Great Gun. He will outlive —, — and Co. in spite of his Carelessness. So think I again.

His Son, Vicar of a Parish near here, and very like the Father in face, was a great Friend of mine. He detested Poetry (sc. verse), and I believe had never read his Father through till some twenty years ago when I lent him the Book. Yet I used to tell him he threw out sparks now and then. As one day when we were talking of some Squires who cut down Trees (which all magnanimous Men respect and love), my old Vicar cried out ‘How scandalously they misuse the Globe!’ He was a very noble, courageous, generous Man, and worshipped his Father in his way. I always thought I could hear this Son in that fine passage which closes the Tales of the Hall, when the Elder Brother surprises the Younger by the gift of that House and Domain which are to keep them close Neighbours for ever.

Here on that lawn your Boys and Girls shall run,  
And gambol, when the daily task is done ;  
From yonder Window shall their Mother view  
The happy tribe, and smile at all they do :  
While you, more gravely hiding your Delight,  
*Shall cry—‘O, childish!’—and enjoy the Sight.*

By way of pendant to this, pray read the concluding lines of the long, ill-told, Story of ‘Smugglers and Poachers.’ Or shall I fill up my Letter with them? This is a sad Picture to match that sunny one.

As men may children at their sports behold,  
 And smile to see them, tho' unmoved and cold,  
 Smile at the recollected Games, and then  
 Depart, and mix in the Affairs of men ;  
 So Rachel looks upon the World, and sees  
 It can no longer pain, no longer please :  
 But just detain the passing Thought ; just cause  
 A little smile of Pity, or Applause—  
 And then the recollected Soul repairs  
 Her slumbering Hope, and heeds her own Affairs.

I wish some American Publisher would publish my Edition of Tales of the Hall, edited by means of Scissors and Paste, with a few words of plain Prose to bridge over whole tracts of bad Verse ; not meaning to improve the original, but to seduce hasty Readers to study it.

What a Letter, my dear Sir ! But you encourage me to tattle over the Atlantic by your not feeling bound to answer. You are a busy man, and I quite an idle one, but yours sincerely,  
 E. FITZGERALD.

Carlyle's Niece writes me that he is 'fairly well.'

Ecce iterum ! That mention of Crabber reminds me of meeting two American Gentlemen at an Inn in Lichfield, some thirty years ago. One of them was unwell, or feeble, and the other tended him very tenderly : and both were very gentlemanly and well-read. They had come to see the English Cathedrals, and spoke together (it was in the common Room) of Places and Names I knew very well. So that I took the Liberty of telling

them something of some matters they were speaking of. Among others, this very Crabbe : and I told them, if ever they came Suffolk way, I would introduce them to the Poet's son. I suppose I gave them my Address : but I had to go away next morning before they were down : and never heard of them again.

I sometimes wonder if this eternal Crabbe is relished in America (I am not looking to my Edition, which would be a hopeless loss anywhere) : he certainly is little read in his own Country. And I fancy America likes more abstract matter than Crabbe's homespun. Excuse Ætat. 68.

Yes, 'Gillies arise ! etc.' But I remember one who used to say he never got farther with another of the Daddy's Sonnets than—

Clarkson ! It was an obstinate hill to climb, etc.

English Sonnets, like English Terza Rima, want, I think, the double rhyme.

*To S. Laurence.*

WOODBIDGE. Jan. 15/77.

MY DEAR LAURENCE,

Then I sent you the Greek instead of the Persian whom you asked for? The two are the same size and binding : so of course I sent the wrong one. But I will send the right one



directly : and you need not make a trouble of acknowledging it : I know you will thank me, and I think you will feel a sort of 'triste Plaisir' in it, as others beside myself have felt. It is a desperate sort of thing, unfortunately at the bottom of all thinking men's minds ; but made Music of. . . . I shall soon be going to old ugly Lowestoft again to be with Nephews and Nieces. The Great Man . . . is yet there : commanding a Crew of those who prefer being his Men to having command of their own. And they are right ; for the man is Royal, tho' with the faults of ancient Vikings. . . . His Glory is somewhat marred ; but he looks every inch a King in his Lugger now. At home (when he is there, and not at the Tavern) he sits among his Dogs, Cats, Birds, etc., always with a great Dog following abroad, and aboard. This is altogether the Greatest Man I have known.

*To C. E. Norton.*

WOODBIDGE. *February 1/77.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I really only write now to prevent your doing so in acknowledgment of Thackeray's Song<sup>1</sup> which I sent you, and you perhaps knew the handwriting of the Address. Pray don't write

<sup>1</sup> See p. 253.

about such a thing, so soon after the very kind Letter I have just had from you. Why I sent you the Song I can hardly tell, not knowing if you care for Thackeray or Music : but that must be as it is ; only, do not, pray, write expressly about it.

The Song is what it pretends to be : the words speak for themselves ; very beautiful, I think : the Tune is one which Thackeray and I knew at College, belonging to some rather free Cavalier words,

Troll, troll, the bonny brown Bowl,

with four bars interpolated to let in the Page. I have so sung it (without a Voice) to myself these dozen years, since his Death, and so I have got the words decently arranged, in case others should like them as well as myself. Voilà tout !

I thought, after I had written my last, that I ought not to have said anything of an American Publisher of Crabbe, as it might (as it has done) set you on thinking how to provide one for me. I spoke of America, knowing that no one in England would do such a thing, and not knowing if Crabbe were more read in your Country than in his own. Some years ago I got some one to ask Murray if he would publish a Selection from all Crabbe's Poems : as has been done of Wordsworth and others. But Murray (to whom Crabbe's collected Works have always been a loss) would not meddle. . . . You shall one day

see my 'Tales of the Hall,' when I can get it decently arranged, and written out (what is to be written), and then you shall judge of what chance it has of success. I want neither any profit, whether of money, or reputation : I only want to have Crabbe read more than he is. Women and young People never will like him, I think : but I believe every thinking man will like him more as he grows older ; see if this be not so with yourself and your friends. Your Mother's Recollection of him is, I am sure, the just one : Crabbe never showed himself in Company, unless to a very close and experienced observer : his Company manner was exactly the reverse of his Books : almost, as Moore says, '*doucereux*' ; the apologetic politeness of the old School over-done, as by one who was not born to it. But Campbell observed his 'shrewd Vigilance' awake under all his 'politesse,' and John Murray said that Crabbe said uncommon things in so common a way that they escaped recognition. It appears, I think, that he not only said, but wrote, such things : even to such Readers as Mr. Stephen ; who can see very little Humour, and no Epigram, in him. I will engage to find plenty of both. I think Mr. Stephen could hardly have read the later Books : viz., Tales of the Hall, and the Posthumous Poems : which, though careless and incomplete, contain Crabbe's most mature Self, I think. Enough of him for the present : and altogether enough,



unless I wish to become a 'seccatore' by my repeated, long, letters. . . .

Mr. Lowell was good enough to send me his Odes, and I have written to acknowledge them with many thanks and a few observations, not meant to instruct such a Man, but just to show that I had read with Attention, as I did. I think I had much the same to say of them as I said to you : and so I won't say it again. I think it is a mistake to rely on the reading, or recitation, for an Effect which ought to speak for itself in any capable Reader's Head. Tennyson, with the grand Voice he had (I fancy it is somewhat weakened now) could make sonorous music of such a beginning to an Ode as

Bury the Great Duke !

The Thought is simple and massy enough : but where is a Vowel ? Dryden opened better :

'Twās at the rōyal Feast o'er Persia won.

But Mr. Lowell's Odes, which do not fail in the Vowel, are noble in Thought, with a good Organ roll in the music, which perhaps he thinks more fitted to Subject and occasion.

*To Fanny Kemble.*

12 MARINE TERRACE, LOWESTOFT,  
February 19/77.

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

Donne has sent me the Address on the cover of this Letter. I know you will write directly you hear from me; that is 'de rigueur' with you; and, at any rate, you have your Voyage home to England to tell me of: and how you find yourself and all in the Old Country. I suppose you include my Old Ireland in it. Donne wrote that you were to be there till this Month's end; that is drawing near; and, if that you do not protract your Visit, you will [be] very soon within sight of dear Donne himself, who, I hear from Mowbray, is very well.

Your last Gossip was very interesting to me. I see in it (but not in the most interesting part)<sup>1</sup> that you write of a 'J. F.,' who tells you of a Sister of hers having a fourth Child, etc. I fancy this must be a Jane FitzGerald telling you of her Sister Kerrich, who would have numbered about so many Children about that time—1831. Was it that Jane? I think you and she were rather together just then. After which she married herself to a Mr. Wilkinson—made him very Evangelical—and tiresome—and so they fed

<sup>1</sup> *Atlantic Monthly*, February, 1877, p. 222.

their Flock in a Suffolk village.<sup>1</sup> And about fourteen or fifteen years ago he died : and she went off to live in Florence—rather a change from the Suffolk Village—and there, I suppose, she will die when her Time comes.

Now you have read Harold, I suppose ; and you shall tell me what you think of it. Pollock and Miladi think it has plenty of Action and Life : one of which Qualities I rather missed in it.

Mr. Lowell sent me his Three Odes about Liberty, Washington, etc. They seemed to me full of fine Thought, and in a lofty Strain : but wanting Variety both of Mood and Diction for Odes—which are supposed to mean things to be chanted. So I ventured to hint to him—Is he an angry man ? But he wouldn't care, knowing of me only through amiable Mr. Norton, who knows me through you. I think *he* must be a very amiable, modest, man.

And I am still yours always

E. F. G.

<sup>1</sup> Holbrook, near Ipswich. That she had also some of the family humour is evident from what she wrote to Mr. Crabbe of her brother's early life. 'As regards spiritual advantages out of the house he had none ; for our Pastor was one of the old sort, with a jolly red nose caused by good cheer. He used to lay his Hat and Whip on the Communion Table and gabble over the service, running down the Pulpit Stairs not to lose the opportunity of being invited to a good dinner at the Hall.' It was with reference to his sister's husband that FitzGerald in conversation with Tennyson used the expression 'A Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman.' 'Why, Fitz,' said Tennyson, 'that's a verse, and a very bad one too.' And they would afterwards humorously contend for the authorship of the worst line in the English language.



*To Mrs. Cowell.*

12 MARINE TERRACE, LOWESTOFT.

*March 11/77.*

. . . I scarce like your taking any pains about my Works, whether in Verse, Prose, or Music. I never see any Paper but my old Athenæum, which, by the way, now tells me of some Lady's Edition of Omar which is to discover all my Errors and Perversions. So this will very likely turn the little Wind that blew my little Skiff on. Or the Critic who incautiously helped that may avenge himself on Agamemnon King, as he pleases. If the Pall Mall Critic knew Greek, I am rather surprised he should have vouchsafed even so much praise as the words you quoted. But I certainly have found that those few whom I meant it for, not Greek scholars, have been more interested in it than I expected. Not you, I think, who, though you judge only too favourably of all I do, are not fond of such Subjects.

I have here two Volumes of my dear Sévigné's Letters lately discovered at Dijon; and I am writing out for my own use a Dictionary of the Dramatis Personæ figuring in her Correspondence, whom I am always forgetting and confounding.

*To Fanny Kemble.*

12 MARINE TERRACE, LOWESTOFT,  
March 15, [1877.]

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

By this time you are, I suppose, at the Address you gave me, and which will now cover this Letter. You have seen Donne, and many Friends, perhaps—and perhaps you have not yet got to London at all. But you will in time. When you do, you will, I think, have your time more taken up than in America—with so many old Friends about you : so that I wish more and more you would not feel bound to answer my Letters, one by one : but I suppose you will.

What I liked so much in your February Atlantic<sup>1</sup> was all about Goethe and Portia : I think, *fine* writing, in the plain sense of the word, and partly so because not ‘fine’ in the other Sense. You can indeed spin out a long Sentence of complicated Thought very easily, and very clearly ; a rare thing. As to Goethe, I made another Trial at Hayward’s Prose Translation this winter, but failed, as before, to get on with it. I suppose there is a Screw loose in me on that point, seeing what all thinking People think of it. I am sure I have honestly tried. As to Portia, I still think she ought not

<sup>1</sup> *Atlantic Monthly*, February, 1877, pp. 210, 211, and pp. 220, 221.

to have proved her 'Superiority' by withholding that simple Secret on which her Husband's Peace and his Friend's Life depended. Your final phrase about her 'sinking into perfection' is capital. Epigram—without Effort.

You wrote me that Portia was your *beau-ideal* of Womanhood<sup>1</sup>—Query, of *Lady-hood*. For she had more than £500 a year, which Becky Sharp thinks enough to be very virtuous on, and had not been tried. Would she have done Jeanie Deans' work? She might, I believe: but was not tried.

I doubt all this will be rather a Bore to you: coming back to England to find all the old topics of Shakespeare, etc., much as you left them. You will hear wonderful things about Browning and Co.—Wagner—and H. Irving. In a late TEMPLE BAR magazine<sup>2</sup> Lady Pollock says that her Idol Irving's Reading of Hood's Eugene Aram is such that any one among his Audience who had a guilty secret in his Bosom 'must either tell it, or die.' These are her words.

You see I still linger in this ugly place: having a very dear little Niece a little way off: a complete little 'Pocket-Muse' I call her. One of the first Things she remembers is—you, in white Satin, and very handsome, she says,

<sup>1</sup> See note to Letter of Dec. 29th, 1875, p. 202.

<sup>2</sup> For November, 1875, in an article called 'The Judgment of Paris,' p. 400.



LETTERS OF

1877

reading Twelfth Night at this very place. And  
I am

Yours ever

E. F. G.

(I am now going to make out a Dictionary-list of the People in my dear Sévigné, for my own use.)<sup>1</sup>

*To W. A. Wright.*

WOODBIDGE, May 3, 1877.

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

Three Woodbridge Savants—Myself for one—know Woodbine<sup>2</sup> for the wild *Convolvulus* : not for the commonest, however, which enrings blades of Grass and wheat, but could not rise to the Honeysuckle : not that, but a large white sort, which is not uncommon in hedgerows, which it does climb up, and looks over the top. I have it on my hedge here : and there used to be plenty in Geldestone, down by the marsh, I remember.

So we Woodbridge Savants. As I was writing to Mr. Hall when your Letter came, I took the liberty to send it to him : and I enclose you his Reply.

<sup>1</sup> See p. 269. This is in my possession.

<sup>2</sup> This refers to a question of mine about the meaning of 'woodbine' in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iv. 1.

One of the Savants I spoke to here told me that in the Rendlesham Parish Books is a Notice of that Living having been bestowed on some one by a Sir John Fastolf—or Falstaff (he says it is written either way in the Document)—about *temp.* Henry IV. My Savant discovered and wrote about this in some Newspaper some ten years ago : he will now make some abstract for you, and you can look further into it if you choose. We know of a Colvil also ; and of a Framlingham Bardolph : as also of a Duke of Norfolk there residing, to whom Sir John was Page. My Savant is a very ingenious, but (I fancy) not very accurate man.

*To Fanny Kemble.*

LITTLE GRANGE : WOODBRIDGE.

May 5/77.

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

I am disappointed at not finding any Gossip in the last *Atlantic* ;<sup>1</sup> the Editor told us at the

<sup>1</sup> It came to an end in April, 1877. In a letter to Miss St. Leger, December 31st, 1876 ('Further Records,' ii. 33), Mrs. Kemble says, 'You ask me how I mean to carry on the publication of my articles in the *Atlantic Magazine* when I leave America ; but I do not intend to carry them on. The editor proposed to me to do so, but I thought it would entail so much trouble and uncertainty in the transmission of manuscript and proofs, that it would be better to break off when I came to Europe. The editor will have manuscript enough for the February, March, and April numbers when I come away, and with those I think the series must close. As there is no

end of last Year that it was to be carried on through this : perhaps you are not bound down to every month : but I hope the links are not to discontinue for long.

I did not mean in my last letter to allude again to myself and Co. in recommending some omissions when you republish.<sup>1</sup> That—viz., about myself—I was satisfied you would cut out, as we had agreed before. (N.B. No occasion to omit your kindly Notices about my Family—nor my own Name among them, if you like : only not all about myself.) What I meant in my last Letter was, some of your earlier Letters—or parts of Letters—to H.—as some from Canterbury, I think—I fancy some part of your early Life might be condensed. But I will tell you, if you will allow me, when the time comes : and then you can but keep to your own plan, which you have good reason to think better than mine—though I am very strong in Scissors and Paste : my ‘Harp and Lute.’ Crabbe is under them now—as usual, once a Year. If one lived in London, or in any busy place, all this would not be perhaps : but it hurts nobody—unless you, who do hear too much about it.

Last night I made my Reader begin Dickens’ wonderful ‘Great Expectations’ : not considered one of his best, you know, but full of wonderful narrative or sequence of events involved in the publication, it can, of course, be stopped at any moment ; a story without an end can end anywhere.’

<sup>1</sup> See letter of December 29th, 1875.



things, and even with a Plot which, I think, only needed less intricacy to be admirable. I had only just read the Book myself: but I wanted to see what my Reader would make of it: and he was so interested that he re-interested me too. Here is another piece of Woodbridge Life.

Now, if when London is hot you should like to run down to this Woodbridge, here will be my house at your Service after July. It may be so all this month: but a Nephew, Wife, and Babe did talk of a Fortnight's Visit: but have not talked of it since I returned a fortnight ago. June and July my Invalid Niece and her Sister occupy the House—not longer. Donne, and all who know me, know that I do not like anyone to come out of their way to visit me: but, if they be coming this way, I am very glad to do my best for them. And if any of them likes to occupy my house at any time, here it is at their Service—at yours, for as long as you will, except the times I have mentioned. I give up the house entirely except my one room, which serves for Parlour and Bed: and which I really prefer, as it reminds me of the Cabin of my dear little Ship—mine no more.

Here is a long Story about very little. Woodbridge again.

A Letter from Mowbray Donne told me that you had removed to some house in—Connaught Place?<sup>1</sup>—but he did not name the number.

<sup>1</sup> 15, Connaught Square. See 'Further Records,' ii. 42, etc.

## LETTERS OF

1877

Valentia's wedding comes on : perhaps you will be of the Party.<sup>1</sup> I think it would be one more of Sorrow than of Gladness to me : but perhaps that may be the case with most Bridals.

It is very cold here : ice of nights : but my Tulips and Anemones hold up still : and Nightingales sing. Somehow, I don't care for those latter at Night. They ought to be in Bed like the rest of us. This seems talking for the sake of being singular : but I have always felt it, singular or not.

And I am yours always

E. F. G.

*To W. F. Pollock.*

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE,  
May 24/77.

MY DEAR POLLOCK,

Herewith I post you a pleasant Judge's Charge<sup>1</sup> : which you shall return me, however. So, as I make my sending it an opportunity for writing to you (also, such a good pen, and fluent red Ink), you may write me a few words of Reply when you return the same.

You have almost the best of it in London this

<sup>1</sup> Valentia Donne married the Rev. R. F. Smith, minor Canon of Southwell, May 24th, 1877.

<sup>2</sup> The charge of J——P——to the Grand Jury of M——x, on Saturday, May 22, 1736 (London, 1738). J——P——was Sir Francis Page.

black weather : for your Squares are as freshly green as ours down here ; and you have Wagners, and Pattis, instead of our Nightingales and Blackbirds.

I had guessed that Annie Thackeray was ill : Hallam Tennyson tells me she was so—very ill—but now well again. Of course you saw the Poet when he was in London : Hallam tells me he much enjoyed his Visit there, among all the Poets, Wits, and Philosophers.

I have even bought Miss Martineau ; and am reading her as slowly as I can, to eke her out. For I can't help admiring, and being greatly interested in her, tho' I suppose she got conceited. Her Judgments on People seem to me mainly just. I see she has a hard word for my friend Mrs. Kemble<sup>1</sup> ; but not going further than her manners : which, I think, were once liable to the imputation of 'Stageyness' that Miss M. speaks of : nevertheless, it was merely manner, which it is strange if Theatrical folks are free from : for a more honest, truthful, and generous, and loyal, and constant Woman I never knew. She never forgets her own, or even her Brother's, old Friends ; I was little more than the latter to her, but I am sure she has a sincere regard for me, or she would not say so.

I heard that Carlyle was fairly well ; Spedding, I suppose, is immutable : long may he so continue ! I have been reading once, and then

<sup>1</sup> Harriet Martineau's Autobiography, i. 365, 366.



hearing read, the wonderful Dickens's Great Expectations ; not one of his best, I suppose, but with some of his best in it. At any rate, it helps to shut out the Plague of Eastern Affairs : which I neither read nor wish to hear of since I can't help it.

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In May 1877 his old boatman West died, and FitzGerald wrote to Professor Cowell (3 July 1878), ' I have not had heart to go on our river since the death of my old Companion West, with whom I had traversed reach after reach for these dozen years. I am almost as averse to them now as Peter Grimes.<sup>1</sup> So now I content myself with the River Side.'

*To Herman Biddell.*

WOODBIDGE, June 14/77.

MY DEAR BIDDELL,

Martineau's third Volume is scarce worth reading, being chiefly made up by a rather gushing female Editor. If she be to be trusted, however, she refutes your surmise about Martineau's blustering about her Atheism, so far as can be proved by a quiet perseverance in it for near twenty years after her Autobiography ends ; quite up to the hour of her Death.

This, I think, is the chief upshot of Vol. III. —which I only just looked over. But you will

<sup>1</sup> In Crabbe's Borough.

find it here any day you like to call, or send : ready addressed, in case I should not be at home.

Your Sister Anna talks of taking Harriet to Buxton : I suggest that so doing may be as dangerous as the Sailors think it is to have a Parson on board. They have been known to throw such an one overboard in a storm. I hope (for Anna's sake) no such occasion will arise on the Rail : but, if it should—let her pitch Harriet over, Portmanteau and all.

Edwards called here on his way to Dunwich a fortnight ago : he seemed to me almost himself again : and his Wife writes me that he has become still better since his return to London. So I hope to see him well once more. He is a brave, good fellow.

You should read (again, if you once read it) Sir C. Napier's Life, by his Brother, Sir W. There are wonderful things in it; the man indeed a wonderful man.

And I am now once more reading Sir Walter's Heart of Midlothian, as wonderful in another way.

*To W. A. Wright.*

WOODBIDGE, *Thursday*, 1877.

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

Le Capitaine *Brohoke* was with us one night, descending at the Door from the top of a huge Chestnut Charger. He told us several odd

Suffolk things in the Ecclesiastical way. One, of a Parson who sometimes tied up his Pointers to the Altar rails while he did the Duty. Another of some Lady who proclaimed her Right to some Lands in Brightlingsea (Brecclesea) by walking up the Church with a Dog and a Hunting whip. I told him he should authenticate all such things for East Anglian N. and Q.

I am thinking of a few days at Dunwich again if Dix Hall be yet vacant. If you come, you must bring some Bœufing with you, for the meat is inferior thereabout, as Mrs. Edwards says. Edwards was not very well, but has Charles Keene (of Punch) to brighten him up now.

One more Woodbine from Bacon's Sylva :—  
'There be some other' (Plants) 'that creep along the ground, or wind about other Trees or Props ; as Vines, Ivy, Briony, Woodbines, Hops, Clematis, Camomile,' etc.—Cent. vi. 594.

*To Fanny Kemble.*

[June, 1877.]

MY DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

I only write now on the express condition (which I understand you to accept) that you will not reply till you are in Switzerland. I mean, of course, within any reasonable time. Your last



Letter is not a happy one\* : but the record of your first Memoir cannot fail to interest and touch me.

I surmise—for you do not say so—that you are alone in London now : then, you must get away as soon as you can ; and I shall be very glad to hear from yourself that you are in some green Swiss Valley, with a blue Lake before you, and snowy mountain above.

I must tell you that, my Nieces being here—good, pious, and tender, they are too—(but one of them an Invalid, and the other devoted to attend her) they make but little change in my own way of Life. They live by themselves, and I only see them now and then in the Garden—sometimes not five minutes in the Day. But then I am so long used to Solitude. And there is an end of that Chapter.

I have your Gossip bound up : the binder backed it with Black, which I don't like (it was his doing, not mine), but you say that your own only Suit is Sables now. I am going to lend it to a very admirable Lady who is going to our ugly Sea-side, with a sick Brother : only I have pasted over one column—*which*, I leave you to guess at.

I think I never told you—what is the fact, however—that I had wished to dedicate Agamemnon to you, but thought I could not do so without my own name appended. Whereas, I could, very simply, as I saw afterwards when too late.

If ever he is reprinted I shall (unless you forbid) do as I desired to do : for, if for no other reason, he would probably never have been published but for you. Perhaps he had better [have] remained in private Life so far as England is concerned. And so much for that grand Chapter.

I think it is an ill-omened Year : beside War (which I *won't* read about) so much Illness and Death—hereabout, at any rate. A Nephew of mine—a capital fellow—was pitched upon his head from a Gig a week ago, and we know not yet how far that head of his may recover itself. But, beside one's own immediate Friends, I hear of Sickness and Death from further Quarters ; and our Church Bell has been everlastingly importunate with its "Toll-toll." But Farewell for the present : pray do as I ask you about writing : and believe me ever yours,

E. F.G.

\* You were thinking of something else when you misdirected your letter, which sent it a round before reaching Woodbridge.

WOODBIDGE, *June 23/77.*

DEAR MRS. KEMBLE,

I knew the best thing I could do concerning the Book you wanted was to send your Enquiry to the Oracle itself :—whose Reply I herewith enclose.

Last Evening I heard read Jeanie Deans' Audience with Argyle, and then with the Queen. There I stop with the Book. Oh, how refreshing is the leisurely, easy, movement of the Story, with its true, and well-harmonized Variety of Scene and Character ! There is of course a Bore—Saddletree—as in Shakespeare, I presume to think—as in Cervantes—as in Life itself : somewhat too much of him in Scott, perhaps. But when the fuliginous and Spasmodic Carlyle and Co. talk of Scott's delineating his Characters from without to within<sup>1</sup>—why, he seems to have had a pretty good Staple of the inner Man of David, and Jeanie Deans, on beginning his Story ; as of the Antiquary, Dalgetty, the Ashtons, and a lot more. I leave all but the Scotch Novels. Madge has a little—a wee bit—theatrical about her : but I think her to be paired off with Ophelia, and worth all Miss Austen's Drawing-room Respectabilities put together. It is pretty what Barry Cornwall says on meeting Scott among other Authors at Rogers' : 'I do not think any one envied him any more than one envies Kings.'<sup>2</sup> You have done him honour in your Gossip : as one ought to do in these latter Days.

<sup>1</sup> 'We might say in a short word, which means a long matter, that your Shakespeare fashions his characters from the heart outwards ; your Scott fashions them from the skin inwards, never getting near the heart of them.'—Carlyle, 'Miscellanies,' vi. 69 (ed. 1869), 'Sir Walter Scott.'

<sup>2</sup> Procter, 'Autobiographical Fragments,' p. 154.



So this will be my last letter to you till you write me from Switzerland : where I wish you to be as soon as possible. And am yours always and sincerely

E. F. G.

A Letter from Donne speaks cheerfully. And Charles to be married again ! It may be best for him.

*To W. A. Wright.*

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE.

*June 23/77.*

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

. . . I have been regaling myself, in my unscholarly way, with Mr. Munro's admirable Lucretius. Surely, it must be one of the most admirable Editions of a Classic ever made ! I don't understand the Latin punctuation, but I dare say there is good reason for it. The English Translation reads very fine to me : I think I should have thought so independent of the original : all except the dry theoretic System, which I must say I do all but skip in the Latin. Yet I venerate the earnestness of the man, and the power with which he makes some music even from his hardest Atoms ; a very different Didactic from Virgil, whose Georgics, *quoad* Georgic, are what every man, woman, and child, must have known ; but, his Teaching

apart, no one loves him better than I do. I forget if Lucretius is in Dante: he should have been the Guide thro' Hell: but perhaps he was too deep in it to get out for a Holiday. That is a very noble Poussin Landscape, v. 1370-8 'Inque dies magis, etc.'

I had always observed that mournful '*Nequicquam*' which comes to throw cold water on us after a little glow of Hope. When Tennyson went with me to Harwich, I was pointing out an old Collier rolling by to the tune of

Trudit agens magnam magno molimine navem. [iv. 902.]

That word '*Magnus*' rules in Lucretius as much as '*Nequicquam*.' I was rejoiced to meet Tennyson quoted in the notes too, and my old Montaigne<sup>1</sup> who discourses so on the text of

Pascit amore avidos inhians in te, Dea, visus. [i. 36.]

Ask Mr. Munro, when he reprints, to quote old Montaigne's Version of

Nam veræ voces tum demum, etc. [iii. 57.]

'A ce dernier rolle de la Mort, et de nous, il n'y a plus que feindre, il faut parler Français; il faut montrer ce qu'il y a de bon et de net dans le fond du pot.'<sup>2</sup> And tell him (damn my impudence!) I don't like my old Fathers '*dancing*' under the yellow and ferruginous awnings.<sup>3</sup> . . .

There is a coincidence with Bacon in verses 1026-9 of Book II. (Lucretius, I mean).

<sup>1</sup> *Essais*, iii. 5.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* i. 18.

<sup>3</sup> *Lucr.* iv. 76-80.

*To John Allen.*

MY DEAR ARCHDEACON,

I have little else to send you in reply to your Letter (which I believe however was in reply to one of mine) except the enclosed from Notes and Queries: which I think you will like to read, and to return to me.

I think I will send you (when I can lay hand on it) two volumes of some one's Memorials of Wesley's Family: which you can look over, if you do not read, and return to me also. I wonder at your writing to me that I gave you his Journal so long as thirty years ago. I scarce knew that I was so constant in my Affections: and yet I think I do *not* change in literary cases. Pray read Southey's Life of him again: it does not tell all, I think, which might be told of Wesley's own character from his own Mouth: but then it errs on the right side: it does not presumptuously guess at Qualities and Motives which are not to be found in Wesley: unlike Carlyle and the modern Historians, Southey, I think, cannot be wrong by keeping so much within the bounds of Conjecture: Conjecture about any other Man's Soul and Motives!



*To FitzEdward Hall.*<sup>1</sup>WOODBRIDGE : *June 24* [1877].

MY DEAR SIR,

I have run through your *Ability*<sup>2</sup> again, since I sent it to Wright: but as I before said (I believe) am not a competent Critic. I know that I coincide (unless I misconstrue) with your Canons laid down at pp. 162, etc. I am for all words that are smooth, or strong, (as the meaning requires) which have proved their worth by general admission into the Language. '*Reliable*' is, what '*trustworthy*' is not, good current coin for general use, though '*trustworthy*' may be good too for occasional emphasis.

I remember old Hudson Gurney cavilling a little at '*realize*' as I innocently used the word in a Memoir of my old Bernard Barton near thirty years ago: this word I have also seen branded as American; let America furnish us with more such words; better than what our 'old English' pedants supply, with their '*Fore-word*' for '*Preface*,' '*Folk-lore*' and other such conglomerate consonants. Odd, that a Lawyer (Sugden) should have lubricated '*Hand-book*' by a sort of Persian process into '*Handy-book*'!

I remember, years ago, thinking I must rebel

<sup>1</sup> Formerly Professor of Sanskrit in King's College, London.

<sup>2</sup> On English Adjectives in -able, with special reference to reliable, 1877.

against English by using '*impitiable*' for 'incapable of Pity.' Yet I suppose that, according to Alford & Co., I was justified, though '*pitiable*' is, I think always used of the thing pitied, not the Pitier. But I should defer to customary usage rather than to any particular whim of my own; only that it happened to come handy at the time, and I did not, and do not, much care.

But is not usage against your use of '*imitable*' at p. 100, meaning what *ought not*, not what *cannot*, be imitated? Non imitabile fulmen,' etc., and, negatively, '*inimitable*'?

'*Vengeable*' with its host of Authorities surprised, and gratified, me.

Johnson, you say (p. 34) called '*uncomeatable*' a low corrupt word: rather, as you well say, 'a permissible colloquialism.' Yes; like old Johnson's own '*Clubable*' by which he designated some Good sociable Fellow.

'*Party*' has good Authority (from Shakespeare himself, as we know), and is a handy word we ought not to dismiss: better than the d—d '*Individual*' which should only be used in philosophic or scientific discrimination. Still, Crabbe, in his fine Opium-inspired '*World of Dreams*' should not recall his beloved as '*that dear Party*.'

Other adjectives beside those that 'exit in *able*' are cavilled at. '*Fadeless*'; what is '*a Fade*'? Why not '*unfading*'? Yet there is a difference between what has not as yet faded,

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EDWARD FITZGERALD

and what *cannot* fade. And I shall become very 'tiresome,' though I don't know of any 'tire' but of a Waggon wheel; and remain yours truly.

E. FITZGERALD.

*To W. A. Wright.*

WOODBRIDGE, *Sunday* [July 29, 1877].

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

If you will come here to bed as well as board do not come till Thursday.

As to Dunwich, I cannot of course go away from home till this Lowell affair is settled one way or other. If you should wish to go there in the meanwhile, you will find a little Lodging, I think, at a Mr. Dix's. He told me his was to be vacant to-morrow: but it may soon be reoccupied, and the one Inn is taken up by some Ipswich Family. Close by Dix (who is Edwards' Factotum) is my friend Edwards and Wife, very agreeable People: he always interested in Suffolk Subjects, with many Books about them — Dunwich among these — and he will be very glad to be with you, and drive you about in his Poney-gig, as he did me to Blythburgh (well worth looking at) and other old Places. As he has been very ill, and wants above all things some cheerful and intelligent Company, he would be the man for you, and you for him just now; and he is so naturally



frank and courageous that you would be at home with him, and he with you, at once, on your simply naming yourself, whom he knows of well already, without any Introduction from me, though you would, I dare say, announce yourself as directed to him by me.

I tell you all this at once, because you really might like to go at once to this Dunwich, with its old Story, and its fresh Sea air. A very good Dogcart at Darsham Inn will take you there in less than an hour by a very pleasant road : you could return by the same Dogcart if no Lodging available : though Edwards and Wife (one of the most clever little Bodies in the world) would be glad to give you Bed and Board. I never put up with them, preferring my own Room, etc. ; but, at a Pinch, I should find the heartiest welcome : as would you also.

If 'This-ne'<sup>1</sup> be our Suffolk, it must, I suppose, squint at *Thisbe* too ; but of this we will talk ere long. Edwards would be much interested in all such questions, being a very well read Man in nearly all English Literature, and with a native Aptitude for such matters.

I saw the Academy, which I have taken in some while. I wonder at so much favour from a University Scholar, as you tell me the writer of the Article<sup>2</sup> is.

<sup>1</sup> *Midsummer Night's Dream*, i. 2. 56.  
Agamemnon, by J. A. Symonds.

1877

EDWARD FITZGERALD

*To C. E. Norton.*

WOODBIDGE. *August 21/77.*

MY DEAR SIR,

You have doubtless heard from Mr. Lowell since he got to Spain : he may have mentioned that unaccomplished visit to me which he was to have undertaken at your Desire. I doubt the two letters I wrote to be given him in London (through Quaritch) did not reach him : only the first which said my house was full of Nieces, so as I must lodge him (as I did our Laureate) at the Inn : but the second Letter was to say that I had Houserom, and would meet him at the Train any day and hour. He wrote to me the day before he left for Paris to say that he had never intended to do more than just run down for the Day, shake hands, and away ! That I had an Instinct against : that one half-day's meeting of two Septuagenarians (I believe), to see one another's face for that once, 'But here, upon that Bank and Shoal of Time and' then, 'jump the Life to come' as well as the Life before. No : I say I am glad he did not do that : but I had my house all ready to entertain him as best I could ; and had even planned a little Visit to our neighbouring Coast, where are the Village remains of a once large Town devoured by the Sea : and, yet undevoured (except by Henry VIII.), the grey walls of a

Grey Friars' Priory, beside which they used to walk, under such Sunsets as illumine them still. This pathetic Ruin, still remaining by the Sea, would (I feel sure) have been more to one from the New Atlantis than all London can show : but I should have liked better had Mr. Lowell seen it on returning to America, rather than going to Spain, where the yet older and more splendid Moors would soon have effaced the memory of our poor Dunwich. If you have a Map of England, look for it on the Eastern Coast. If Mr. Lowell should return this way, and return in the proper Season for such cold Climate as ours, he shall see it : and so shall you, if you will, under like conditions ; including a reasonable and available degree of Health in myself to do the honours. . . .

I live down in such a Corner of this little Country that I see scarce any one but my Woodbridge Fellow-townsmen, and learn but little from such Friends as could tell me of the World beyond. But the English do not generally love Letter writing : and very few of us like it the more as we get older. So I have but little to say that deserves an Answer from you : but please to write me a little : a word about Mr. Lowell, whom you have doubtless heard from. [One politeness I had prepared for him here was, to show him some sentences in his Books which I did not like !] Which also leads me to say that some one sent me a number of your



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American 'Nation' with a Review of my redoubtable Agamemnon : written by a superior hand, and, I think, quite discriminating in its distribution of Blame and Praise : though I will not say the Praise was not more than deserved ; but it was where deserved, I think.

*To J. R. Lowell.*<sup>1</sup>

WOODBIDGE. *August 26/77.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I ought scarce to trouble you amid your diplomatic cares and dignities. But I will, so far as to say I hope you had my second letter before you left London : saying that my house was emptied of Nieces, and I was ready to receive you for as long as you would. Indeed, I chiefly flinched at the thought of your taking the trouble to come down only for a Day : which means, less than half a Day : a sort of meeting that seems a mockery in the lives of two men, one of whom I know by Register to be close on Seventy. I do indeed deprecate any one coming down out of his way : but, if he come, I would rather he did so for such time as would allow of some palpable Acquaintance. And I meant to take you to no other sight than the bare grey walls of an old Grey Friars' Priory near the Sea ;

<sup>1</sup> The Hon. J. R. Lowell, formerly United States Minister at the Courts of Madrid and St. James'.

and I proposed to make myself further agreeable by showing you three or two passages in your Books that I do not like amid all the rest which I like so much : and had even meant to give you a very small thirty year old Dialogue of my own, which one of your 'Study Windows' reminded me of. All this I meant ; and, any how, wrote to say that I and my house were ready. And there is enough of the matter. You are busied with other and greater things. Nor must you think yourself called on to answer this letter at all.

When you were to start for Spain, I was thinking what a hot 'time of it you would have there : in Madrid too, I suppose, worst of all, I have heard. But you have Titian and Velasquez to refresh you. Cervantes too is not far. We have here (some two or three years old) a Book 'Untrodden Spain' ; unaffectedly and pleasantly written by some Clergyman, Rose, who lived chiefly among the mining folk. But there is a Chapter in Vol. 2 entitled '[*El*] *Pajaro*,' and giving account of a day's sport with [Pedro the Barber] who carries a Decoy Bird, which is as another Chapter to Don Quixote. Ah ! I look at him on my Shelf, and know that I can take him down when I will, and that I shall do so many a time before 1878 if I live. . . .

Tell me something of the Spanish Drama, Lope, or Calderon. I think you could get one acted by Virtue of your Office.

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EDWARD FITZGERALD

*To W. A. Wright.*

WOODBIDGE, *September 11/77.*

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

I returned from Dunwich yesterday, and found your Bacon, which will certainly cause me to read the Essays again, very likely when I return to Dunwich, which I think of doing next week. Edwards will take pleasure in looking over the Book: he was noticing to me how pathetic were such things as the Garden Essay, 'And I would have' so and so.

The Vignette on Title-page is nicely done: but a little too like Mr. Macready in the character of Lord Bacon. I don't think he stood so, by the same token that I am sure he sat so, as the Monument shows.

You ought to have Hugo's French Shakespeare: it is not wonderful to see how well a German Translation thrives: but French Prose—no doubt better than French Verse. When I was looking over King John the other day, I knew that Napoleon would have owned it as the thing he craved for in the Theatre, as also the other Historical Plays: not *Love*, of which one is sick, but the Business of Men. He said this at St. Helena, or elsewhere.

I find a Letter from Lowell, wishing to be with Dunwich Grey Friars rather than at



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Madrid. He had, however, seen '*Carrasco*'<sup>1</sup> over a Shop.

WOODBIDGE, *October 10/77.*

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

I bid Adieu to Dunwich last Monday : the Sea running up to the Cliffs before a North wind and a Spring tide. The place was still delightful, with but a Friend to look in upon of an Evening : but Edwards and Wife left the day I did. They are staying at Framlingham for a few days, his Nation (which, by the way, is good Boccaccio Italian as well as good Suffolk), and where he fancied he would make a sketch of the Castle. She would let me know, if she could, when they left : but he is become impatient in his ways : and they may be in London by this time, for aught I know. . . .

One day ask some of your mathematic Friends to tell you, and then me, how the Moon was on the night of Sept. 3/1650, night before the Battle of Dunbar. She does so much in Carlyle's fine account, 'wading through the Clouds,' etc., that I want to know how old she was at the time. He does not, I think, quote from any contemporary as to this : and as I see in his French Revolution that he represents the Pleiads and Orion looking down on the streets of Paris on the Night of August 9, he may have supplied

<sup>1</sup> Reminding him of Samson Carrasco, who figures in Don Quixote.

to Dunbar a more considerable moon than the Almanack authoritises. But it is a very fine book.

*To J. R. Lowell.*

WOODBIDGE. [October, 1877.]

MY DEAR SIR—(which I will exchange for your own name if you will set me Example).

You see I write to you ; but do not expect any answer from the midst of all your Business. But I have lately been re-reading—(at that same old Dunwich, too)—those Essays of yours on which you wished to see my ‘Adversaria.’ These are too few and insignificant to specify by Letter : when you return to English-speaking World, you shall, if you please, see my Copy, or Copies, marked with a Query at such places as I stumbled at. Were not the whole so really admirable, both in Thought and Diction, I should not stumble at such Straws ; such Straws as you can easily blow away if you should ever care to do so. Only, pray understand (what I really mean) that, in all my remarks, I do not pretend to the level of an original Writer like yourself : only as a Reader of Taste, which is a very different thing you know, however useful now and then in the Service of Genius. I am accredited with the Aphorism, ‘Taste is the Feminine of Genius.’ However that may be, I have some confidence in my own. And, as I

have read these Essays of yours more than once and again, and with increasing Satisfaction, so I believe will other men long after me ; not as Literary Essays only, but comprehending very much beside of Human and Divine, all treated with such a very full and universal Faculty, both in Thought and Word, that I really do not know where to match in any work of the kind. I could make comparisons with the best : but I don't like comparisons. But I think your Work will last, as I think of very few Books indeed. You are yet two good years from sixty (Mr. Norton tells me), and have yet at least a dozen more of Dryden's later harvest : pray make good use of it : Cervantes, at any rate, I think to live to read, though one of your great merits is, not being in a hurry : and so your work completes itself. But I nearer seventy than you sixty. . . .

You should get Dryden's Prefaces published separately in America, with your own remarks on them, and also Johnson's very fine praise : in which he praises Dryden for those unexpected turns in which he himself is so deficient. But pray love old Johnson, a little more than I think you do. We have, you may know, a rather clumsy Edition of this Dryden Prose in four 8vo volumes by Malone ; the first volume all Life and a few Letters. I have bought some three or four Copies of this work, more or less worse for wear, to give away : one extra Copy, much the worse for wear, on a back shelf now, waiting



its destination. No English Publisher, I suppose, would do this work, unless under some great name : perhaps under yours, if your own Country were not the fitter place. As in the case of your Essays, I don't pretend to say which is finest : but I think that to me Dryden's Prose *quoad* Prose, is the finest Style of all. So Gray, I believe, thought : that man of Taste, very far removed, perhaps as far as feminine from masculine, from the Man he admired.

Your Wordsworth should introduce any future Edition of him, as I think some of Ste. Beuve's Essays do some of his men. He rarely, you know, gets beyond French.

Now, as I see my Paper draws short, I turn from your Works to those of 'The Great Twalmley,' viz. : the Dialogue I mentioned, and you ask for. I really got it out : but, on reading it again after many years, was so much disappointed even in the little I expected that I won't send it to you, or any one more. It is only eighty 12mo pages, and about twenty too long, and the rest overpointed (Oh Cervantes !), and all somewhat antiquated. But the Form of it is pretty : and the little Narrative part : and one day I may strike out, etc., and make you a present of a pretty Toy. But it won't do now.

I have at last bid Adieu to poor old Dunwich : the Robin singing in the Ivy that hangs on those old Priory walls. A month ago I wrote to ask Carlyle's Niece about her Uncle, and telling her

of this Priory, and how her Uncle would once have called me Dilettante ; all which she read him ; he only said ' Poor, Poor old Priory ! ' She says he is very well, and abusing V. Hugo's ' Misérables.' I have been reading his Cromwell, and not abusing it. You tell all the Truth about him.

*To C. E. Norton.*

WOODBIDGE. *October 28/77.*

MY DEAR SIR (' *Norton* ' I will write in my next if you will anticipate me by a reciprocal Familiarity).

I wish I had some English Life, Woodbridge, or other, to send you : but Woodbridge, I sometimes say, is as Pompeii, in that respect ; and I know little of the World beyond but what a stray Newspaper tells me. So I must get back to my Friends on the Shelf.

Thence I lately took down Mr. Lowell's (I have proposed to *un-mister* him too), Lowell's Essays, and carried them with me to that old Dunwich, which I suppose I shall see no more this year. Robin Redbreast—have you him?—was piping in the Ivy along the Walls ; and, under them, Blackberries ripening from stems which those old Grey Friars picked from. And I had the Essays abroad, and within doors ; and marked with a Query some words, or sentences,

which I stumbled at : which I should not have stumbled at had all the rest not been such capital Reading. I really believe I know not, on the whole, any such Essays, of that kind : and that a very comprehensive kind, both in Subject, and Treatment. I think he settles many Questions that every one discusses : and on which a Final Verdict is what we now want. I believe the Books will endure : and that is why I want a few blemishes, as I presume to think them, removed : and the Author is to see my Pencil marks, when he returns to England, or to her 'Gigantic Daughter of the West.' I hope he will live to write many more such Books : Cervantes, first of all !

I have also been reading Carlyle's Cromwell : which I think will last also, and so carry along with it many of his more perishable tirades. I don't know indeed if his is the Final Verdict on Oliver : or on so many of the subordinate Characters whom he sketches in so confidently. A shrewd Man is he ; but it is not so easy to judge of men by a few stray hints of them in Books. A quaint instance of this Carlyle himself supplied me with, in his total misapprehension of his hitherto unseen Correspondent 'Squire,' who burned the Cromwell Diary. I was the intelligent Friend who interviewed Squire ; as unlike as might be in Age, Person, and Character, to the Man Carlyle had prefigured from his Letters. One day I will send you the little



Correspondence between T. C. and his intelligent Friend, as rather a Curiosity in Historical Acumen.

I, Dryasdust, want to know if the Moon, the 'Harvest' Moon, too, really 'waded through the Clouds' on the night before Dunbar Battle. She makes so good a Figure in the Scene that I wish the Almanack to authorize her Presence. Carlyle is, I believe, generally accurate in these as in sublunary matters, but I had just found him writing of Orion looking down on Paris on August 9, when Orion is hardly up before Sunrise. . . .

And you have been so near where once I lived as Wherstead ! in which Parish my Family resided from about 1822 to 1835, at a large Square House on the hill opposite to the Vicarage. I know no more of Mr. Zincke than his Books, which are very good, I think : there is a bit concerning Hodge the English Labourer's inward thoughts as he works in a ditch through a Winter's Day, that is—a piece of Shakespeare. It is one of my few recital pieces : and I was quoting it the other day to two People, who wondered they had never observed it in the Book it came from, which is 'Egypt under the Pharaohs,'<sup>1</sup> I think.

<sup>1</sup> Chap. xlv.

*To W. A. Wright.*

WOODBIDGE, *Thursday* [1878].

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

To-day—at last—a letter from E. B. C., who says how many he has written in Imagination. In this case, the Letter would be more than the Spirit.

I remember Mrs. Kemble's saying that Julius Caesar was the most exhausting Play she had to read, because of being nearly all in one Key. I suppose one feels this in reading to oneself.

We are here reading Rob Roy of a night: a little wearisome till over the Border, and then—beyond any but Cervantes perhaps. And it is wonderful how the threads of the story are woven into the first duller part. Even my young Bookbinder who reads to me calls it 'Glorious!' and loves the Bailie. I rejoice in thinking it as good as ever.

I heard (but know not now when or how) that Ponsonby was the original of Warrington.<sup>1</sup> There seems indeed the mixture of some more acid than his; but I don't believe—Venables, whom W. M. T. never much affected and had had his Nose broken by.

<sup>1</sup> In Pendennis.

*To C. E. Norton.*

WOODBRIDGE, *February 14/78.*

MY DEAR SIR,

It is so long since I have heard from you that, in spite of knowing how inopportunately an idle Letter may reach any one amid any sorrows, or much business, I venture one, you see: but whether it be a trouble to read or not, do not feel bound to answer it except in the fewest words, in case you are any way indisposed. You have—a family: you had an aged Mother, when last I heard from you: room enough for anxieties and sorrows!

I had your printed Report on Olympia, which I do not pretend to be a Judge [of]. I lent it to one who thinks he returned it, but certainly did not: and I wanted to lend it to another much more competent Judge, very much interested in the Subject, Edward Cowell, a Brother Professor of yours at our Cambridge: the most learned man there, I believe, and the most amiable and delightful, I believe, also. He came here to see me a month ago: and I had one more search for the Pamphlet which I knew was no longer ‘penes me,’ which he much wished to see. Will you send me another Copy for him: if not to ‘Professor Cowell, Cambridge, England’ direct?

I have been rubbing up a little Latin from some Criticisms and Elucidations of Catullus, by



H. Munro, who edited Lucretius so capitally that even German Scholars, I am told, accept it with a respect which they accord to very few English. Do you know it in America? If not, do. The Text and capital English prose Translation in vol. I; and Notes in vol. II: all admirable, it seems to me, though I do not understand his English Punctuation. I do not follow all Lucretius' Atoms, etc.: but other parts are as fine to me as any Poet has done. Catullus I have never taken much to: though some of him too is as fine as anything else in its way, I think. So I have read through this Book of Munro's, only 240 pages, not commenting on the best of the Poems, but on those which most needed Elucidation; which are many of them the least interesting, and even most disagreeable. Like your Olympia, I don't understand much: but what I do understand is so good that I feel sure the rest (and that is the larger and perhaps more important part) is as good for those it is intended for.

Just as I shut up Catullus, I opened Keats' Love Letters just published; and really felt no shock of change between the one Poet and the other. This Book will doubtless have been in America long before my Letter reaches it. Mr. Lowell, who justly writes (in his Keats) that there is much in a Name, will wish Keats' mistress went by some other than 'Fanny Brawne,' which I cannot digest.

And Mr. Lowell himself? I do not like to write to him amid his diplomatic avocations; if I did, I should perhaps tell him that I did not like the style of his 'Moosehead Journal,' which has been sent me by I know not whom. I hope he is getting on with his Cervantes; which I know I shall like, if it be at all of the same Complexion as his other two Volumes, which I still think are best of their kind.

WOODBIDGE. *February 20/78.*

MY DEAR NORTON!

If Packet follows Packet duly, you will have received ere this a letter I wrote you, and posted, a few hours before yours reached me. You will have seen that I guessed at some Shadow as of Illness in your household: no wonderful conjecture in this World in any case; still less where a Life of eighty years is concerned. It is in vain to wish well: but I wish the best.

Your mention of your Mother reminded me of another Eighty years that I had forgotten to tell you of—Carlyle. I wrote to enquire about him of his Niece a month ago: he had been very poorly, she said, but was himself again; only going in Carriage, not on foot, for his daily Exercise: wrapt up in furry Dressing-gown, and wondering that any one else complained of Cold. He kept on reading assiduously, sometimes till past midnight, in spite of all endeavours to get

him to bed. 'Qu'est ce que cela fait si je m'amuse ?' as old Voltaire said on like occasions.

I have got down the Doudan<sup>1</sup> you recommended me : but have not yet begun with him. Pepys' Diary and Sir Walter, read to me for two hours of a night, have made those two hours almost the best of the twenty-four for all these winter months. That Eve of Preston Battle, with the old Baron's Prayers to his Troop ! He is tiresome afterwards, I know, with his Bootjack. But Sir Walter for ever ! What a fine Picture would that make of Evan Dhu's entrance into Tully Veolan Breakfast Hall, with a message from his Chief ; he standing erect in his Tartan, while the Baron keeps his State, and pretty Rose at the Table. There is a subject for one of your Artists. Another very pretty one (I thought the other Day) would be that of the child Keats keeping guard with a drawn sword at his sick Mother's Chamber door. Millais might do it over here : but I don't know him. . . .

I will send you Carlyle's Squire correspondence, which you will keep to yourself and Lowell : you being Carlyle's personal friend as well as myself. Not that there is anything that should not be further divulged : but one must respect private Letters. Carlyle's proves a droll instance of even so shrewd a man wholly mistaking a man's character from his Letters : had now that Letter been two hundred years old ! and no

<sup>1</sup> *Mélanges et Lettres.*



## LETTERS OF

1878

intelligent Friend to set C. right by ocular Demonstration.

*From Lord Hatherley.*

31, GREAT GEORGE STREET, S.W.  
Feb. 20, 1878.

DEAR EDWARD FITZGERALD,

I have sent your book ('Mrs. Kemble's Autobiography') as far as Bealings by a safe convoy, and my cousin, Elizabeth Phillips, who is staying there, will ultimately convey it to its destination at your house.

It afforded Charlotte [wife] and myself several evenings of very agreeable reading, and we certainly were impressed most favourably with new views as to the qualities of heart and head of the writer. Some observations were far beyond what her years would have led one to expect. I think some letters to her friend 'S.' on the strange fancy which hurried off her brother from taking orders, to fighting Spanish quarrels, are very remarkable for their good sense, as well as warm feeling. Her energy too in accepting her profession at the age of twenty as a means of assisting her father to overcome his difficulties is indicative of the best form of genius—steady determination to an end.

Curiously enough, whilst reading the book, we met Mrs. Gordon (a daughter of Mrs. Sartoris) and her husband at Malkin's at dinner, and I had the pleasure of sitting next to her. The durability of type in the Kemble face might be a matter for observation with physiologists, and from the little I saw of her I should think the lady worthy of the family.

If the book be issued in a reprint a few omissions

1878

EDWARD FITZGERALD

might be well. I fear we lost however by some lacunæ which you had caused by covering up a page or two.

Charlotte unites with me in kindest regards to yourself,

Yours very sincerely,

HATHERLEY.

E. FITZGERALD, ESQ.

I send this to you, dear Mrs. Kemble, not because the writer is a Lord—Ex-Chancellor—but a very good, amiable, and judicious man. I should have sent you any other such testimony, had not all but this been oral, only this one took away the Book, and thus returns it. I had forgot to ask about the Book ; oh, make Bentley do it ; if any other English Publisher should meditate doing so, he surely will apprise you ; and you can have some Voice in it.

Ever yours

E. F.G.

No need to return, or acknowledge, the Letter.

*To Fanny Kemble.*

LITTLE GRANGE : WOODBRIDGE.

*February 22, [1878.]*

MY DEAR LADY,

I am calling on you earlier than usual, I think. In my 'Academy'<sup>1</sup> I saw mention of

<sup>1</sup> February 9th, 1878.

some Notes on Mrs. Siddons in some article of this month's 'Fortnightly'<sup>1</sup>—as I thought. So I bought the Number, but can find no Siddons there. You probably know about it; and will tell me?

If you have not already read—*buy* Keats' Love-Letters to Fanny Brawne. One wishes she had another name; and had left some other Likeness of herself than the Silhouette (cut out by Scissors, I fancy) which dashes one's notion of such a Poet's worship. But one knows what misrepresentations such Scissors make. I had—perhaps have—one of Alfred Tennyson, done by an Artist on a Steamboat—some thirty years ago; which, though not inaccurate of outline, gave one the idea of a respectable Apprentice.<sup>2</sup> But Keats' Letters—It happened that, just before they reached me, I had been hammering out some admirable Notes on Catullus<sup>3</sup>—another such fiery Soul who perished about thirty years of age two thousand years ago; and I scarce felt a change from one to other.<sup>4</sup> From Catullus' better parts, I mean; for there is too much of filthy and odious—both of Love and Hate. Oh, my dear Virgil never fell into that: he was fit to be Dante's companion beyond even Purgatory.

<sup>1</sup> It was not in the *Fortnightly* but in the *Nineteenth Century*.

<sup>2</sup> This portrait is in my possession. FitzGerald fastened it in a copy of the 'Poems chiefly Lyrical' (1830) which he gave me bound up with the 'Poems' of 1833. He wrote underneath, 'Done in a Steamboat from Gravesend to London, Jan: 1842.'

<sup>3</sup> Criticisms and Elucidations of Catullus by H. A. J. Munro.

<sup>4</sup> See pp. 304, 315.



I have just had a nice letter from Mr. Norton in America : an amiable, modest man surely he must be. His aged Mother has been ill : fallen indeed into some half-paralysis : affecting her Speech principally. He says nothing of Mr. Lowell ; to whom I would write if I did not suppose he was very busy with his Diplomacy, and his Books, in Spain. I hope he will give us a Cervantes, in addition to the Studies in his 'Among my Books,' which seem to me, on the whole, the most conclusive Criticisms we have on their several subjects.

Do you ever see Mrs. Ritchie ? Fred. Tennyson wrote me that Alfred's son (Lionel, the younger, I suppose) was to be married in Westminster Abbey : which Fred. thinks an ambitious flight of Mrs. A. T.

I may as well stop in such Gossip. Snowdrops and Crocuses out : I have not many, for what I had have been buried under an overcoat of Clay, poor little Souls. Thrushes tuning up ; and I hope my old Blackbirds have not forsaken me, or fallen a prey to Cats.

And I am ever yours

E. F. G.

## LETTERS OF

1878

*To J. R. Lowell.*

LITTLE GRANGE, WOODBRIDGE.  
*February 28/78.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I ventured to send you Keats' Love Letters to Miss—*Brawne* ! a name in which there is much, as you say of his, and other names. . . . Well, I thought you might—must—wish to see these Letters, and, may be, not get them so readily in Spain. So I made bold. The Letters, I doubt not, are genuine : whether rightly or wrongly published I can't say : only I, for one, am glad of them. I had just been hammering out some Notes on Catullus, by our Cambridge Munro, Editor of Lucretius, which you ought to have ; English Notes to both, and the Prose Version of Lucretius quite readable by itself. Well, when Keats came, I scarce felt a change from Catullus : both such fiery Souls as wore out their Bodies early ; and I can even imagine Keats writing such filthy Libels against any one he had a spite against, even Armitage Brown, had Keats lived two thousand years ago. . . .

I had a kind letter lately from Mr. Norton : and have just posted him some Carlyle letters about that Squire business. If you return to America before very long you will find them there. How long is your official Stay in Spain ? Limited, or Unlimited ? By the bye of Carlyle,

I heard from his Niece some weeks ago that he had been poorly : but when she wrote, himself again : only taking his daily walk in a Carriage, and sitting up till past Midnight with his Books, in spite of Warnings to Bed. As old Voltaire said to his Niece on like occasion, 'Qu'est ce que cela fait si je m'amuse?' I have from Mudie a sensible dull Book of Letters from a Miss Wynn : with this one good thing in it. She has been to visit Carlyle in 1845 : he has just been to visit Bishop Thirlwall in Wales, and duly attended Morning Chapel, as a Bishop's Guest should. 'It was very well done ; it was like so many Souls pouring in through all the Doors to offer their orisons to God who sent them on Earth. We were no longer Men, and had nothing to do with Men's usages ; and, after it was over, all those Souls seemed to disperse again silent into Space. And not till we all met afterward in the common Room, came the Human Greetings and Civilities.'<sup>1</sup> This is, I think, a little piece worth sending to Madrid ; I am sure, the best I have to offer.

I have had read to me of nights some of Sir Walter's Scotch Novels ; Waverley, Rob, Midlothian, now the Antiquary : eking them out as charily as I may. For I feel, in parting with each, as parting with an old Friend whom I may never see again. Plenty of dull, and even some bad, I know : but parts so admirable, and

<sup>1</sup> Memorials of Charlotte Williams-Wynn, p. 59.



the Whole so delightful. It is wonderful how he sows the seed of his Story from the very beginning, and in what seems barren ground : but all comes up in due course, and there is the whole beautiful Story at last. I think all this Fore-cast is to be read in Scott's shrewd, humorous, Face : as one sees it in Chantrey's Bust ; and as he seems meditating on his Edinburgh Monument. I feel a wish to see that, and Abbotsford again ; taking a look at Dunbar by the way : but I suppose I shall get no further than Dunwich.

Some one (not you) sent me your Moosehead Journal : but I told Mr. Norton I should tell you, if I wrote, that I did not like the Style of it at all ; all 'too clever by half.' Do you not say so yourself after Cervantes, Scott, Montaigne, etc. ? I don't know I ought to say all this to you : but you can well afford to be told it by one of far more authority than yours most sincerely,

E. FITZGERALD.

*To W. A. Wright.*

WOODBIDGE. *March 3/78.*

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

. . . You may infer that I have been reading—yes, and with great Interest, however little Scholarship—your Fellow-Collegian's new Book

of Notes, etc.<sup>1</sup> And just as I had done my best with his Catullus, came to hand the Love-Letters of a kindred Spirit, Keats; whose peevish Jealousy might, two thousand years ago, have made him as bitter and indecent against his friend Armitage Brown, as Catullus against Cæsar. But in him too Malice was not stronger than Love, any more than in Catullus; not only of the Lesbia-Brawne, but of the Fraternal, kind. Keats sighs after 'Poor Tom' as well as he whose 'Frater ave atque vale' continues sighing down to these times. (I hope I don't misquote, more Hibernorum.)

That is a fine Figure of old Cæsar entertaining his Lampooner at the Feast. And I have often thought what a pretty picture, for Millais to do, of the Child Keats keeping guard outside his sick Mother's Chamber with a drawn Sword. If Catullus, however, were only *Fescennining*, his 'Malice' was not against Cæsar, but against the Nemesis that might else be revenged on him—eh? But I don't understand how Suetonius, or those he wrote for, could have forgotten, though for party purposes they may have ignored, the nature and humour of that *Fescennine* which is known to Scholars two thousand years after. How very learned, and probably all wrong, have I become, since becoming interested in this Book!

<sup>1</sup> Criticisms and Elucidations of Catullus, by H. A. J. Munro.

WOODBIDGE, *March 14*, [1878].

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

I drew up the enclosed for myself, getting often puzzled for Dates of 'Saint Charles' movements, etc., in the Biographies, and especially with the Letters as now published in batches of several Correspondents. Moxon has published the same, Stereotype (I suppose), under three Editors: 1. Sala: 2. Purnell: 3. my Namesake Percy: and I know no other way of having these Letters. Well, I say I drew up the enclosed for myself, and then thought others might like it also: so printed: and send you six Copies, I believe, for yourself and any one else you may care to give it to. I won't swear to its exact accuracy: for the Biographies are sometimes contradictory, and confused; and I, you know, am a Paddy; really as apt to blunder from over-care as from no care at all. Some Summer Holyday, when you have a Volume of the dear Fellow for Company, you may correct any error you find in my Data. I meant to have printed old Wordsworth's 'Charles Lamb is a good man if ever there was one'<sup>1</sup>; but I could not find the passage, and (Paddy though I be) did not wish to quote the Daddy amiss. I wanted to insert it, lest any Noodle should misconceive all the Drink, Smoke, etc., as also to

<sup>1</sup> In lines 'Written after the Death of Charles Lamb:

'Oh, he was good, if e'er a good Man lived!'



excuse my somewhat expatiating on the horrors of 1796, which I did, however (though with some hesitation), to show forth what the Man had to suffer. After which who but a Noodle can hint about Drink, etc. 'Saint Charles!' said old Thackeray, taking up one of his Letters from my Table, and putting it to his Forehead.

Give one of the Papers to Cowell, of course. Ask Mr. Munro if Lamb's comical Latin Letters (as that to Barton the 'Tremulus') do not prove a good notion of familiar Latin Letter-writing. Will he condescend to accept, and perhaps even correct, my Great Work?

WOODBIDGE. *March 21, [1878].*

MY DEAR WRIGHT,

. . . The enclosed only adds a little to the little Paper of *Data*:<sup>1</sup> you may care to add so much in better MS. than mine to the leaves I sent you. Those leaves were more intended for such an Edition of the Letters in batches, as now edited; and, as many of them are private right, so edited they must continue for some time, I suppose.

An odd coincidence happened only yesterday about them. I was looking to Lamb's Letter to Manning of Feb. 26, 1808, where he extols Braham, the Singer, who (he says) led his Spirit 'as the Boys follow Tom the Piper.' I had not

<sup>1</sup> Of Lamb's Life, mentioned in the letter of March 14.

thought who Tom was: rather acquiesced in some idea of the 'pied Piper of Hamelin'; and, not half an hour after, chancing to take down Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals*,<sup>1</sup> found Tom against the Maypole, with a ring of Dancers about him. I suppose Tom survived in '*Folk lore*' . . . till dear Lamb's time: but how he, a Cockney, knew of it, I don't know.

I was looking for Keats (when I happened on Browne) to find the passage you quote<sup>2</sup>: but (of course) I could not find the Book I wanted. Nor can I construe him any more than so much of Shakespeare: whether from the negligent hurry of both (Johnson says Shakespeare often contented himself with a halfborn expression), or from some Printer's error. The meaning is clear enough to me, if I conjecture the context right; and more so to you, I dare say. The passage is one of those bad ones, except the first line, which he afterwards repeated, *mutatis mutandis*,

The leaves  
That *tremble* round a Nightingale,<sup>3</sup>

and is one of those which justly incensed the Quarterly, and which K. himself knew were bad: but he must throw off the Poem red hot, and could not alter.

<sup>1</sup> Book II. Song 2.

<sup>2</sup> *Endymion*, i. 26, etc.

<sup>3</sup> FitzGerald's memory was at fault here. The lines are from Tennyson's *Gardener's Daughter*.

1878

EDWARD FITZGERALD

*To C. E. Norton.*

WOODBIDGE. *April 4, 1878.*

MY DEAR NORTON,

I wish you would not impose on yourself to write me a Letter ; which you say is 'in your head.' You have Literary work, and a Family to enjoy with you what spare time your Professional Studies leave you. Whereas I have nothing of any sort that I am engaged to do : all alone for months together : taking up such Books as I please ; and rather liking to write Letters to my Friends, whom I now only communicate with by such means. And very few of my oldest Friends, here in England, care to answer me, though I know from no want of Regard : But I know that few sensible men, who have their own occupations, care to write Letters unless on some special purpose ; and I now rarely get more than one yearly Letter from each. Seeing which, indeed, I now rarely trouble them for more. So pray be at ease in this respect : you have written to me, as I to you, more than has passed between myself and my fifty years old Friends for some years past. I have had two notes from you quite lately : one to tell me that Squire reached you ; and another that he was on his way back here. I was in no hurry for him, knowing that, if he got safe into your hands, he would continue there as safe as



in my own. I also had your other two Copies of Olympia: one of which I sent to Cowell, who is always too busy to write to me, except about twice a year, in his Holydays.

I am quite content to take History as you do, that is, as the Squire-Carlyle presents it to us; not looking the Gift Horse in the Mouth. Also, I am sure you are quite right about the Keats' Letters. I hope I should have revolted from the Book had anything in it detracted from the man: but all seemed to me in his favour, and therefore I did not feel I did wrong in having the secret of that heart opened to me. I hope Mr. Lowell will not resent my thinking he might so far sympathize with me. In fact, could he, could you, resist taking up, and reading, the Letters, however doubtful their publication might have seemed to your Conscience?

Now I enclose you a little work of mine<sup>1</sup> which I hope does no irreverence to the Man it talks of. It is meant quite otherwise. I often got puzzled, in reading Lamb's Letters, about some Data in his Life to which the Letters referred: so I drew up the enclosed for my own behoof, and then thought that others might be glad of it also. If I set down his Miseries, and the one Failing for which those Miseries are such a Justification, I only set down what has been long and publickly known, and what, except in a Noodle's eyes, must enhance the dear

<sup>1</sup> Charles Lamb. A calendar of his life in four pages.

Fellow's character, instead of lessening it. 'Saint Charles !' said Thackeray to me thirty years ago, putting one of C. L.'s letters<sup>1</sup> to his forehead ; and old Wordsworth said of him : ' If there be a Good Man, Charles Lamb is one.'

I have been interested in the Memoir and Letters of C. Sumner : a thoroughly sincere, able, and (I should think) affectionate man to a few ; without Humour, I suppose, or much artistic Feeling. You might like to look over a slight, and probably partial, Memoir of A. de Musset, by his Brother, who (whether well or ill) leaves out the Absinthe, which is generally supposed to have shortened the Life of that man of Genius. Think of Clarissa being one of his favourite Books ; he could not endure the modern Parisian Romance. It reminded me of our Tennyson (who has some likeness, 'mutatis mutandis' of French Morals, Absinthe, etc., to the Frenchman)—of his once saying to me of Clarissa, ' I love those large, still, Books.'

I parted from Doudan with regret ; that is, from two volumes of him ; all I had : but I think I see four quoted. That is pretty, his writing to his Brother, who is dwelling (1870-1) in some fortified Town, on whose ramparts, now mounted with cannon, ' I used to gather Violets.' And I cannot forget what he says to a Friend at that crisis, ' Engage in some long course of Study

<sup>1</sup> That to Bernard Barton about Mitford's vases, December 1, 1824. See p. 316.

to drown trouble in : ' and he quotes Ste. Beuve saying, one long Summer Day in the Country, 'Lisons tout Madame de Sévigné.' You may have to advise me to some such course before long. I will avoid speaking, or, so far as I can, thinking, of what I cannot prevent, or alter.

You say you like my Letters : which I say is liking what comes from this old Country, more yours than mine. I have heard that some of your People would even secure a Brick, or Stone, from some old Church here to imbed in some new Church a-building over the Atlantic. Plenty of such materials might be had, for this foolish People are restoring, and rebuilding, old Village Churches that have grown together in their Fields for Centuries. Only yesterday I wrote to decline helping such a work on a poor little Church I remember these sixty years. Well, you like my Letters ; I think there is too much of this one ; but I will end, as I believe I began, in praying you not to be at any trouble in answering it, or any other, from

Yours sincerely,

E. F. G.

Pray read the Scene at Mrs. MacCandlish's Inn when Colonel Mannering returns from India to Ellangowan. It is Shakespeare.



WOODBRIDGE. *April* 16/1878.

Only a word ; to say that yesterday came Squire-Carlyle from you : and a kind long letter from Mr. Lowell : and—and the first Nightingale, who sang in my Garden the same song as in Shakespeare's days : and, before the Day had closed, Dandie Dinmont came into my room on his visit to young Bertram in Portanferry Gaol-house.

END OF VOL. III.









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